APRIL 1967

Commentary

VOLUME FORTY-THREE, NUMBER FOUR

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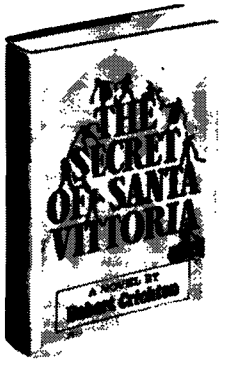

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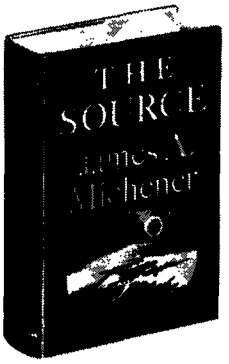

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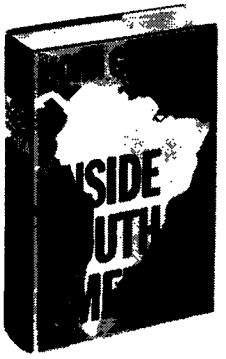

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Commentary

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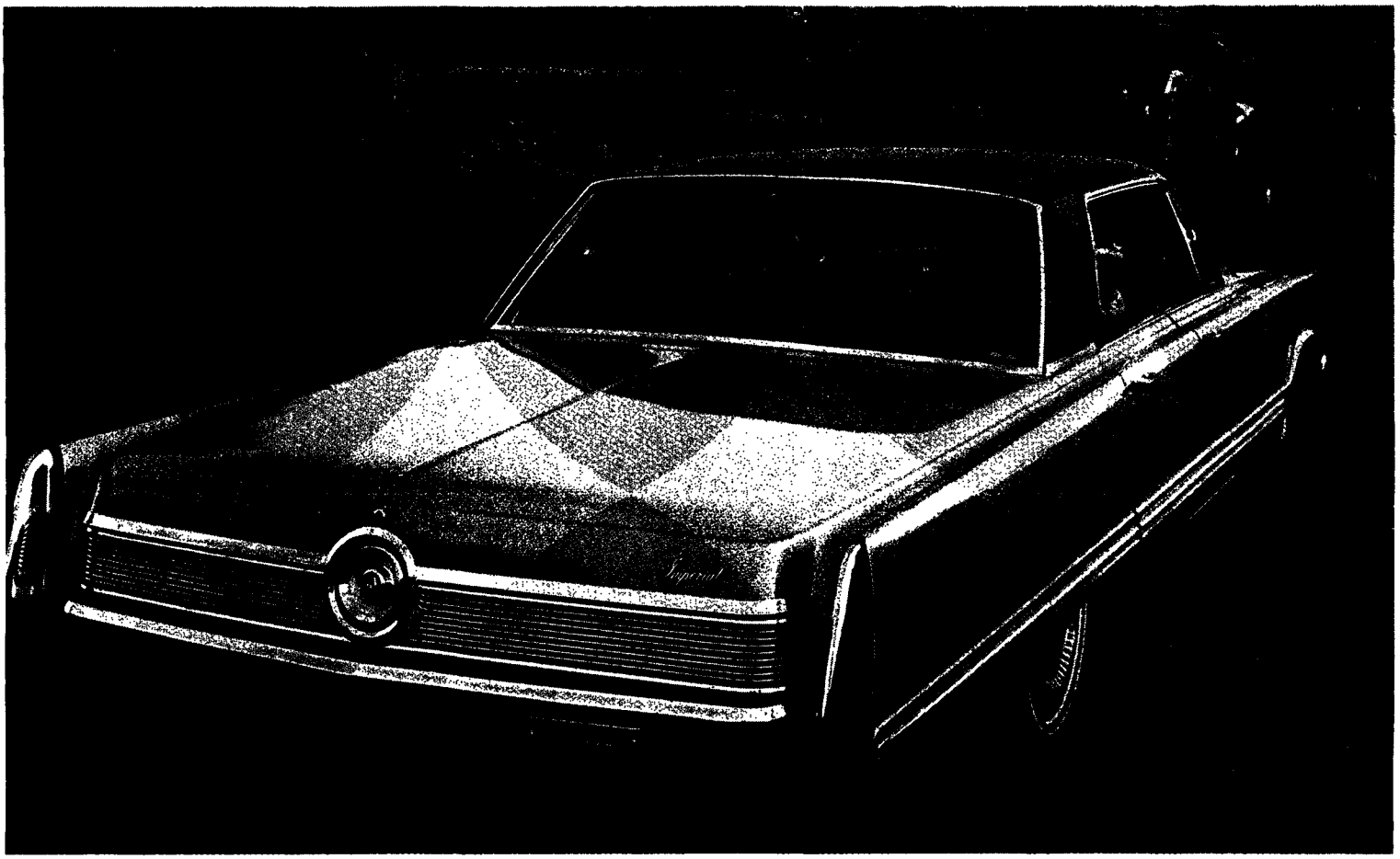

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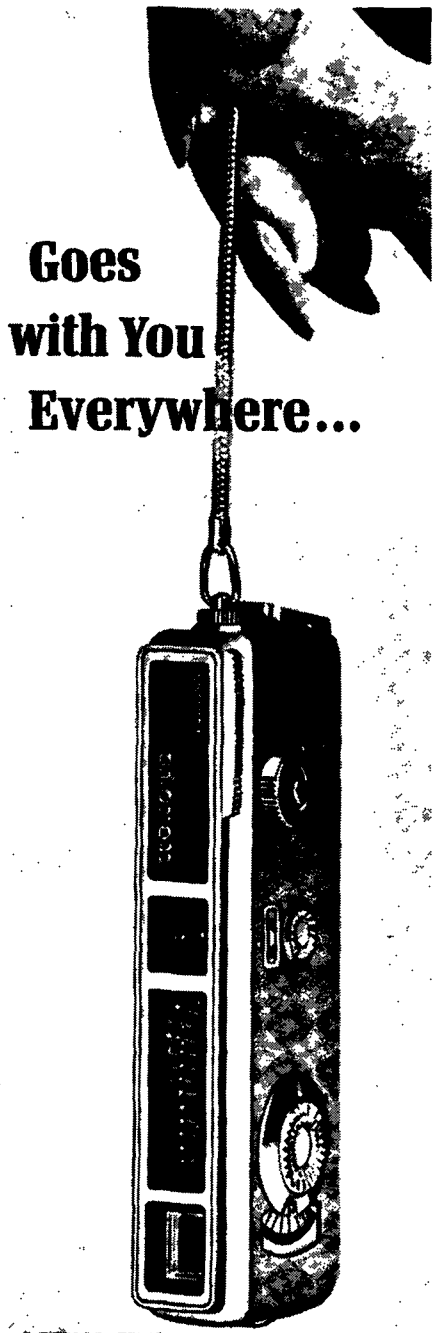

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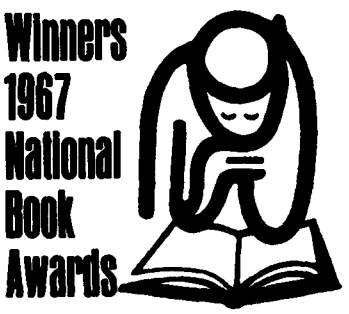

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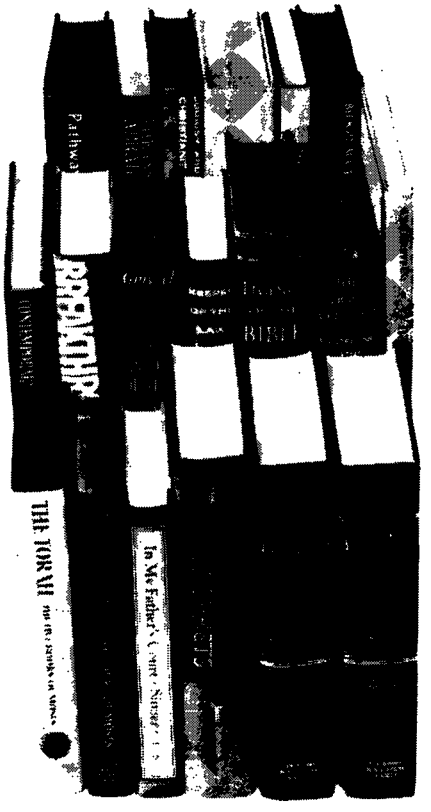

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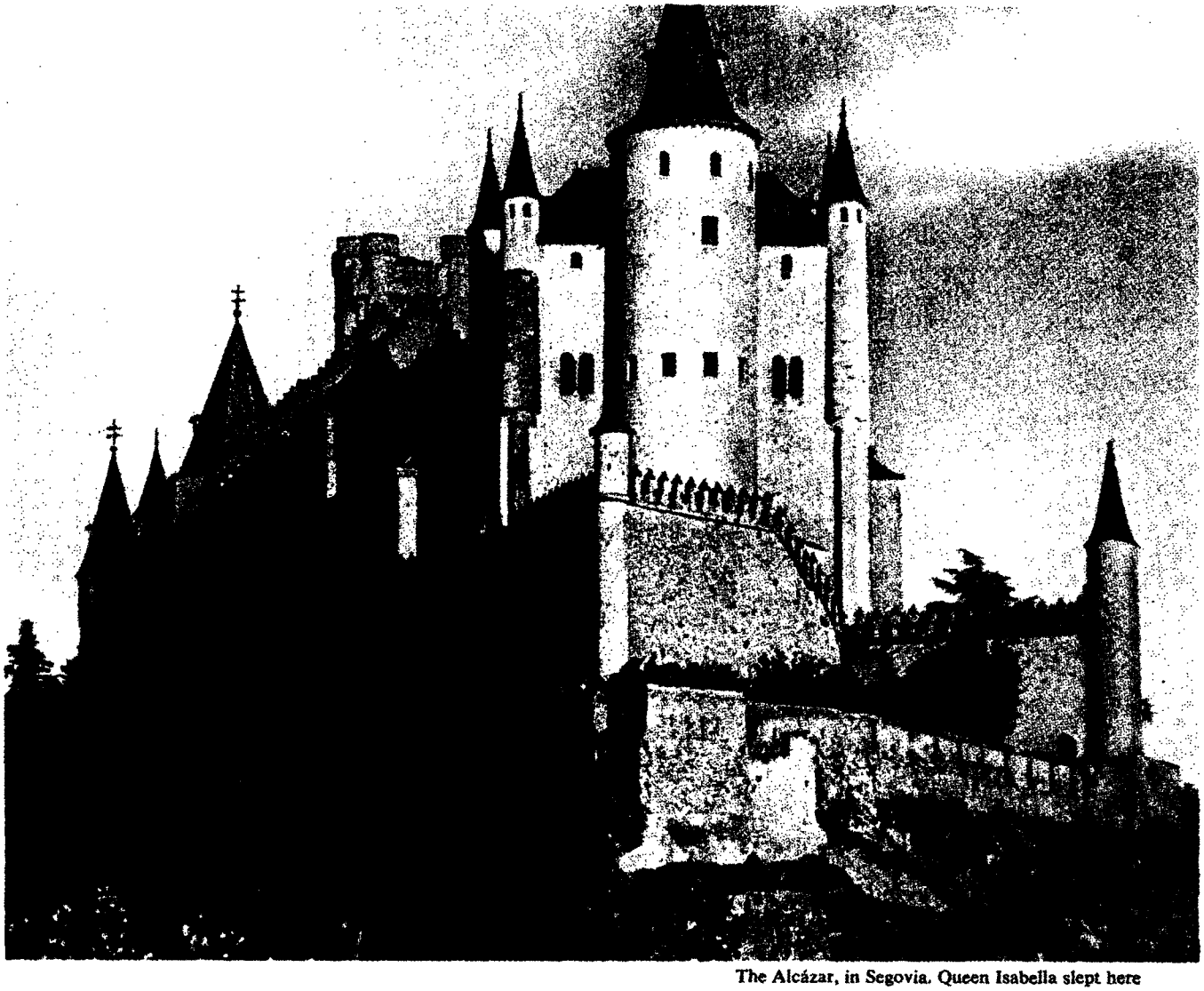

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The Warren Report

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

One must rejoice that a man so eminent and authoritative as Professor Alexander M. Bickel of Yale has now spoken out . . . ["The Failure of the Warren Report," October 1966].

Professor Bickel is quite correct in labeling the pronouncements that greeted the Warren Report two years ago as "fatuous praise." No one who sang in that chorus of accolades pretends any longer that the Report is respectable, except perhaps Mr. Louis Nizer. But since Mr. Nizer's mind is unencumbered by acquaintance with the contents of the Report he celebrated so ecstatically—he asserts, for example, that Oswald kept a "Carbonieri" rifle in a crib covered by a blanket (and his baby on the floor of the garage?)—we need not give him further attention.

Professor Bickel is neither uninformed nor fatuous in his own pronouncements . . . but I have some difficulty in finding the proper adjective for his position—that the work of the Warren Commission is blemished by serious defects but that its essential conclusions are ("in all probability") miraculously correct.

Like Professor Bickel, other respected personalities now acknowledge that there are serious failings in the Report; some of them who spoke too soon and too uncritically (Lord Devlin, Max Lerner, and Alistair Cooke, to mention a few) now are delicately pecking away at their earlier words of approbation or swallowing them *en masse*.

Much credit for spurring those sobering second thoughts must go to such "demonologists" as Edward Jay Epstein, Mark Lane, and Leo Sauvage—none of whom garnered a single approving word from Professor Bickel. It may well be that the Epsteins and Lanes stand as pygmies, intellectually and morally, beside the colossus of Professor Bickel, as his critique seems to proclaim. Just the same, it was the work of the "demonologists," or some of them, that stirred Professor Bickel to break his two years of consenting silence, and it would have been gracious of him to acknowledge that much.

Professor Bickel, like the "demonologists," does not find it possible to excuse all the loose strings left lying around by the Commission. He disapproves of the instances when the Commission asserted more than it could prove. He frowns upon the habit, "inexcusable . . . in a fact-finding body," of offering the phrase, "The Commission has concluded . . ." as a substitute for evidence. And he repudiates as a trick the use of the Commission's prestigious names to persuade the public that the findings and conclusions of an obscure staff merited confidence.

But, with that said, Professor Bickel does not consider that the Commission's shortcomings necessarily involved any trifling with the truth. (Is suppression of vital evidence like the FBI reports and the photographs showing the holes in the President's clothing and the Secret Service report of allegations that Oswald was on the FBI payroll *not to be regarded as trifling* with the truth?) That he seeks to absolve the Commission of deliberate dishonesty only suggests to me that he has not yet checked the Hearings and Exhibits to see if the Report faithfully reflects the evidence. Had he done so, he would be aware that the Report is stuffed with misrepresentations, many of which can only be deliberate.

Nevertheless, Professor Bickel recognizes the failure of the Report, and he tells us what must be done now—"our government must either rehabilitate the one-bullet theory, or establish some other probability." He does not counsel a new search for the truth and nothing but the truth—the least we should demand, I would have thought—he asks just for some probability or other that will leave the Commission with saved face and a still-solitary assassin.

Professor Bickel knows that the single-missile hypothesis is lost by default and really cannot be rehabilitated. No spokesman for the Commission (or the FBI) has come up with an effective answer to Epstein's charges since they made front-page headlines a great many months ago. And since the single-missile hypothesis is beyond salvage—embarrassed as it is not only by a massive body of contradictory evidence but by the remarkable reticence of the Commission—Professor Bickel has made a valiant attempt to rescue the Commission from its own ineptitudes.

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He offers an alternate hypothesis which allows us to retain our lone assassin. We can dally no more with the proposition that a single bullet from Oswald's rifle struck both the President and the governor sometime between frames 210 and 225 of the Zapruder film, while the car was concealed by a highway sign. And we cannot say two separate bullets struck the President some time after frame 210, and the governor some time before frame 240, because to keep our lone assassin we must have at least 2.3 seconds, or 42 frames, between two shots—2.3 seconds being the minimum time for operating the bolt of the rifle (not counting aiming time).

That leads Professor Bickel to reason that Oswald may have shot the President *earlier* than frame 210—a possibility that the Commission all but ruled out. A large oak tree obscured the assassin's view of the President's back until frame 210; but, the professor says, there was a momentary break through the tree when the assassin had an unobstructed line of fire to the President's back, at frames 185-186. That was only one-eighteenth of a second, but a shot was possible, he says. (I will go along with that for the sake of argument, although I think it is wildly implausible.) Now, if we add the mandatory 42 frames to frame 185, we are at frame 227, well under the limit for a separate shot hitting the governor before frame 240.

Unwittingly, the professor has extricated the Commission from one vise only to trap it in another. His fatal error is his assumption that just because the Warren Report says so, the governor could have been shot from the Depository window any time up to frame 240. Had he taken the precaution of checking the testimony . . . he would have realized that the assertion in the Warren Report is a complete misrepresentation of the testimony on which it purports to be based—that of FBI expert Robert Frazier.

Frazier did *not* say that at some point between frames 235 and 240 was the last occasion when Governor Connally could have received his wounds, as the Report asserts (page 106). He explicitly excluded frame 235, frame 240, and the frames between 235 and 240. He said repeatedly that the outside limit at which the governor could have been shot was *frame 225*. Since Professor Bickel will not go to the testimony, let me bring the testimony to him:

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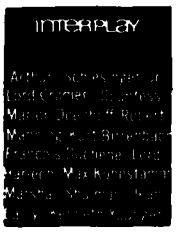

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Specter: How would the bullet have passed through his body based on his position as shown in frame 235?

Frazier: In frame 235, which is Commission Exhibit No. 897, the Governor in our reconstruction, according to the Zapruder films was also facing too far, too much towards the front. The angle of the bullet through his body, assuming no deflection, would not have corresponded to the angle through his clothing or according to the information furnished from the medical examiners.

Specter: How about the Governor's position in frame 240?

Frazier: In frame 240 the Governor again could not have been shot, assuming no deflection of the bullet prior to its striking his body, from the window on the sixth floor because he is turned in this case too far to the right. Now, this obviously indicates that the Governor in between frame 235 and frame 240 has turned from facing completely forward in the car around to the right to the point that a bullet entering his back on the right shoulder area would have exited in my opinion somewhere from his left chest area rather than from his right chest area.

(Volume V, p. 170)

Dulles: Have you asked the witness—I was studying these frame pictures—at about what frame he thinks the body of Governor Connally would have been in a position to receive a bullet that would go through the body with this trajectory?

Specter: Yes; I believe I did.

Dulles: I wasn't quite clear.

Frazier: I testified that it would have been in position from anywhere from frames 207 to 225.

(Volume V, p. 171)

Well, it is readily apparent that Professor Bickel's nice hypothesis of a shot at frame 185-186 was not destined for viability. He has moved closer to the minimum separation of 42 frames, but he is two frames short—and, as the saying goes, a miss is as good as a mile. And if he is tempted to wave aside a mere two frames, let me recall that a shot at frame 185-186 would have had a downward trajectory of about 40° and whether the bullet hit the base of the neck or six inches below the neck, it could not have exited at the Adam's apple, not with that trajectory.

Various statements on other aspects of the evidence in Professor Bickel's article are vulnerable too, but I think I will not concern my-

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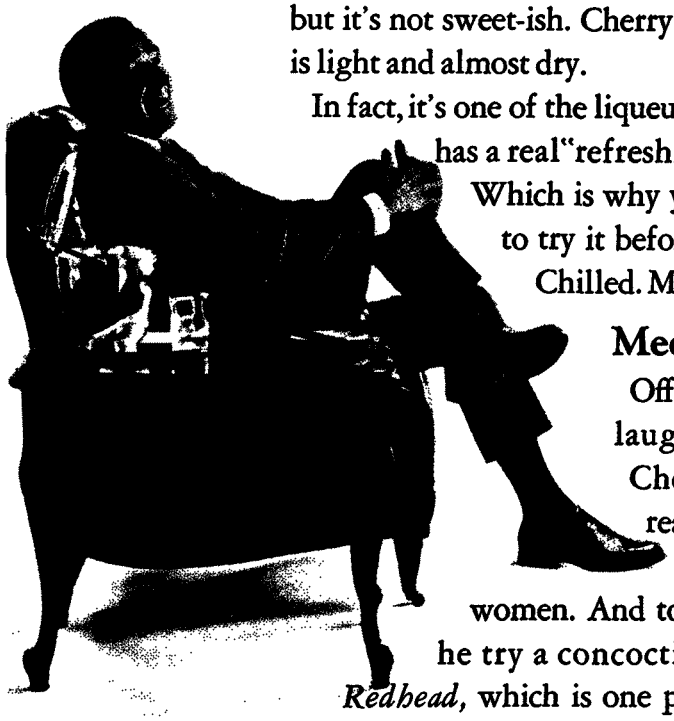

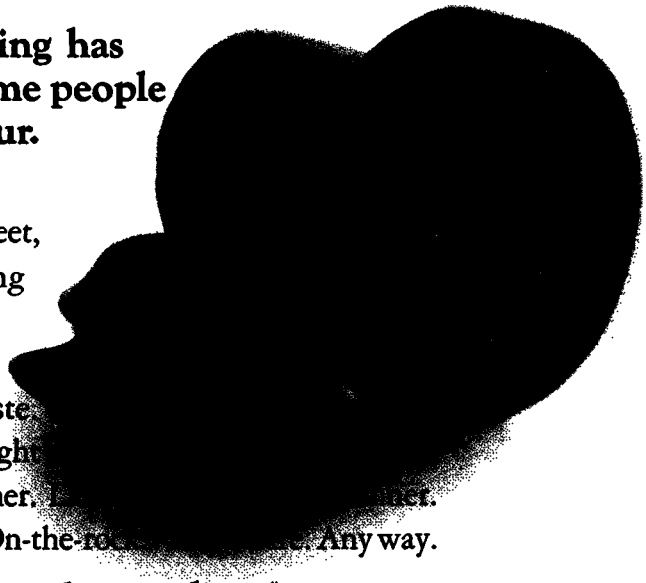

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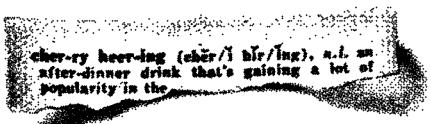

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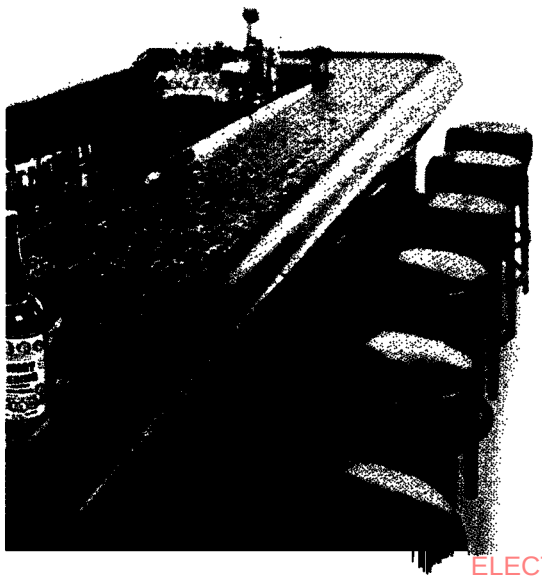

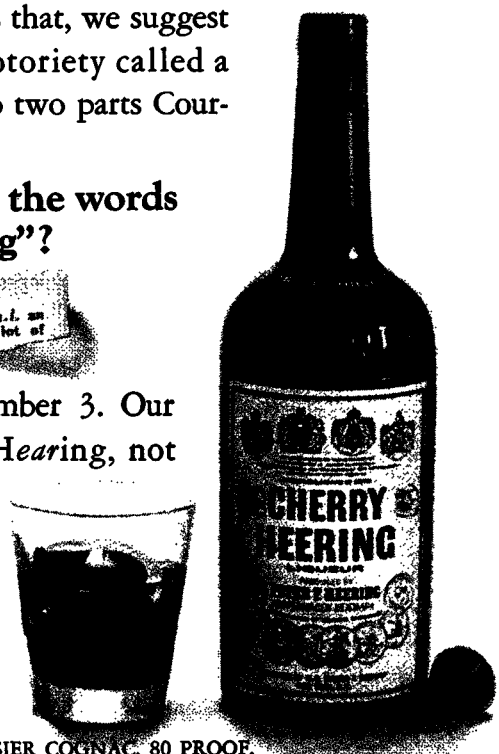

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self with his capillaries. I will merely hope that he will proceed, however belatedly, to read for himself the twenty-six volumes (not "twenty-five") of Hearings and Exhibits, and then reconsider his assumptions about the assassination and the Warren Report.

SYLVIA MEAGHER

New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

As one of the Assistant Counsel to the Warren Commission, I was pleased to find Professor Bickel's "The Failure of the Warren Report" to be responsible and, for the most part, well thought out, in marked contrast to other such critiques that have recently appeared. He has set a tone at which reasonable discussion is possible. So it is with real gratitude that I would like to make a few specific comments, albeit adverse ones.

Professor Bickel's principal point of attack on the Commission is its conclusion that the single bullet found on a stretcher after the assassination ("Bullet 399") had passed through the President's upper chest and Governor Connally's chest and wrist and lodged lightly in the governor's thigh. He says that this could not have happened, because the testimony was that Bullet 399 did not lose enough fragments to account for those left in the wounds it caused. I assume his reference was to the testimony of Drs. Finck and Humes, which he had discussed in a preceding paragraph. Each doctor testified that he thought, or had heard, that there were more fragments in Governor Connally's leg or wrist than Bullet 399 could have lost. Although Professor Bickel may not have meant to include it, the testimony of still a third witness, Dr. Shaw, was to the same effect (4 H 113).

Professor Bickel is not the first to have made this charge, nor of course did he claim to be. Mark Lane and Vincent Salandria have also made it, and more specifically. Their case is that whereas Dr. Shaw testified that the fragments found in Connally's wrist weighed more than 3 grains, the testimony of FBI Agent Frazier disclosed that Bullet 399 weighed only 1.4 to 2.4 grains less than the normal weight of a bullet of its type before firing, and that the testimony of Drs. Finck and Humes, though not including any reference to specific weights or amounts, was to the same effect. (Mark Lane, *Rush to Judgment* 78-79; Vincent Salandria, "The Impossible Tasks of the One Assassination Bullet," *The Minority of One*, March 1966, pp. 12-18.) None of the critics to date has relied on any other evidence than that of the three doctors and Agent Frazier, nor to my knowledge is there any other such evidence.

But I believe that analysis will show that the doctors' testimony is unreliable, that Frazier's testimony has been distorted and, indeed, made to stand for the opposite of what he plainly said, and that the evidence on the other side of the issue is clearly the more reliable and fully supports the Commission's conclusion that the weight loss of the bullet is consistent with the weight of the fragments in the wounds. I will deal with these points in the order I have stated them.

Dr. Shaw said that he thought the wrist wound contained more than three grains of fragments. Yet he admitted that he had never worked on the governor's wrist (4 H 108, 109, 117); he never claimed to have made any other kind of close examination of the wrist fragments; and on two occasions he expressly denied being qualified to testify on the issue. In answer to questions, he admitted that he did not have sufficient knowledge of the wrist wound to render an opinion as to whether the bullet could have gone through it and emerged as much intact as it was (4 H 113), and that his knowledge of bullet characteristics was "just that of an average layman, no more. Perhaps a little more since I have seen deformed bullets from wounds, but I haven't gone into that aspect of wounds" (4 H 117). Drs. Finck and Humes, too, though they were never questioned on their ballistics experience, likewise never purported to possess the qualifications for, or have directed their attention to, the difficult task of actually measuring or estimating the weight of the fragments. And in their case, it is not even clear that they had any idea how much weight the bullet had lost. Their testimony took place while tests on the bullet were still being run and more than two weeks before Frazier reported their results to the Commission (2 H 374). The testimony, in fact, strongly indicates that neither of them

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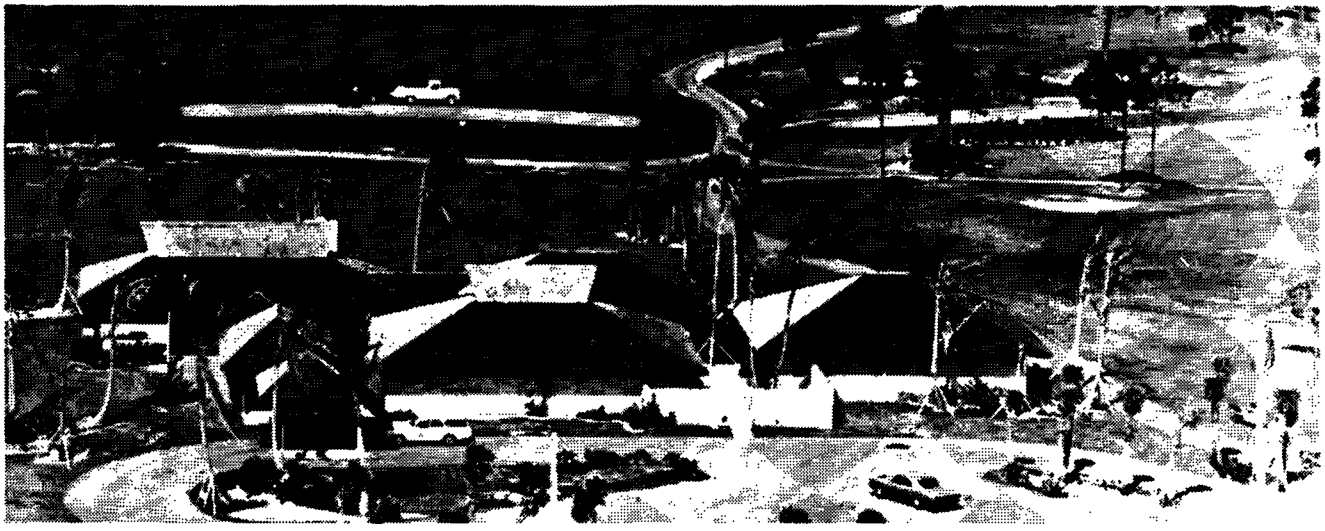

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even knew that Bullet 399 had lost fragments from its base. They were able to view the bullet only as it rested on cotton in a plastic case and were apparently misled by the intactness of its copper jacket into thinking its weight loss was so little as to be unobservable (2 H 374-75, 382).

Next, to Frazier's testimony (3 H 430). I think anyone who reads it will agree he plainly stated that Bullet 399 weighed 158.6 grains, that bullets of its type normally weigh about 161 grains before firing, that their weight not uncommonly varies from the norm by up to at least two grains, and that therefore Bullet 399's weight loss could easily have been approximately 3 or 4 grains. At one point Frazier made a quick, rough subtraction of 158.6 from 161 to obtain "only a grain and a half." Lane pounced on the mistake to support his own statement that Frazier's testimony showed the most probable weight loss to have been "1.4 to 2.4 grains." More subtly, both Lane and Salandria misconstrued the fact that the heaviest of the three sample bullets Frazier weighed to establish their normal pre-firing weight weighed 161.5 grains, as proof that 161.5 grains was the most that a bullet of that type could ever be expected to weigh. But surely it must be obvious that that fact no more proves what Lane and Salandria say it does than that, for example, the fact that the tallest of three boys chosen at random from a large high-school class measured six feet would prove that no other boy in the class measured more than six feet, or even no other boy in the class measured a lot more than six feet.

The 2.4 grains difference between the weight of Bullet 399 and that of a normal bullet of its type before firing, plus the variation of at least 2 grains to be allowed, totals 4.4 grains of fragments that could have been found in the wounds without there being a reasonable doubt that they came from Bullet 399. That is amply consistent with the evidence of the fragments' actual weight, which is that they weighed but *one* grain. Only two bullet fragments were recovered from the governor's wrist (4 H 122-23). The much larger of the two was weighed and found to weigh one-half grain (4 H 123; 5 H 72-74; CE 842). None was recovered from other portions of the bullet's path (6 H 95, 106; 5 H 73-74). None of the fragments found in the Presidential car or imbedded in its windshield was traceable to Bullet 399, and in view of the fact that the bullet which went through the President's head was known to have shattered, it is virtually certain that they came from it (Report 87).

No fragments from Bullet 399 were left in the President's body. Traces of copper were left on his coat where the bullet pierced it, but they were so small as to require detection by a spectrograph (5 H 59). X-ray photographs showed one fragment left in Connally's thigh (6 H 106), one in his chest (6 H 111), and seven or eight or more in his wrist (4 H 120). None of these could be actually weighed, of course, but their weights could be estimated by observation. The total of the wrist fragments was estimated to be such as to be "weighed . . . in micrograms" (4 H 120). A microgram is a millionth of a gram, or less than two hundred-thousandths of a grain. These fragments were described as "flakes" and most were so small that x-ray photographs had to be taken from different angles and compared in order to differentiate their appearance from that of tiny imperfections in the films or camera (4 H 120). The thigh fragment was also estimated to weigh "in micrograms" (4 H 125), or "maybe, a tenth of a grain" (6 H 106). No one, not even any of the three doctors who worried about the number of fragments left in the wrist or thigh, considered the chest fragment large enough to be concerned about. Dr. Shaw, in fact, who did the work on Connally's chest, was apparently not even aware that a bullet fragment was present there (6 H 95). Dr. Shires, who later spotted it in an x-ray photograph and who was the witness who described the thigh fragment as "maybe, a tenth of a grain," spoke of the sizes of both fragments in the same terms (6 H 106, 111). All the fragments together thus totaled a half grain plus a few tenths, or about one grain. Professor Bickel's assertion to the contrary notwithstanding, the Commission had ample evidence to refute Drs. Finck and Humes on this issue.

Since the Commission's explanation is not, as he thought, impossible, the need to come up with another explanation consistent with the facts as we know them is not as compelling as Professor Bickel

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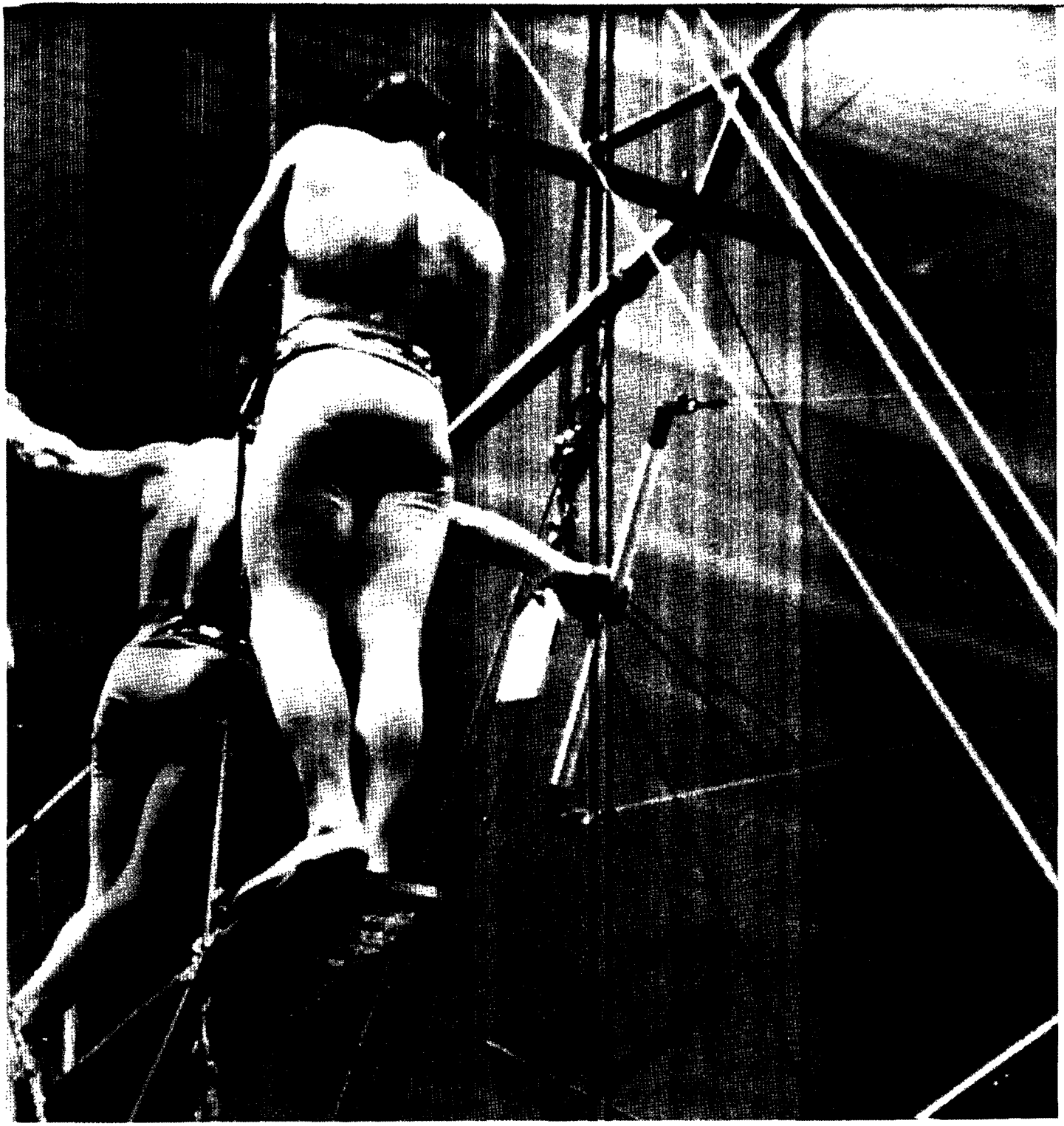

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believes. But if I read him correctly, he would still urge his own alternative explanation because he sees it as more probable than the Commission's, which, even without the fragment "impossibility," he still believes to be improbable because it requires the bullet to have done all the damage it did and emerge relatively *undistorted*. I think he is wrong here, too. A more searching analysis of his own theory shows it to be far more improbable than . . . that of the Commission. . . .

Professor Bickel's alternative theory is that Bullet 399 entered the President's back and stopped short four inches in, and that the rest of the damage to Kennedy and Connally was done by other bullets or their fragments. Since we know that Bullet 399 broke no bones in the President nor even tore any large muscles, and since the bullet itself when recovered was only slightly distorted and but a few grains short of its initial weight, to have come to a halt as quickly as Professor Bickel hypothesizes, it must have hit the President with very little velocity—much less than it would have had if it had flown freely the relatively short distance from Oswald's rifle. If it had not been previously slowed down, the dead stop in four inches could not have been accomplished without inflicting much greater damage both on it and on the President's body. Professor Bickel seeks to overcome this difficulty by suggesting that the bullet lost some speed by having "brushed a branch of the live oak tree" overhanging the street.

But the professor fails to appreciate how much speed the bullet would thus have to have lost. Tests on materials of similar permeability showed that a bullet traversing the entire breadth of the President's upper chest would have lost only about 120 feet per second of its entering velocity. The test bullets slowed down from about 1,904 feet per second, the probable entry velocity of Bullet 399, to about 1,785 feet per second (Report 91, and see 2 H 375, 381). To have stopped only part-way through, therefore, Bullet 399 must have entered at something less than about 120 feet per second, that is, it must have been *slowed down* by the "live oak tree" something like *1,800 feet per second*.

The necessity for that amount of slowing down destroys Professor Bickel's theory. A light "brushing of a branch" could hardly have sufficed, and if the "brushing" were not light, but substantial, it would have thrown the bullet off its course to the President. (Or must we go into the infinitesimal probabilities of a carom shot?) And since a high velocity bullet colliding with solid oak with sufficient force to slow it down to about 6 per cent of its pre-collision velocity would have to have received a very jarring blow, any such collision would also have considerably scarred or distorted Bullet 399—but we know that, in fact, Bullet 399 was virtually unscathed. A head-on collision with a branch of the oak tree, on the other hand, even if it did not stop the bullet altogether, would have left it even more severely damaged. Additionally, whatever the nature of the branch collision that would be necessary to have so reduced the speed of the bullet, it could hardly have left it "pristine," that is, left it with essentially the same spin and arrow-straight alignment as it had when it left the muzzle. But the nature of the wound on the President's back and holes in his shirt and jacket bear strong evidence of having been made by a "pristine" bullet (Report 87-88, 92).

Finally, if, as the professor's alternative theory suggests, there were separate shots that hit the President's back, the President's head, Connally's back, and the curb, for a total of four, what happened to the fourth empty cartridge and the fourth bullet? A thorough search of the sixth floor of the Texas School Book Depository building found only three cartridges, and the chance that someone picked one up before the police arrived and kept it seems remote. There is nothing to lead us to think that anyone on the premises was the kind of person thus to hide important evidence, or indeed, that anyone, no matter how evilly motivated, would have thought it made sense to seize and hide only one cartridge and leave the others and the rifle itself. As for the alleged fourth bullet, if it came to rest temporarily in Connally's thigh and later fell out, why wasn't it found? Bullet 399 was discovered resting on a stretcher, a fact consistent with its having dropped out of either Connally or Kennedy, but no other missile was discovered there, in the car, on the hospital premises, or elsewhere.

W. DAVID SLAWSON
Washington, D.C.

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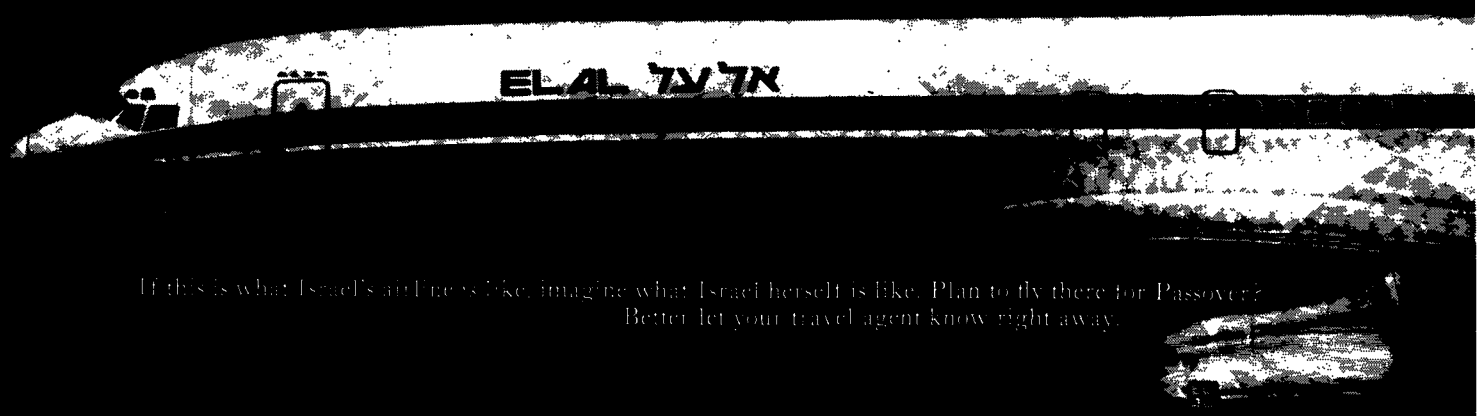

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TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Alexander M. Bickel is less than fair to Mark Lane and more than generous to the Warren Commission. . . . He reserves his sharpest words for Lane, who has all along been the chief critic of the Commission. From the beginning, Lane protested the Commission's mode of operation which, Bickel now finds, insured a superficial inquiry. He pointed out its dependence on the FBI, to which Bickel now calls our attention. He also showed that the Commission at the outset of its investigation announced that six broad areas of inquiry would be explored, four of which related to Oswald's background and activities, one to Ruby's background, and one to the procedures employed to protect President Kennedy—that is, it began with the implicit assumption that the investigation of Oswald's activities would give the answer to the question, "Who killed Kennedy?" Finally, Lane asked from the beginning that, since it was clear that Oswald was being tried posthumously, his interests be represented by a defense attorney. It was only after the inquiry was well advanced that the Commission yielded to the pressure of public opinion, especially abroad, and appointed the president of the American Bar Association as such a representative, but he attended only two of the fifty-one meetings of the Commission, and did not cross-examine witnesses. Bickel complains that the critics of the Report have indulged in "idealization-by-contrast of the criminal trial, in which the defendant is represented by counsel with a right to cross-examine." However, one does not have to idealize the judicial processes in ordinary criminal cases to assert that a good defense attorney would have raised the questions which Bickel regrets the Commission did not raise.

The questions concerning the wounds, the undeformed recovered bullet, the wound-ballistics experiments, etc. which Bickel states need to be answered were also voiced, as he does not tell us, by Lane. Far from Lane's book being the "wildly speculative" work of a "veteran demonologist," it does not speculate at all, advancing no theories, but, in addition to showing the inadequacy of the Commission's evidence for arriving at its conclusion, raises questions that the evidence cries aloud should be asked. What Bickel does is to present as irresponsible speculation those of Lane's questions he does not make his own by omitting mention of the evidence which caused the questions to be raised in the first place. Thus, he says disparagingly that Lane is "absolutely certain" that Ruby "murdered Oswald through the complicity or complacency of the Dallas police." But Lane shows in detail how so many things went wrong in the protective measures for Oswald that one cannot but confront the implications of the fact that Ruby was able to kill the alleged assassin of the President: the Dallas police were either "incredibly stupid" and complacent in their stupidity or Ruby was aided by one or more of their members.

Which of the two was it? Lane does not make any categorical assertions, but he presents evidence that points to the second conclusion, evidence which the Commission chose not to explore. He shows, for instance, that sixteen witnesses closely associated with Ruby told FBI agents that Ruby's relations with the police were far more extensive, intimate, and high-reaching than they were said to be by the chief of police, whose word the Commission accepted. This reliance by the Commission on the word of an interested though official person illustrates what is abundantly proved in Lane's book: Professor Bickel's assertion that "the findings of the Warren Commission . . . were in some measure a matter of wishfulfillment" is a weak understatement. . . .

PAUL N. SIEGEL
Department of English
Long Island University
Brooklyn, New York

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

The eminent . . . Chancellor Kent Professor of Law and Legal History at Yale University, Alexander M. Bickel, has paid me the honor of not letting the name of my book, *Whitewash: The Report on the Warren Report,* pass his lips. For this boon I am equally indebted to COMMENTARY, to which I sent a copy of the book early last May.

Of course, it may just have been because my book reached you so much earlier than the others that Mr. Bickel managed to avoid consideration of it in what we must accept—because of his exalted . . . position and the reputation . . . of your learned journal—as an exhaustive study of the literature on

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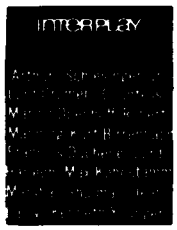

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the "Report of the President's Commission on the Assassination of President Kennedy". . . .

Please do not assume that I resent being forgotten. . . . It is a circumstance I have learned to live with in equanimity and increasing sales, for I find that those commonly thought of as intellects . . . prefer to ignore a humble writer who suffers the indignity of living on a farm and . . . has managed to survive the lack of mention. . . .

When first I began to read "The Failure of the Warren Commission," I foolishly thought it was a takeoff on Sholem Aleichem. I was led into this trap by the clear separation of this work from both the law, on which its author is such a resplendent authority, and reality, with which he has little association. Soon it became clear to even such a clouded understanding as mine . . . that if it were Sholem Aleichem, it would be tenth-rate. . . .

Then it occurred to me that the piece—like one I read some time back in *Ramparts*—might be a spoof. No, I told myself, this would be but fifth-rate spoofing and certainly . . . Mr. Bickel would associate himself with nothing that could be called fifth-rate.

Aha! I said as the realization of what must be the truth slowly worked its way through . . . my . . . head, this is nonsense—first-rate nonsense! . . . At last I understood, and what a relief! This is nonsense, presented otherwise in order to tax those of limited understanding and delight those who are wise, a fitting presentation for a journal like yours. . . .

So I must congratulate you . . . for such a tour of intellectual force, for your . . . attainment of the absolute perfection in nonsense so cleverly disguised as a review. . . .

HAROLD WEISBERG
Hyattsville, Maryland

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

In his fine review of the Warren Commission and its critics, Alexander Bickel accepted too readily the opinon of the doctors who performed President Kennedy's autopsy that too many metal fragments were found in Governor Connally's wrist and thigh to have come from the one nearly whole bullet which was recovered. Their opinion is crucial, for it led Bickel to conclude that Kennedy's first wound and Connally's wounds were caused by separate shots and that therefore, given the time limitations, either there were two as-

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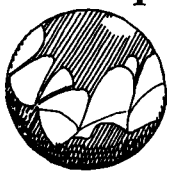
Among other things, IBM computers are helping scholars to find what the poet Shelley learned from the works of Milton —helping scientists to track the erratic flight paths of the whooping crane —helping historians to deduce precise shades of meaning in the Dead Sea Scrolls —helping astronomers get close-up pictures of the eerie face of Mars  —and helping a physicist in his efforts to detect secret chambers that may have been lying hidden for centuries, deep within the Great Pyramid of ancient Egypt's King Cheops.

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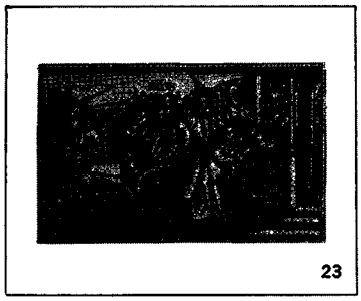
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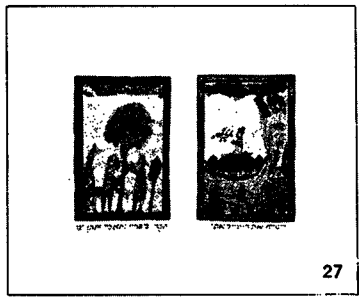
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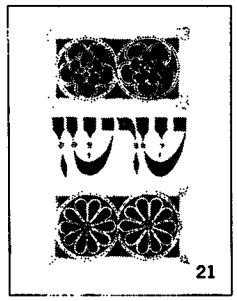
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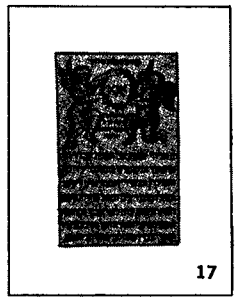
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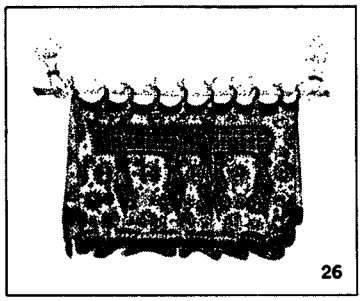
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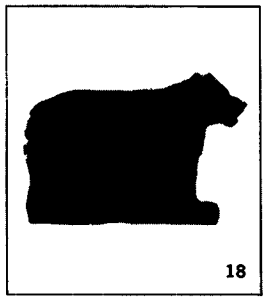
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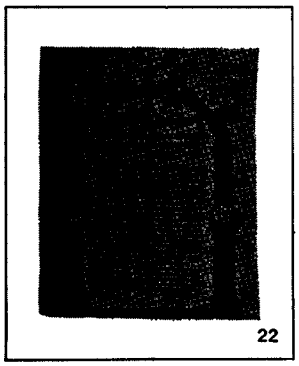
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16. Prayer for wine from a manuscript ritual for circumcision. Afghanistan, 17th century.

17. Prayer for travel written by Simon ben David Ulmo (Ullman). Palatinate, ca. 1780.

18. Book of Esther inscribed as a technopagion in the form of a bear. Russia, ca. 1870.

19. Illumination of evening prayer which begins observance of Rosh Hashanah. From an Italian Mahzor, 15th century.

21. "Shoshan"—the lily symbolizing Israel. Illumination of the initial word of a poem for the Day of Atonement. Rhine Valley, ca. 1380.

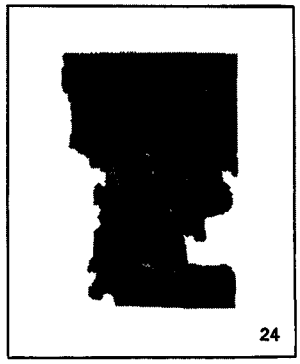
22. Ketubah (marriage contract). Lisbon, 1830.

23. Jacob before Pharaoh. Woodcut from Koberger Bible. Nuremberg, 1483.

24. Illustration from the book of Ardeshir and Ezra, two parts of a poetical paraphrase of the Pentateuch. Persia, 17th century.

26. "Praise be the Lord." Illumination from a Haggadah completed in Italy, 1484, by the scribe Joel ben Simon of Cologne.

27. Left: Adam and Eve. Right: Noah releases the dove. From a miniature book of daily prayers for the Omer or Sephirah period between Passover and Shavuot. Central Europe, 1803.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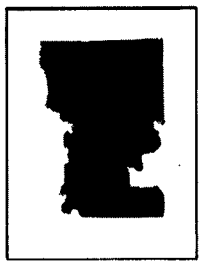

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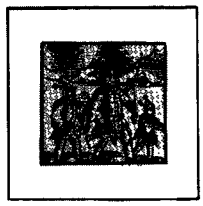

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sassins or the first shot occurred before other commentators thought it possible. However, the doctors' opinion about the fragments was based solely on two written reports: one by Dr. Gregory, Connally's wrist surgeon, which referred to "small bits of metal"; the other by Dr. Shires, Connally's thigh surgeon, which referred to "a bullet fragment." Dr. Gregory did not state the number of pieces, and neither doctor gave sizes or weights. Thus the opinion of the autopsy doctors was based on hardly any evidence. More significant is Dr. Gregory's testimony that he found few metal fragments, possibly only three, and that they were so very small that their loss would leave the mass of a bullet virtually intact.

This vital issue can be pursued further by finding out whether the maximum estimated weight of the fragments in Connally was more or less than the loss in weight of the bullet. Dr. Shaw, Connally's chest surgeon, believed that over 3 grains of metal were in the wrist; and Dr. Shires estimated that the fragments in the thigh weighed 0.1 grain. FBI Agent Frazier provided data indicating that the bullet which was recovered was about 2.5 grains lighter than the average of its type. Allowing for variation in weight, Frazier said that this bullet could have lost 4 grains, and if he had not mistakenly substituted "1.5 grains" for "2.5 grains" in his calculation, he would presumably have said that it could have lost 5 grains. In addition, he said that a bullet which had lost no weight could be as light as the bullet which was found, so presumably also it could be 2.5 grains heavier than average and thus 5 grains heavier than the bullet which was recovered. The 5 grains which this bullet could have lost appear heavier than the highest estimate of the weight of metal fragments in Connally. Thus the bullet could have wounded Connally as well as Kennedy.

ROBERT W. KILPATRICK
Ithaca, New York

MR. BICKEL writes:

To turn first to Miss Meagher:

(1) The Commission only cites Frazier to support the statement that Governor Connally could not have been hit after frame 240. It also reports him as saying that in his view Governor Connally was in position to be hit between frames 207 and 225. That is accurate enough. No misrepresentation

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there. Miss Meagher's point is quite a different one. Could Governor Connally have received a bullet after frame 225? Shaneyfelt, another FBI expert, expressed the opinion that Governor Connally could have been hit at frame 238, or at least that is what he seems to say, although the inquiry was not pursued (Volume V, p. 155). He appeared also to agree with medical opinion that Governor Connally could have been hit at frame 235 (Volume V, p. 158). Frazier's own testimony does not seem to me to be quite what Miss Meagher makes it. Frazier said also:

> There is only one position beyond frame 225 at which the governor could have been struck according to the information furnished to me and from my examination of his clothing. . . .

Note that Frazier says, *"beyond* frame 225"; but in the next breath he seems to indicate that it would not have been after frame 231 (Volume V, p. 170). Frazier assumes throughout a bullet which is entirely undeflected from its original path. Furthermore, I am not at all clear whether he was judging positions at which Governor Connally could have been hit by a bullet that had already passed through President Kennedy, or positions in which Governor Connally could have been hit independently. As to the possibility of deflection, the bullet that went through Governor Connally fractured a rib, and might, I suppose, well have been deflected. Governor Connally himself, having viewed the film, thought that he was hit between frames 231 and 234 (Volume IV, p. 145). Dr. Shaw, who treated Governor Connally, and who also saw the film, thought that the Governor was hit at frame 236, give or take one or two frames (Volume IV, p. 114). I hold no particular brief for the notion I suggested of a possible shot at the President at frames 185-6, and a later separate shot at Governor Connally. But I do not think the testimony Miss Meagher quotes excludes it, certainly not when weighed against other testimony. I don't think the Commission investigated this possibility, eliciting testimony directed specifically at it, and attempting to reconcile or test conflicts in relevant testimony. I think somebody should, and I don't think that picking some lines out of Frazier's testimony and presenting them in isolation does the job.

(2) I thought I gave full credit to Epstein; at least I intended to do so.

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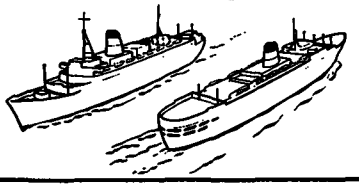

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And I did not call Epstein a "demonologist."

(3) I don't accept that the Commission suppressed evidence. Had it done so, there would have been no Epstein book.

(4) I am afraid Miss Meagher will have to get accustomed to the thought that in a case like this the only kind of truth that is possible is a truth of probabilities.

(5) I don't propose to debate the question whether or not I consulted the volumes of hearings and exhibits. Miss Meagher cannot know that I failed to consult the record, and the few footnotes I printed might have indicated that I did.

I SUPPOSE I should be pleased to find myself patronized by "one of the Assistant Counsel to the Warren Commission," but I wish Mr. Slawson had read me more closely. I did not argue that the single-bullet hypothesis is impossible, and I did not discount the difficulties that face any other theory. Two pathologists, I said, testified that Bullet 399 could not have done what the Commission (over three dissents, as we now know) concluded it did. Dr. Humes was shown the bullet, and he had seen "the medical reports on Governor Connally at Parkland Hospital." He thought it "most unlikely" that Bullet 399 could have passed through Governor Connally, gone through his wrist, and finally lodged in his thigh. That was the opinion also of Dr. Finck, formerly chief of the Wound Ballistics Pathology Branch of the Armed Forces Institute of Pathology. Could Bullet 399 have wounded the Governor in the wrist?, Dr. Finck was asked. "No; for the reason that there are too many fragments described in that wrist," was the reply.

This damaging testimony, I continued, stands unrefuted in the Commission's record of hearings, and the single-bullet hypothesis cannot be accepted until this evidence is not merely explained away, but displaced by affirmative testimony from equally qualified wound ballistics experts that Bullet 399—not some other, theoretical bullet, but the actual bullet in question—could have done what Drs. Humes and Finck said it did not do. Now both Mr. Slawson and Mr. Kilpatrick point to testimony suggesting that the fragments left in Governor Connally were very light. But shape and degree of distortion are also relevant. Moreover, Messrs. Slawson and Kilpatrick do not point to

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any direct testimony about Bullet 399 itself.

The Commission, as I indicated in my article, conducted wound ballistics experiments. These were not very helpful on the questions of distortion and weight loss. It is interesting, however, that a bullet fired through animal substance simulating Governor Connally's chest (and only his chest) came out very considerably more distorted than Bullet 399. And it weighed, after performing its task in the experiment, which involved no shedding of fragments in any wrist and thigh, 158.8 grains. Bullet 399 weighed 158.6 grains.

I failed to mention in my article—and Mr. Slawson and Mr. Kilpatrick overlook it now—a brief passage in the testimony of Dr. Olivier, one of the experts who conducted the Commission's tests. Dr. Olivier thought that one fragment recovered from Governor Connally's wrist could have come from Bullet 399—from the back of it. He also gave it as his "feeling" ("I believe that it was. That is my feeling.") that Bullet 399 caused the wound in Governor Connally's wrist. But the question to which he was responding asked him to assume, "if you will that [Bullet 399] was the missile found on the Governor's stretcher at Parkland Hospital"—an assumption that might overcome doubts about distortion and weight loss, but that rests on very slender and insufficiently explored evidence. Possibly it was an accident that the question to Dr. Olivier was phrased in this fashion, and possibly it was his independent and well-founded opinion that Bullet 399 could have gone through Governor Connally's chest and wrist, and lodged in his thigh. But the issue was not pursued with Dr. Olivier; the rest of his testimony concerns hypothetical bullets. Feeling and assumption about Bullet 399 were left to buttress each other without more.

Dr. Light, a colleague of Dr. Olivier, who participated with him in the tests, was of the opinion that Bullet 399 caused all of Governor Connally's wounds. He was persuaded to this view, he said, by his assumption that Bullet 399 was found on Governor Connally's stretcher. Was there anything about the bullet itself that led him to this conclusion, he was asked. "Nothing about the bullet," was the answer. Dr. Olivier's other colleague was not interrogated about Bullet 399. And nothing was said about the opinion of Drs. Humes and Finck, which was the only unambiguous and direct expert opinion elicited by the Commission. It may have been based on insufficient information, as Messrs. Slawson and Kilpatrick believe, but then Drs. Humes and Finck should have been recalled and reexamined, the Commission having made certain that the proper information was before them. For the only other, and presumably fully informed, view that the Commission obtained was that of Dr. Gregory, who, asked whether Bullet 399 could have remained as intact as it was after going through Governor Connally's wrist, thought it possible, but owned that he hardly knew enough to be able to tell. And Dr. Gregory, as I pointed out in my article, also thought it improbable that a bullet that had gone through Governor Connally's chest and wrist and lodged in his thigh could first have traveled through another man's neck.

As to Frazier: he was testifying that Bullet 399 had been fired from

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Oswald's rifle, and that it was not so diminished by loss of weight as to have made ballistic examination difficult. Its markings were serviceable. The bullet might in fact, he said, have lost no weight at all. Frazier was never asked whether Bullet 399 could have caused Governor Connally's wounds, and he never said so.

This is no mere complaint of inelegance in the Commission's performance. The single-bullet theory is a difficult one, and yet that theory is the basket in which the Commission chose to put all its eggs. We are dealing with the heart of the case; not the case against Oswald, but the Commission's case for the proposition that Oswald acted alone. The main prop supporting the single-bullet theory, namely, the conclusion that Bullet 399 was found on Governor Connally's stretcher, is weak. And yet, although it had heard the authoritative opinion of Drs. Humes and Finck, the Commission never obtained a fully informed and direct statement that the bullet could indeed have done all that the theory crucial to the Commission's findings required it to have done. The testimony, not of one, but of two or three experts to this effect was essential, and it should have been explored in the fullest detail. Of course, all that could have been obtained would have been opinion, which is ultimately fallible; and even if the opinion was entirely accepted, it could not have established the one-bullet theory to a certainty, but only to a probability. That much, however, was to be expected.

It is perhaps needless to say—and the record of the Commission's own hearings demonstrates it—that experts are people who deal in nice distinctions. That is the whole point about them. If an assured answer is wanted from them, it can be elicited by a question that is sufficiently qualified to enable them to answer with assurance. The value of their testimony depends, therefore, on the directness and precision of the questions they are asked. The question crucial to the Warren Commission's findings was asked with the requisite directness and precision, and answered with assurance as such, only in the interrogation of Drs. Humes and Finck. Elsewhere in the record, it was either not asked at all, not asked directly, asked in qualified fashion, with the support of assumptions, or, as in the case of Dr. Gregory, not answered with assurance. Such a state of the record might be good enough on a marginal issue, or on a question on which other evidence is satisfactory. Concerning the Warren Commission's single-bullet hypothesis, this state of the record is not good enough.

THE THEORY of an earlier shot, which I put forward, but which, I must tell Mr. Slawson, I do not accept as my "own," still does not seem to me to be precluded. The autopsy doctors themselves initially took the position that a bullet penetrated only a short distance into President Kennedy's back, and as to the difficulties which are surely presented, I can only say that I am not myself qualified to judge whether the bullet could have lost enough speed by brushing against a tree, or, as has been suggested to me, might have had less speed to begin with because it was possibly defective. I do not maintain that on this hypothesis a fourth shot must have hit the curb. The mark on the curb could be accounted for by a fair-sized fragment.

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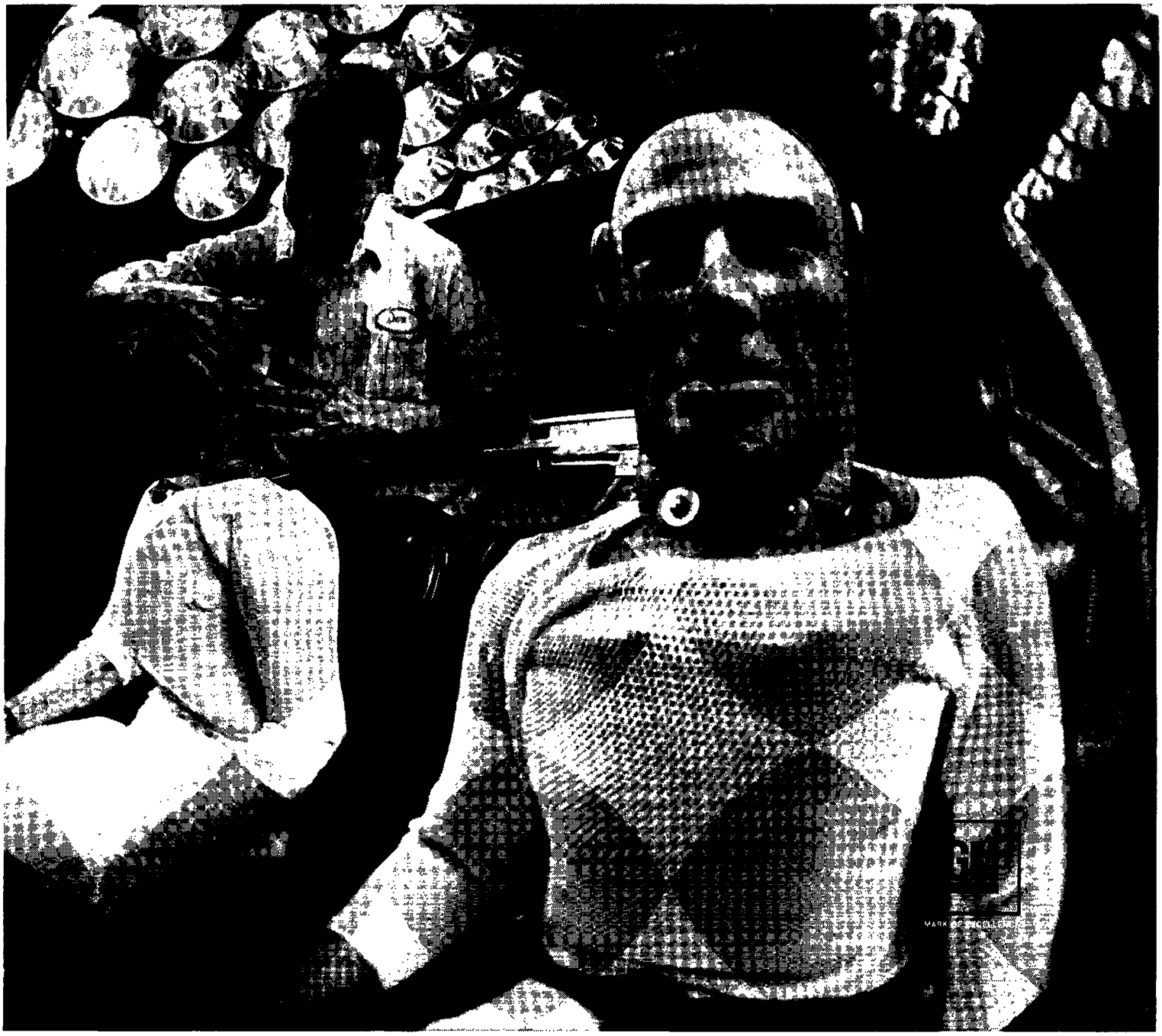

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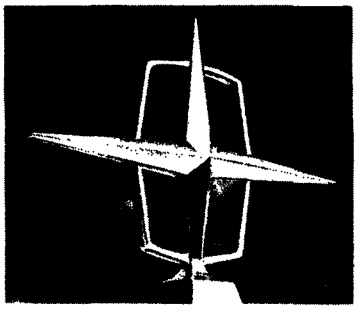

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COUNTERREVOLUTIONARY AMERICA

ROBERT L. HEILBRONER

Is the United States fundamentally opposed to economic development? The question is outrageous. Did we not coin the phrase, "the revolution of rising expectations"? Have we not supported the cause of development more generously than any nation on earth, spent our intellectual energy on the problems of development, offered our expertise freely to the backward nations of the word? How can it possibly be suggested that the United States might be opposed to economic development?

The answer is that we are not at all opposed to what we conceive economic development to be. The process depicted by the "revolution of rising expectations" is a deeply attractive one. It conjures up the image of a peasant in some primitive land, leaning on his crude plow and looking to the horizon, where he sees dimly, but for the *first time* (and that is what is so revolutionary about it), the vision of a better life. From this electrifying vision comes the necessary catalysis to change an old and stagnant way of life. The pace of work quickens. Innovations, formerly feared and resisted, are now eagerly accepted. The obstacles are admittedly very great—whence the need for foreign assistance—but under the impetus of new hopes the economic mechanism begins to turn faster, to gain traction against the environment. Slowly, but surely, the Great Ascent begins.

There is much that is admirable about this well-intentioned popular view of "the revolution of rising expectations." Unfortunately, there is more that is delusive about it. For the buoyant appeal of its rhetoric conceals or passes in silence over by far the larger part of the spectrum of realities of the development process. One of these is the certainty that the revolutionary aspect of development will not be limited to the realm of ideas, but will vent its fury on institutions, social classes, and innocent men and women. Another is the great likelihood that the ideas needed to guide the revolution will not only be affirmative and reasonable, but also destructive and fanatic. A third is the realization that revolutionary efforts cannot be made, and certainly cannot be sustained, by voluntary effort alone, but require an iron hand, in the spheres both of economic direction and political control. And the fourth and most difficult of these realities to face is the probability that the political force most likely to succeed in carrying through the gigantic historical transformation of development is some form of extreme national collectivism or Communism.

In a word, what our rhetoric fails to bring to our attention is the likelihood that development will require policies and programs repugnant to our "way of life," that it will bring to the fore governments hostile to our international objectives, and that its regnant ideology will bitterly oppose capitalism as a system of world economic power. If that is the case, we would have to think twice before denying that the United States was fundamentally opposed to economic development.

But is it the case? Must development lead in directions that go counter to the present American political philosophy? Let me try to indicate, albeit much too briefly and summarily, the reasons that lead me to answer that question as I do.

I begin with the cardinal point, often noted but still insufficiently appreciated, that the process called "economic development" is not primarily economic at all. We think of development as a campaign of production to be fought with budgets and monetary policies and measured with indices of output and income. But the development process is much wider and deeper than can be indicated by such statistics. To be sure, in the end what is hoped for is a tremendous rise in output. But this will not come to pass until a series of tasks, at once cruder and more delicate, simpler and infinitely more difficult, has been commenced and carried along a certain distance.

In most of the new nations of Africa, these tasks consist in establishing the very underpinnings of nationhood itself—in determining national borders, establishing national languages, arousing a basic national (as distinguished from tribal) self-consciousness. Before these steps have been taken, the African states will remain no more than names insecurely affixed to the map,

Robert L. Heilbroner is the author of *The Making of Economic Society*, *The Great Ascent*, and, most recently, *The Limits of American Capitalism*. The present essay was adapted from a paper given by Mr. Heilbroner at a recent conference on American foreign policy held at Colorado State University.

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not social entities capable of undertaking an enormous collective venture in economic change. In Asia, nationhood is generally much further advanced than in Africa, but here the main impediment to development is the miasma of apathy and fatalism, superstition and distrust that vitiates every attempt to improve hopelessly inefficient modes of work and patterns of resource use: while India starves, a quarter of the world's cow population devours Indian crops, exempt either from effective employment or slaughter because of sacred taboos. In still other areas, mainly Latin America, the principal handicap to development is not an absence of national identity or the presence of suffocating cultures (although the latter certainly plays its part), but the cramping and crippling inhibitions of obsolete social institutions and reactionary social classes. Where landholding rather than industrial activity is still the basis for social and economic power, and where land is held essentially in fiefdoms rather than as productive real estate, it is not surprising that so much of society retains a medieval cast.

Thus, development is much more than a matter of encouraging economic growth within a given social structure. It is rather the *modernization* of that structure, a process of ideational, social, economic, and political change that requires the remaking of society in its most intimate as well as its most public attributes.* When we speak of the revolutionary nature of economic development, it is this kind of deeply penetrative change that we mean—change that reorganizes "normal" ways of thought, established patterns of family life, and structures of village authority as well as class and caste privilege.

WHAT IS so egregiously lacking in the great majority of the societies that are now attempting to make the Great Ascent is precisely this pervasive modernization. The trouble with India and Pakistan, with Brazil and Ecuador, with the Philippines and Ethiopia, is not merely that economic growth lags, or proceeds at some pitiable pace. This is only a symptom of deeper-lying ills. The trouble is that the social physiology of these nations remains so depressingly unchanged despite the flurry of economic planning on top. The all-encompassing ignorance and poverty of the rural regio s, the unbridgeable gulf between the peasant and the urban elites, the resistive conservatism of the village elders, the unyielding traditionalism of family life—all these remain obdurately, maddeningly, disastrously unchanged. In the cities, a few modern buildings, sometimes brilliantly executed, give a deceptive patina of modernity, but once one journeys into the immense countryside, the terrible stasis overwhelms all.

* See C. E. Black, *The Dynamics of Modernization.*

To this vast landscape of apathy and ignorance one must now make an exception of the very greatest importance. It is the fact that a very few nations, all of them Communist, have succeeded in reaching into the lives and stirring the minds of precisely that body of the peasantry which constitutes the insuperable problem elsewhere. In our concentration on the politics, the betrayals, the successes and failures of the Russian, Chinese, and Cuban revolutions, we forget that their central motivation has been just such a war *à l'outrance* against the arch-enemy of backwardness—not alone the backwardness of outmoded social superstructures but even more critically that of private inertia and traditionalism.

That the present is irreversibly and unqualifiedly freed from the dead hand of the past is, I think, beyond argument in the case of Russia. By this I do not only mean that Russia has made enormous economic strides. I refer rather to the gradual emancipation of its people from the "idiocy of rural life," their gradual entrance upon the stage of contemporary existence. This is not to hide in the smallest degree the continuing backwardness of the Russian countryside where now almost fifty—*and formerly perhaps eighty*—per cent of the population lives. But even at its worst I do not think that life could now be described in the despairing terms that run through the Russian literature of our grandfathers' time. Here is Chekhov:

> During the summer and the winter there had been hours and days when it seemed as if these people [the peasants] lived worse than cattle, and it was terrible to be with them. They were coarse, dishonest, dirty, and drunken; they did not live at peace with one another but quarreled continually, because they feared, suspected, and despised one another. . . . Crushing labor that made the whole body ache at night, cruel winters, scanty crops, overcrowding, and no help, and nowhere to look for help.

It is less certain that the vise of the past has been loosened in China or Cuba. It may well be that Cuba has suffered a considerable economic decline, in part due to absurd planning, in part to our refusal to buy her main crop. The economic record of China is nearly as inscrutable as its political turmoil, and we may not know for many years whether the Chinese peasant is today better or worse off than before the revolution. Yet what strikes me as significant in both countries is something else. In Cuba it is the educational effort that, according to the New York *Times*, has constituted a major effort of the Castro regime. In China it is the unmistakable evidence—and here I lean not alone on the sympathetic account of Edgar Snow but on the most horrified descriptions of the rampages of the Red Guards—that the younger generation is no longer fettered by the traditional view of things. The very fact that the

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Red Guards now revile their elders, an unthinkable defiance of age-old Chinese custom, is testimony of how deeply change has penetrated into the texture of Chinese life.

It is this herculean effort to reach and rally the great anonymous mass of the population that is *the* great accomplishment of Communism—even though it is an accomplishment that is still only partially accomplished. For if the areas of the world afflicted with the self-perpetuating disease of backwardness are ever to rid themselves of its debilitating effects, I think it is likely to be not merely because antiquated social structures have been dismantled (although this is an essential precondition), but because some shock treatment like that of Communism has been administered to them.

By way of contrast to this all-out effort, however short it may have fallen of its goal, we must place the timidity of the effort to bring modernization to the peoples of the non-Communist world. Here again I do not merely speak of lagging rates of growth. I refer to the fact that illiteracy in the non-Communist countries of Asia and Central America is increasing (by some 200 million in the last decade) because it has been "impossible" to mount an educational effort that will keep pace with population growth. I refer to the absence of substantial land reform in Latin America, despite how many years of promises. I refer to the indifference or incompetence or corruption of governing elites: the incredible sheiks with their oildoms; the vague, well-meaning leaders of India unable to break the caste system, kill the cows, control the birthrate, reach the villages, house or employ the labor rotting on the streets; the cynical governments of South America, not one of which, according to Lleras Camargo, former president of Colombia, has ever prosecuted a single politician or industrialist for evasion of taxes. And not least, I refer to the fact that every movement that arises to correct these conditions is instantly identified as "Communist" and put down with every means at hand, while the United States clucks or nods approval.

To be sure, even in the most petrified societies, the modernization process is at work. If there were time, the solvent acids of the 20th century would work their way on the ideas and institutions of the most inert or resistant countries. But what lacks in the 20th century is time. The multitudes of the underdeveloped world have only in the past two decades been summoned to their reveille. The one thing that is certain about the revolution of rising expectations is that it is only in its inception, and that its pressures for justice and action will steadily mount as the voice of the 20th century penetrates to villages and slums where it is still almost inaudible. It is not surprising that Princeton historian C. E. Black, surveying this labile world, estimates that we must anticipate "ten to fifteen revolutions a year for the foreseeable future in the less developed societies."

In itself, this prospect of mounting political restiveness enjoins the speediest possible time schedule for development. But this political urgency is many times compounded by that of the population problem. Like an immense river in flood, the number of human beings rises each year to wash away the levees of the preceding year's labors and to pose future requirements of monstrous proportions. To provide shelter for the three billion human beings who will arrive on earth in the next forty years will require as many dwellings as have been constructed since recorded history began. To feed them will take double the world's present output of food. To cope with the mass exodus from the overcrowded countryside will necessitate cities of grotesque size—Calcutta, now a cesspool of three to five millions, threatens us by the year 2000 with a prospective population of from thirty to sixty millions.

These horrific figures spell one importunate message: haste. That is the *mene mene, tekel upharsin* written on the walls of government planning offices around the world. Even if the miracle of the loop is realized—the new contraceptive device that promises the first real breakthrough in population control—we must set ourselves for at least another generation of rampant increase.

But how to achieve haste? How to convince the silent and disbelieving men, how to break through the distrustful glances of women in black shawls, how to overcome the overt hostility of landlords, the opposition of the Church, the petty bickerings of military cliques, the black-marketeering of commercial dealers? I suspect there is only one way. The conditions of backwardness must be attacked with the passion, the ruthlessness, and the messianic fury of a jehad, a Holy War. Only a campaign of an intensity and single-mindedness that must approach the ludicrous and the unbearable offers the chance to ride roughshod over the resistance of the rich and the poor alike and to open the way for the forcible implantation of those modern attitudes and techniques without which there will be no escape from the misery of underdevelopment.

I NEED HARDLY add that the cost of this modernization process has been and will be horrendous. If Communism is the great modernizer, it is certainly not a benign agent of change. Stalin may well have exceeded Hitler as a mass executioner. Free inquiry in China has been supplanted by dogma and catechism; even in Russia nothing like freedom of criticism or of personal expression is allowed. Furthermore, the economic cost of industrialization in both countries has been at least as severe as that imposed by primitive capitalism.

Yet one must count the gains as well as the losses. Hundreds of millions who would have

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been confined to the narrow cells of changeless lives have been liberated from prisons they did not even know existed. Class structures that elevated the flighty or irresponsible have been supplanted by others that have promoted the ambitious and the dedicated. Economic systems that gave rise to luxury and poverty have given way to systems that provide a rough distributional justice. Above all, the prospect of a new future has been opened. It is this that lifts the current ordeal in China above the level of pure horror. The number of human beings in that country who have perished over the past centuries from hunger or neglect, is beyond computation. The present revolution may add its dreadful increment to this number. But it also holds out the hope that China may finally have been galvanized into social, political, and economic attitudes that for the first time make its modernization a possibility.

Two questions must be answered when we dare to risk so favorable a verdict on Communism as a modernizing agency. The first is whether the result is worth the cost, whether the possible—by no means assured—escape from underdevelopment is worth the lives that will be squandered to achieve it.

I do not know how one measures the moral price of historical victories or how one can ever decide that a diffuse gain is worth a sharp and particular loss. I only know that the way in which we ordinarily keep the books of history is wrong. No one is now toting up the balance of the wretches who starve in India, or the peasants of Northeastern Brazil who live in the swamps on crabs, or the undernourished and permanently stunted children of Hong Kong or Honduras. Their sufferings go unrecorded, and are not present to counterbalance the scales when the furies of revolution strike down their victims. Barrington Moore has made a nice calculation that bears on this problem. Taking as the weight in one pan the 35,000 to 40,000 persons who lost their lives—mainly for no fault of theirs—as a result of the Terror during the French Revolution, he asks what would have been the death rate from preventable starvation and injustice under the *ancien regime* to balance the scales. "Offhand," he writes, "it seems unlikely that this would be very much below the proportion of .0010 which [the] figure of 40,000 yields when set against an estimated population of 24 million."*

Is it unjust to charge the *ancien regime* in Russia with ten million preventable deaths? I think it not unreasonable. To charge the authorities in pre-revolutionary China with equally vast and preventable degradations? Theodore White, writing in 1946, had this to say: . . . "some scholars think that China is perhaps the only country in the world where the people eat less, live more bitterly, and are clothed worse than they were five hundred years ago."†

I do not recommend such a calculus of corpses—indeed, I am aware of the license it gives to the unscrupulous—but I raise it to show the onesidedness of our protestations against the brutality and violence of revolutions. In this regard, it is chastening to recall the multitudes who have been killed or mutilated by the Church which is now the first to protest against the excesses of Communism.

But there is an even more terrible second question to be asked. It is clear beyond doubt, however awkward it may be for our moralizing propensities, that historians excuse horror that succeeds; and that we write our comfortable books of moral philosophy, seated atop a mound of victims—slaves, serfs, laboring men and women, heretics, dissenters—who were crushed in the course of preparing the way for our triumphal entry into existence. But at least we are here to vindicate the carnage. What if we were not? What if the revolutions grind flesh and blood and produce nothing, if the end of the convulsion is not exhilaration but exhaustion, not triumph but defeat?

Before this possibility—which has been realized more than once in history—one stands mute. Mute, but not paralyzed. For there is the necessity of calculating what is likely to happen in the absence of the revolution whose prospective excesses hold us back. Here one must weigh what has been done to remedy underdevelopment—and what has not been done—in the past twenty years; how much time there remains before the population flood enforces its own ultimate solution; what is the likelihood of bringing modernization without the frenzied assault that Communism seems most capable of mounting. As I make this mental calculation I arrive at an answer which is even more painful than that of revolution. I see the alternative as the continuation, without substantial relief—and indeed with a substantial chance of deterioration—of the misery and meanness of life as it is now lived in the sinkhole of the world's backward regions.

I HAVE PUT the case for the necessity of revolution as strongly as possible, but I must now widen the options beyond the stark alternatives I have posed. To begin with, there are areas of the world where the immediate tasks are so far-reaching that little more can be expected for some decades than the primary missions of national identification and unification. Most of the new African states fall into this category. These states may suffer capitalist, Communist, Fascist, or other kinds of regimes during the remainder of this century, but whatever the nominal ideology in the saddle, the job at hand will be that of military and political nation-making.

There is another group of nations, less easy to identify, but much more important in the scale of

* *Social Origins of Dictatorship and Democracy*, p. 104.
† *Thunder Out of China*, p. 32.

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events, where my analysis also does not apply. These are countries where the pressures of population growth seem sufficiently mild, or the existing political and social framework sufficiently adaptable, to allow for the hope of considerable progress without resort to violence. Greece, Turkey, Chile, Argentina, Mexico may be representatives of nations in this precarious but enviable situation. Some of them, incidentally, have already had revolutions of modernizing intent—fortunately for them in a day when the United States was not so frightened or so powerful as to be able to repress them.

In other words, the great arena of desperation to which the revolutionizing impetus of Communism seems most applicable is primarily the crowded land masses and archipelagoes of Southeast Asia and the impoverished areas of Central and South America. But even here, there is the possibility that the task of modernization may be undertaken by non-Communist elites. There is always the example of indigenous, independent leaders who rise up out of nowhere to overturn the established framework and to galvanize the masses—a Gandhi, a Marti, a pre-1958 Castro. Or there is that fertile ground for the breeding of national leaders—the army, as witness Ataturk or Nasser, among many.*

Thus there is certainly no inherent necessity that the revolutions of modernization be led by Communists. But it is well to bear two thoughts in mind when we consider the likely course of non-Communist revolutionary sweeps. The first is the nature of the mobilizing appeal of any successful revolutionary elite. Is it the austere banner of saving and investment that waves over the heads of the shouting marchers in Jakarta and Bombay, Cairo and Havana? It most certainly is not. The banner of economic development is that of nationalism, with its promise of personal immortality and collective majesty. It seems beyond question that a feverish nationalism will charge the atmosphere of any nation, Communist or not, that tries to make the Great Ascent—and as a result we must expect the symptoms of nationalism along with the disease: exaggerated xenophobia, a thin-skinned national sensitivity, a search for enemies as well as a glorification of the state.

These symptoms, which we have already seen in every quarter of the globe, make it impossible to expect easy and amicable relations between the developing states and the colossi of the developed world. No conceivable response on the part of America or Europe or, for that matter, Russia, will be able to play up to the vanities or salve the irritations of the emerging nations, much less satisfy their demands for help. Thus, we must anticipate an anti-American, or anti-Western, possibly even anti-white animus from any nation in the throes of modernization, even if it is not parroting Communist dogma.

Then there is a second caution as to the prospects for non-Communist revolutions. This is the question of what ideas and policies will guide their revolutionary efforts. Revolutions, especially if their whole orientation is to the future, require philosophy equally as much as force. It is here, of course, that Communism finds its special strength. The vocabulary in which it speaks—a vocabulary of class domination, of domestic and international exploitation—is rich in meaning to the backward nations. The view of history it espouses provides the support of historical inevitability to the fallible efforts of struggling leaders. Not least, the very dogmatic certitude and ritualistic repetition that stick in the craw of the Western observer offer the psychological assurances on which an unquestioning faith can be maintained.

If a non-Communist elite is to persevere in tasks that will prove Sisyphean in difficulty, it will also have to offer a philosophical interpretation of its role as convincing and elevating, and a diagnosis of social and economic requirements as sharp and simplistic, as that of Communism. Further, its will to succeed at whatever cost must be as firm as that of the Marxists. It is not impossible that such a philosophy can be developed, more or less independent of formal Marxian conceptions. It is likely, however, to resemble the creed of Communism far more than that of the West. Political liberty, economic freedom, and constitutional law may be the great achievements and the great issues of the most advanced nations, but to the least developed lands they are only dim abstractions, or worse, rationalizations behind which the great powers play their imperialist tricks or protect the privileges of their monied classes.

THUS, EVEN IF for many reasons we should prefer the advent of non-Communist modernizing elites, we must realize that they too will present the United States with programs and policies antipathetic to much that America "believes in" and hostile to America as a world power. The leadership needed to mount a jehad against backwardness—and it is my main premise that only a Holy War will begin modernization in our time—will be forced to expound a philosophy that approves authoritarian and collectivist measures at home and that utilizes as the target for its national resentment abroad the towering villains of the world, of which the United States is now Number One.

* What are the chances for modernizing revolutions of the Right, such as those of the Meiji Restoration or of Germany under Bismarck? I think they are small. The changes to be wrought in the areas of greatest backwardness are much more socially subversive than those of the 19th century, and the timespan allotted to the revolutionists is much smaller. Bourgeois revolutions are not apt to go far enough, particularly in changing property ownership. Still, one could imagine such revolutions with armed support and no doubt Fascistic ideologies. I doubt that they would be any less of a threat than revolutions of the Left.

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All this confronts American policymakers and public opinion with a dilemma of a totally unforeseen kind. On the one hand we are eager to assist in the rescue of the great majority of mankind from conditions that we recognize as dreadful and ultimately dangerous. On the other hand, we seem to be committed, especially in the underdeveloped areas, to a policy of defeating Communism wherever it is within our military capacity to do so, and of repressing movements that might become Communist if they were allowed to follow their internal dynamics. Thus, we have on the one side the record of Point Four, the Peace Corps, and foreign aid generally; and on the other, Guatemala, Cuba, the Dominican Republic, and now Vietnam.

That these two policies might be in any way mutually incompatible, that economic development might contain revolutionary implications infinitely more far-reaching than those we have so blandly endorsed in the name of rising expectations, that Communism or a radical national collectivism might be the only vehicles for modernization in many key areas of the world—these are dilemmas we have never faced. Now I suggest that we do face them, and that we begin to examine in a serious way ideas that have hitherto been considered blasphemous, if not near-traitorous.

SUPPOSE THAT most of Southeast Asia and much of Latin America were to go Communist, or to become controlled by revolutionary governments that espoused collectivist ideologies and vented extreme anti-American sentiments. Would this constitute a mortal threat to the United States?

I think it fair to claim that the purely *military* danger posed by such an eventuality would be slight. Given the present and prospective capabilities of the backward world, the addition of hundreds of millions of citizens to the potential armies of Communism would mean nothing when there was no way of deploying them against us. The prospect of an invasion by Communist hordes—the specter that frightened Europe after World War II with some (although retrospectively, not too much) realism—would be no more than a phantasm when applied to Asia or South America or Africa.

More important, the nuclear or conventional military power of Communism would not be materially increased by the armaments capacities of these areas for many years. By way of indication, the total consumption of energy of all kinds (in terms of coal equivalent) for Afghanistan, Bolivia, Brazil, Burma, Ceylon, Colombia, Costa Rica, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Ethiopia, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, India, Indonesia, Iran, Iraq, Korea, Lebanon, Nicaragua, Pakistan, Paraguay, Peru, Philippines, U.A.R., Uruguay, and Venezuela is less than that annually consumed by West Germany alone. The total steel output of these countries is one-tenth of U.S. annual production. Thus, even the total communization of the backward world would not effectively alter the present balance of military strength in the world.

However small the military threat, it is undeniably true that a Communist or radical collectivist engulfment of these countries would cost us the loss of billions of dollars of capital invested there. Of our roughly $50 billions in overseas investment, some $10 billions are in mining, oil, utility, and manufacturing facilities in Latin America, some $4 billions in Asia including the Near East, and about $2 billions in Africa. To lose these assets would deal a heavy blow to a number of large corporations, particularly in oil, and would cost the nation as a whole the loss of some $3 to $4 billions a year in earnings from those areas.

A Marxist might conclude that the economic interests of a capitalist nation would find such a prospective loss insupportable, and that it would be "forced" to go to war. I do not think this is a warranted assumption, although it is undoubtedly a risk. Against a Gross National Product that is approaching ¾ of a trillion dollars and with total corporate assets over $1.3 trillions, the loss of even the whole $16 billions in the vulnerable areas should be manageable economically. Whether such a takeover could be resisted politically—that is, whether the red flag of Communism could be successfully waved by the corporate interests—is another question. I do not myself believe that the corporate elite is particularly war-minded—not nearly so much so as the military or the congressional—or that corporate seizures would be a suitable issue for purposes of drumming up interventionist sentiment.

By these remarks I do not wish airily to dismiss the dangers of a Communist avalanche in the backward nations. There would be dangers, not least those of an American hysteria. Rather, I want only to assert that the threats of a military or economic kind would not be insuperable, as they might well be if Europe were to succumb to a hostile regime.

BUT IS THAT not the very point?, it will be asked. Would not a Communist success in a few backward nations lead to successes in others, and thus by degrees engulf the entire world, until the United States and perhaps Europe were fortresses besieged on a hostile planet?

I think the answer to this fear is twofold. First, as many beside myself have argued, it is now clear that Communism, far from constituting a single unified movement with a common aim and dovetailing interests, is a movement in which similarities of economic and political structure and ideology are more than outweighed by divergencies of national interest and character. Two bloody wars have demonstrated that in the case of capitalism, structural similarities between nations do not prevent mortal combat. As with capitalism, so with

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Communism. Russian Communists have already been engaged in skirmishes with Polish and Hungarian Communists, have nearly come to blows with Yugoslavia, and now stand poised at the threshhold of open fighting with China. Only in the mind of the *Daily News* (and perhaps still the State Department) does it seem possible, in the face of this spectacle, to refer to the unified machinations of "international Communism" or the "Sino-Soviet bloc."

The realities, I believe, point in a very different direction. A world in which Communist governments were engaged in the enormous task of trying to modernize the worst areas of Asia, Latin America, and Africa would be a world in which sharp differences of national interest were certain to arise within these continental areas. The outlook would be for frictions and conflicts to develop among Communist nations with equal frequency as they developed between those nations and their non-Communist neighbors. A long period of jockeying for power and command over resources, rather than anything like a unified sharing of power and resources, seems unavoidable in the developing continents. This would not preclude a continuous barrage of anti-American propaganda, but it would certainly impede a movement to exert a coordinated Communist influence over these areas.

Second, it seems essential to distinguish among the causes of dangerous national and international behavior those that can be traced to the tenets of Communism and those that must be located elsewhere. "Do not talk to me about Communism and capitalism," said a Hungarian economist with whom I had lunch this winter. "Talk to me about rich nations and poor ones."

I think it *is* wealth and poverty, and not Communism or capitalism, that establishes much of the tone and tension of international relations. For that reason I would expect Communism in the backward nations (or national collectivism, if that emerges in the place of Communism) to be strident, belligerent, and insecure. If these regimes fail—as they may—their rhetoric may become hysterical and their behavior uncontrolled, although of small consequence. But if they succeed, which I believe they can, many of these traits should recede. Russia, Yugoslavia, or Poland are simply not to be compared, either by way of internal pronouncement or external behavior, with China, or, on a smaller scale, Cuba. Modernization brings, among other things, a waning of the stereotypes, commandments, and flagellations so characteristic of (and so necessary to) a nation engaged in the effort to alter itself from top to bottom. The idiom of ceaseless revolution becomes less relevant—even faintly embarrassing—to a nation that begins to be pleased with itself. Then, too, it seems reasonable to suppose that the vituperative quality of Communist invective would show some signs of abating were the United States to modify its own dogmatic attitude and to forego its own wearisome clichés about the nature of Communism.

I doubt there are many who will find these arguments wholly reassuring. They are not. It would be folly to imagine that the next generation or two, when Communism or national collectivism in the underdeveloped areas passes through its jehad stage, will be a time of international safety. But as always in these matters, it is only by a comparison with the alternatives that one can choose the preferable course. The prospect that I have offered as a plausible scenario of the future must be placed against that which results from a pursuit of our present course. And here I see two dangers of even greater magnitude: (1) the prospect of many more Vietnams, as radical movements assert themselves in other areas of the world; and (2) a continuation of the present inability of the most impoverished areas to modernize, with the prospect of an eventual human catastrophe on an unimaginable scale.

NEVERTHELESS, there *is* a threat in the specter of a Communist or near-Communist supremacy in the underdeveloped world. It is that the rise of Communism would signal the end of capitalism as the dominant world order, and would force the acknowledgement that America no longer constituted the model on which the future of world civilization would be mainly based. In this way, as I have written before, the existence of Communism frightens American capitalism as the rise of Protestantism frightened the Catholic Church, or the French Revolution the English aristocracy.

It is, I think, the fear of losing our place in the sun, of finding ourselves at bay, that motivates a great deal of the anti-Communism on which so much of American foreign policy seems to be founded. In this regard I note that the nations of Europe, most of them profoundly more conservative than America in their social and economic dispositions, have made their peace with Communism far more intelligently and easily than we, and I conclude that this is in no small part due to their admission that they are no longer the leaders of the world.

The great question in our own nation is whether we can accept a similar scaling-down of our position in history. This would entail many profound changes in outlook and policy. It would mean the recognition that Communism, which may indeed represent a retrogressive movement in the West, where it should continue to be resisted with full energies, may nonetheless represent a progressive movement in the backward areas, where its advent may be the only chance these areas have of escaping misery. Collaterally, it means the recognition that "our side" has neither the political will, nor the ideological wish, nor the stomach for directing those changes that the back-

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ward world must make if it is ever to cease being backward. It would undoubtedly entail a more isolationist policy for the United States *vis-à-vis* the developing continents, and a greater willingness to permit revolutions there to work their way without our interference. It would mean in our daily political life the admission that the ideological battle of capitalism and Communism had passed its point of usefulness or relevance, and that religious diatribe must give way to the pragmatic dialogue of the age of science and technology.

I DO NOT know how to estimate the chances of affecting such deepseated changes in the American outlook. It may be that the pull of vested interests, the inertia of bureaucracy, plus a certain lurking fundamentalism that regards Communism as an evil which admits of no discussion—the antichrist—will maintain America on its present course, with consequences that I find frightening to contemplate. But I believe that our attitudes are not hopelessly frozen. I detect, both above and below, signs that our present view of Communism is no longer wholly tenable and that it must be replaced with a new assessment if we are to remain maneuverable in action and cogent in discourse.

Two actions may help speed along this long overdue modernization of our own thought. The first is a continuation of the gradual thawing and convergence of American and Russian views and interests—a rapprochement that is proceeding slowly and hesitantly, but with a discernible momentum. Here the initiative must come from Russia as well as from ourselves.

The other action is for us alone to take. It is the public airing of the consequences of our blind anti-Communism for the underdeveloped world. It must be said aloud that our present policy prefers the absence of development to the chance for Communism—which is to say, that we prefer hunger and want and the existing inadequate assaults against the causes of hunger and want to any regime that declares its hostility to capitalism. There are strong American currents of humanitarianism that can be directed as a counterforce to this profoundly anti-humanitarian view. But for this counterforce to become mobilized it will be necessary to put fearlessly the outrageous question with which I began: is the United States fundamentally opposed to economic development?

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China, Russia & the U.S.: II

OSCAR GASS

"Make trouble, fail, make trouble again, fail again till their doom; that is the logic of the imperialists and all reactionaries the world over in dealing with the people's cause, and they will never go against this logic. . . . Fight, fail, fight again, fail again, fight again till their victory; that is the logic of the people, and they too will never go against this logic."

Mao Tse-tung, August 1949.

"Material production is the decisive sphere of human endeavor. . . . The fundamental problem of the coming seven years is to make the utmost time gain in socialism's economic competition with capitalism."

Nikita Khrushchev, January 1959.

I

CHINA'S STANDING among the nations has been on a steep downward course from the time of American heavy combat commitment to Vietnam (March-April 1965). The USSR also has not enhanced its status in the world by the volume and character of its comradely assistance. In August 1966, perturbed Communist intellectuals in France called upon the USSR (from the pages of Sartre's *Les Temps Modernes*) to fix "exact limits" to permissible resistance to Communism in Vietnam, beyond which the Soviet Union would rain missiles on American bases in the Western Pacific. The USSR did not heed this call. Nor did China and the USSR supply their Vietnamese comrades to a level of approximate equality. On the contrary, these fighting comrades were left to face an overwhelming superiority in firepower, communications, and mobility.

It has been no part of Washington's policy to emphasize these things. On the contrary, it has been one of Washington's primary concerns to avoid unnecessary discomfiture to China or the USSR. Chinese vitriol has accordingly been received in silence. And the executive branch has exerted itself (without complete sympathy from the Congress) to be formally accommodating toward the Soviet Union. President Johnson earned the right to say (January 10, 1967):

> We have avoided both the acts and the rhetoric of the cold war. When we have differed with the Soviet Union, . . . I have tried to differ quietly and with courtesy . . . .

We do not know whether Peking shared with Hanoi and its National Liberation Front* in the critical decision—apparently made some months after the fall of Diem (November 1963)—to raise drastically the level of combat engagement in the South. (Moscow certainly did not share in this decision. Moscow was most remote from Hanoi in the period from the signature of the Nuclear Test Ban to the removal of Khrushchev.) But we do know that when Hanoi asserted most determinedly that politics is war, it quoted Mao, adopted Chinese imagery, and was echoed affirmatively by the Chinese press. Apparently in 1964 (as Douglas Pike reports), the Vietcong's political and military figures from the North, who favored a strike toward victory through heavier combat, prevailed over the more political approach of their comrades of the South. Utilizing Maoist language, the North Vietnamese journal *Hoc Tap* then said (July 1964):

> The contradictions between the people in South Vietnam and the U.S. imperialists and their lackeys are antagonistic. The correct solution is not to reconcile the contradictions and the classes but through revolution to eliminate the contradictions. . . . The liberation of South Vietnam can be settled only by force.

To this North Vietnamese voice, the Chinese gave several intermediate public responses, until they came to the unequivocal one of the *People's Daily* of March 25, 1965:

> We now solemnly declare that we Chinese people . . . will join the people of the world in sending all necessary material aid, including arms and all other war materials, to the heroic South Vietnamese people. . . . At the same time, we are ready to send our own men, whenever the South Vietnamese people want them, to fight together with the South Vietnamese people. . . .

They thus solemnly declared, but they did not do.

* See Douglas Pike, *Viet Cong: The Organization and Techniques of the National Liberation Front*, M.I.T. Press, 1966. This is, I believe, the most valuable book on Vietnam published during 1965-66. Failing more, its Chapter 20 ought to be separately reproduced, so it could be read by millions.

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IT IS ALMOST certain that Khrushchev's successors tried to persuade Peking and Hanoi to abstain from such declarations and to avoid enlarging the military confrontation with the U.S. But here Soviet diplomacy was caught in a dilemma. On the one hand, Russian Communism did not wish to be dissociated from a great victory for the revolution, if the Vietcong were indeed on the threshold of achieving one: the USSR therefore obligated itself to "strengthen the defense capacity" of Hanoi, and the Russians still continue to make public claims of preeminence over China in military supply.* On the other hand, the Russians did not believe that the U.S. would simply scuttle and run from Vietnam: Kosygin therefore probably did (as the Chinese say) urge both Peking and Hanoi "to help the United States find a way out of Vietnam," and he accordingly proposed (February 16, 1965) the convening of a new international conference on Vietnam "without prior conditions."

Washington was grateful to Moscow for this relative moderation, and it reciprocated by pledging a war of limited objectives. North Vietnam would not be invaded, and no attempt would be made to displace its Communist regime; the war prize would be the South, not the North *and* South. (President Johnson may also have adapted the slogan "unconditional discussions" from the Russian.) Hanoi and Peking, however, did not share Washington's gratitude to Moscow. They were riding the wave of revolutionary optimism. Hanoi accordingly rejected Russian mediation, and it subsequently announced (March 22, 1965) that Vietnamese Communism would negotiate only after the acceptance of Four Points embodying its total victory. Mao had already then apparently told Kosygin—indeed five weeks earlier—that Sino-Soviet unity would be restored only in the case of war against the United States. General Lo Juiching (not yet then a bourgeois counterrevolutionary) told the Russians publicly:

> The socialist countries should serve as base areas for the world revolution. . . . Whether or not a country which has won victory dares to serve as a base area for the world revolution and to support and aid the people's revolution in other countries is the touchstone of whether or not it is really for revolution and whether or not it really opposes imperialism.

Since Khrushchev's successors did not conform to this high standard of service to revolution, the Chinese soon found them—and called them—every bit as bad as he. These successors were named guilty (March 22, 1965) of ". . . sham anti-imperialism but real capitulation, sham revolution but real betrayal, sham unity but a real split. They are still doing what Khrushchev did. . . ." In the end, therefore, what the USSR has got for its Indochina involvement is the tribute of near-equal courtesy with China in Hanoi's formal salutations, together with the privilege of contributing supplies to a war which—in all reasonable likelihood—the Soviet leadership now clearly understands the Communist forces cannot win.

II

THAT THEY HAVE no reasonable prospect of achieving a military victory is, however, for the Communist leaders of Vietnam, quite insufficient ground for desisting from hostilities. They have seen worse times. The oldest among them experienced a quarter century of conspiratorial illegal and underground activities. Then they and their movement seemed sometimes *at total risk*: they might be entirely destroyed. Not so today—at least, in reasonable expectation, not in Hanoi. The United States will not invade, and Communism in North Vietnam will not be wiped out. (In January 1967, Premier Ky, also in this, holds to the position of President Johnson.) The Communist leaders of Vietnam fight at limited risk.

Perhaps the most illuminating published commentary on the war in 1966 is that of General Moshe Dayan. Dayan describes onesided warfare, where the American and allied forces have unprecedented mobility and are always in communication and range of immensely superior artillery and air support. He concludes that the forces of Hanoi and the Vietcong have no chance of victory in the mobile combat of small units (what the Maoists call "phase two"), let alone in the clash of divisions and armies ("phase three"). But Dayan does not at all believe that the Americans will therefore quickly bring peace to Vietnam. That task, he judges, must be accomplished largely by the South Vietnamese themselves. It is only the South Vietnamese who can shape their own society to make the guerrilla and terrorist a universal enemy, to deprive him therefore of his "popular bases," and so gradually to push him into the untenable isolation of jungle and mountain. This operation took twelve years (1948-60), under more favorable circumstances, in Malaya.†

Were such action not excluded by the basic American political strategy, the U.S. forces would by now have undertaken an Inchon-type amphibious operation to occupy Haiphong and Hanoi. Bombing the North is their permitted substitute.

* North Vietnam affairs are perhaps best followed in the special issues of *China News Analysis*, Hong Kong, which are attributed to P. J. Honey. See also Jan S. Prybyla, "Soviet and Chinese Aid to North Vietnam," in *China Quarterly*, July 1966, and Albert Parry, "Soviet Aid to Vietnam" in the *Reporter*, January 12, 1967. The *Reporter* has consistently supplied, particularly through the articles of Denis Warner, the most valuable interpretative news coverage on Southeast Asia of any American periodical.

† Dayan's commentary appeared in English in the Washington *Post* of October 16 and 23 and 30, 1966. A thoughtful statement of the socio-political requirements of true pacification, in Malaya and Vietnam, is *Defeating Communist Insurgency*, by Sir Robert Thompson, Praeger, 1966.

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Even without using nuclear weapons, the American bombers could burn out Hanoi and Haiphong on few days' notice. But neither civilian populations nor irrigation works have been among authorized targets. Clearly, the bombing of the North is of military weight. This bombing inhibits the forces that can be moved to the South and supplied there, though the inhibition is less than if the North were itself made the primary battlefield. The Northern anti-aircraft effort has involved the manning and supply of several thousand guns of calibers from 37 mm.; the related claim on manpower and munitions is not incomparable with Hanoi's supply to the South. Additionally, according to Washington estimates, from 200,000 to 300,000 persons (including 30,000 to 50,000 Chinese) are continuously employed in the repair of Northern bomb-damaged transportation facilities. Today, therefore, Hanoi helps to man and supply two fronts—one North, one South. Correspondingly, if Hanoi could induce men of good will to join her in securing an unrequited cease-fire on the Northern front, she would be greatly the gainer. Then indeed this war might become one she could calmly contemplate keeping up forever.

THERE IS obtuseness in the charge that the North is "intervening" in the South. Of course it is intervening. Americans especially, who once fought a civil war in which North "intervened" against South, should find Vietnamese intervention easy to understand. Moreover, no consequent Leninist has ground, other than tactical expediency, to refrain from intervening even in a "foreign" country: he knows no foreign. On April 17, 1965, President Johnson stated the U.S. policy objective to be ". . . an independent South Vietnam . . . free to shape its relation and association with other nations." Such freedom of "relation" and "association" was interpreted to include the right of the "recognized" Saigon government to call on the United States for aid in fighting off subversion and invasion. This right is precisely what Hanoi, in its Four Points, rejects. Americans who are capable of candor must recognize that Hanoi and its National Liberation Front would have succeeded in imposing *their* solution but for U.S. intervention. As in South Korea and in Greece, the domestic society in South Vietnam was incapable of throwing off Communism by its own strength. It is only in this war that it is being determined whether, in South Vietnam, the Communist affiliation is to be excluded, for these next years, from working its own will, by its own methods. Many are intervening.

The will to negotiate needs to be examined honestly. Parties may be too far apart to negotiate. And even a gesture of negotiation may undermine the morale of one's followers. Churchill is praised, not condemned, for refusing to negotiate in 1940-41. The United States holds: Hanoi is an invader, the NLF a subversive, Saigon a legitimate government, and the U.S. a disinterested friend. Hanoi and the NLF hold: the U.S. is an invader, Saigon a puppet, the NLF the voice of the people of the South, and Hanoi a helpful countryman. These alternatives are not readily negotiable. If I nevertheless believe, as I do, that Hanoi has been ill-advised, from the Communist point of view, to reject negotiations with the United States—negotiations which might have led to the withdrawal of American troops, who would not easily be sent a second time—it may be that it is I who see the world too simply. To my view, the negotiation play has as many acts of farce as of tragedy. Farce takes over in the idea that negotiation and peace turn on someone finding his way to the correct teahouse in Rangoon or the right coffeestall in Algiers. Farce, in my view, was dominant also in the effort to "seize" the UN Security Council with the Vietnam question. And farcical also was the demonstrative invitation to Secretary General U Thant to busy himself with finding a path to negotiations. These UN performances give heart only to the cynical, who favor putting such councils and emissaries "on the line"—in the confidence that they will show themselves up. Regarding Vietnam today, the Security Council and the Secretary General avail nothing.

Coalition is the plausible cousin of negotiation. But one must have the sobriety to ask oneself, "Who is making a coalition with whom—and for what?" It was not the most brilliant episode in the career of General George C. Marshall when he urged the Kuomintang and the Communists to make a coalition; no gentleman from Virginia could convince *them* that they were partners for one another. Every serious Leninist understands that his coalition is to last until the Communists can cut the throats of their strong coalition partners and convert the weak ones into tame housepets. In 1944-45, the Communist formula for Eastern Europe was a broad Fatherland Front, from which only "Fascists" and "hardened criminals" would be excluded—and in which Communists would indispensably hold the ministries controlling the police and the army. The National Liberation Front of South Vietnam is professedly already a coalition of several parties and independent groups; the People's Revolutionary Party (PRP) is only its acknowledged Communist leadership core. The Liberation Front has already proposed, in mid-1964, a broad South Vietnam coalition government—in which the Communists of the PRP would control only the ministries of police, defense, foreign affairs, economy, and rural affairs!

The differences over which we kill one another should not be falsely minimized. A party like the PRP, which would utilize the political liberties of a democratic state to put an end to these liber-

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ties, has no moral claim, on a democrat, to be treated like a parliamentary party. Nor will it always be an act of wisdom for democrats to accord such a Communist party the full measure of political liberties, as a matter of grace. Who is secure can; who is in danger cannot. I would not, in 1967, urge any South Vietnamese democrat to enter into a coalition with the PRP; nor would I press upon him the desirability of according equal status to a Communist party. Perhaps by late 1967, when Saigon will probably have an elected government, the issue of the day will indeed become not coalition but whether Saigon will recognize the PRP (or the NLF) as a legal party. That is a hard issue, where the initially easier road may turn out, in the long run, the more deadly. Perhaps, in 1967, in South Vietnam, the wise answer may be that given by Tunku Abdul Rahman, in 1955, when he offered the Malayan insurgents individual amnesty and the right of passage to a Communist country but refused to accord legal status to the Malayan Communist party. South Korea, Malaysia, Turkey, and even (to my mind, mistakenly) West Germany have judged that they are not sufficiently secure to permit a Communist party. In 1967, South Vietnam is not more secure than they.

HANOI AND the National Liberation Front are waging a civil war, and have staunch adherents. Are they, as has been claimed, leading a popular revolt against social injustice? Of injustice we have always plenty, in Vietnam and elsewhere. Still, it was from North to South that some 800,000 Vietnamese moved after the 1954 settlement; and if, as I hope, there may again be an opportunity for this choice, I guess that the balance of choosers will again favor the South. Our best informed, most searching authority counted it "a generous estimate," early in 1966, that the NLF would get one million votes in a free South Vietnam election, in which five million to seven million votes might be cast. He does not see the new factor, after 1958, in the accumulation of Southern social grievances. What was distinctively new was imported:

> . . . the later struggle in the South had a distinct imported quality . . . that did not characterize . . . the Viet Minh war. . . . A revolutionary organization must build; it begins with persons suffering genuine grievances who are slowly organized and whose militancy gradually increases until a critical mass is reached and the revolution explodes. Exactly the reverse was the case with the NLF. It sprang full-blown into existence and then was fleshed out. The grievances were developed or manufactured almost as a necessary afterthought. . . . Such an effort had to be a child of the North. . . . The NLF was a true Communist-front organization . . . . *

* Douglas Pike, *op. cit.*, quotation from page 53, page 76, and page 80.

In 1963-64, Hanoi and the NLF experienced a crisis of morale. Since 1958, their organization and recruitment in the South had gone well. Still, even at the fall of Diem (November 1963), nobody in the cities turned to them. Diem had been brought down by others, and the Communist forces could not pocket the profit. (They suffered a similar disappointment in the Buddhist crisis of 1966.) Then Hanoi and the NLF apparently decided that the North must give more support, and the movement must take on a more straightforward military character. In April 1963 already, Truong Chinh, the reputedly pro-Chinese member of the Politburo of North Vietnam, had argued that the revolution in the South should focus on the armed seizure of cities as well as rural areas. In September, the party published his statement that now it is "chiefly forceful means to seize power that count." He there concluded as follows:

> We must at times provoke internal war or external war to eliminate the oppressors and exploiters from within or without, to establish a revolutionary dictatorship . . . and to build a new society.

It seems clear that Truong Chinh was urging a model Maoist exercise in "making Revolution." And because this exercise was to be a model—a proof of thought in action—it could become a test case among China, Russia, and the U.S.

All other moves to peace failing, some have recommended to the United States a policy of *Retreat now; threaten to fight later.* Their appointed place to "make a stand" is then frequently Thailand. It is a felicitous choice—for those who are looking for action. In March 1965, when they still thought the U.S. would abandon Vietnam, knowledgeable East Europeans, intellectuals well-connected in party and diplomacy, spoke of "the famous Thailand question," as an already packaged issue. It would be ripe after Vietnam was settled. They ticked off, very knowingly, Thailand's national minorities—Chinese, Malays, Laos, Vietnamese, Cambodians. Really now, could Thailand be called a proper national state at all? And what Fascism! Military dictators and ceremonial kings, like Mussolini. And what corruption! In comparison with Bangkok, even Saigon (before the American soldiers) was a pure place. And what a nice prize! A country with a food surplus, which could export two million tons of rice each year.

Geographically, Thailand has a balance of disadvantages over Vietnam, for defense by a great sea and air power. In Vietnam, the coastline is so long and the population so concentrated toward the sea, that ships and planes have comparatively easy reach. In Thailand, too, there is important coastline, but the country would certainly be attacked from land positions of more difficult access than those of Vietnam. These physical differences,

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however, count as nothing in comparison with the moral issue. There is every reason to provide systematically for defending Thailand, should the U.S. be *forced* out of Vietnam. Quite different considerations would arise, however, should the U.S. *abandon* Vietnam, either openly or under some trumpery neutralization which there was transparently no intention to enforce. Why, after this abandonment, would the Thais—or anybody else—count on the U.S. to accord a fidelity to a second or third ally which it had not sustained to the first? One is inevitably reminded of that great republic which, in an episode of silliness, set the policy of executing those of its generals who ran into misfortune, *pour encourager les autres.*

III

MAO TSE-TUNG urges the need to "make Revolution" in three spheres: against bourgeois tendencies in states governed by Communist parties; in aid of national liberation movements in Asia, Africa, and Latin America; in support of armed uprisings by the proletariats of Europe and North America. Khrushchev and his successors have countered: there are no significant bourgeois forces in the USSR; we *do* aid all tactically sensible struggles of colonial countries —witness Cuba, Egypt, and Indonesia; we *do* also support the sane proletarian vanguard in the advanced capitalist countries—witness the affiliation to us of the great Communist parties of Italy and France.

But, beyond this routine Sino-Soviet attack and defense, the leaders of the USSR also put forward a more radical dissent. The first duty of a Communist-governed state, they say, is not to make armed uprisings but to make economic progress. It is not by guns but by the preeminence of the Communist-led societies in economic achievements that the worldwide adoption of Communism will be assured. They cull Lenin for a proof text, and find one, which they cite painstakingly, volume and page:

> "We exert our main influence on the international revolution," said Lenin, "by our economic policy . . . . If we accomplish this task, we shall win on the international scale, for certain and forever" *(Collected Works,* vol. 32, page 413).

Accordingly, before their conflict exploded into the full exuberance of public insult, the Soviet leaders lectured the Chinese (March 30, 1963):

> . . . he who wants to bring closer the victory of socialism throughout the entire world should . . . show concern for strengthening the great socialist community and its economic might, should seek to raise the standard of living of its peoples, develop science, engineering, and culture. . . . As the enonomy of the socialist commonwealth advances, the advantages and superiority of socialism, and the great opportunities of the working people to obtain material and spiritual riches, as compared to capitalism, will display themselves more and more vividly. . . .

And, when Khrushchev had long been dismissed, and the new leaders were addressing not Chinese but their own people, they continued to sing the same song: economic competition comes first. On January 8, 1967, the Central Committee of the party called for preparations to celebrate the 50th anniversary of the October Revolution. They then reminded:

> Having attained the position of a highly developed socialist society, our people have immeasurably broadened their potentialities to influence the acceleration of social changes throughout the world. . . . Socialism now influences world development first of all through the positive power of its example.

And, lest joy be unconfined, they underlined what is "most important":

> Remembering the words of V. I. Lenin . . ., the CPSU Central Committee . . . directs the efforts of the working people toward solution of the following most important tasks: further considerable growth of industry; raising the effectiveness of social production on the basis of all-round utilization of scientific and engineering achievements; growth of labor productivity; improvement of the system of planning and economic incentives; perfection of social relations; securing of high and steady speed of agricultural development . . . etc., etc.

In utility for the worldwide achievement of Communism, these economic foundations left the Chinese quite unimpressed. Around 1960, Khrushchev used, at least, to proclaim that all socialist societies would "enter" Communism about the same time or, more loosely, "in the same historic epoch." But, in later years, even this was taken away. Now Soviet statements pointed out what an error it would be—indeed how un-Marxist—for an advanced socialist country to slow its progress so as to invest in a more backward country. With or without Marxism, the Chinese leaders were convinced they would get from the USSR practically nothing. And they were not convinced the revolution would get much more. If world victory for Communism had to wait on the attraction to be exerted by Soviet economic "surpassing," this victory might be deferred to a future beyond present foresight. Was not the Russian "economism," the Chinese asked, a mere subterfuge—to justify giving up all steady work toward revolution?

At the beginning of 1967, it is slightly less strained than at any other time in the 1960's to entertain the thought that the attraction of Soviet economic achievements may win international converts to Communism. In 1960, the USSR had

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a good agricultural outturn—the best in Soviet experience.* Not since 1958 has there been so great an agricultural advance. It was in the euphoria of the former advance that Khrushchev formulated his Seven Year Plan of 1959-65, initiated drafting the new party Program of 1961, and reopened discussion on the completion of socialism and early "entry" into Communism. Those things will not happen now.

If we reckon in three-year moving averages and take 1950 as 100, the gross agricultural output of the USSR in 1958 was about 150. Khrushchev then projected a further increase of 70 per cent by 1965. In fact, the increase through 1966 has been about 18 per cent. Since the Soviet population has grown about 13 per cent, this 18 per cent increase of output has meant only a 4½ per cent per capita enlargement of supplies—achieved in eight years. Soviet households still spend about half their incomes for food (U.S. under a fifth). The Soviet diet still gets about 55 per cent of its calories from breads and potatoes (U.S. 23 per cent). And the Soviet free market of meats, eggs, dairy products, vegetables, and fruits still commands premium prices. These things measure the modesty of Soviet agricultural improvement.

In many perspectives, the Soviet agriculture of 1967 is intermediate between the Chinese and the American. The USSR is not intermediate in harvested area; there it has about 525 million acres, China under 425 million, and the U.S. about 300 million. But in the gross value of farm output, and especially in the support which industry gives to farming, the USSR is definitely intermediate. (Qualified American observers uniformly stress how poorly Soviet farms are equipped, despite the enormous ruble totals of investment accounts.) And in farm employment the USSR is also intermediate: China employs very roughly 250 million people, the USSR about 39 million, the U.S. only 4.2 million. It is this huge agriculture, in an unfavorable climate, absorbing more than 35 per cent of the entire employment of the USSR, and producing a gross output smaller than the American, which Khrushchev's successors are trying to bring to a new level of productivity. To accomplish this, they propose to invest tremendous resources and to abandon their ancient inheritance of treating farm people as second-class citizens. By these means, they hope to achieve—around 1970—something like seven-eighths as large a gross aggregate farm output as the one which Khrushchev projected for 1965. If they succeed, they will have established in the USSR a unique agriculture of large output, huge recent investment, and a still tremendous farm labor force—not at all an agriculture like the American.

The farm investment which the USSR plans is of a magnitude which the U.S. has never experienced. Gross annual investment on U.S. farms now ranges $4 billion to $5 billion—about 3 per cent to 4 per cent of total U.S. investment. But the USSR proposes to invest in agriculture and rural construction, during 1966-70, an annual average of 14 billion to 16 billion rubles. This is $15½ billion to $17¾ billion, at exchange-rate values, and it is roughly one-fourth of the entire planned investment of the Soviet economy. More irrigated area is to be added in these five years than was added in the previous twenty. In relation to 1961-65, tractor supply is to increase 70 per cent, fertilizer supply to double, truck supply to triple.

Khrushchev's successors are determined to improve the position of the farmer, especially the neglected *kolkhoznik*. Indeed, the new leaders seem willing to do everything for the *kolkhoznik* except provide him with that internal passport which he needs for free movement. Among their first public acts was to relax restrictions on private farm plots. They wrote off *kolkhoz* debts, liberalized credits, reduced taxes, and brought the *kolkhoznik* into the general old-age pension system. They also sharply raised *kolkhoz* prices. But perhaps the best thing the new leaders are doing for the *kolkhoz* is to move toward its substantive disappearance: the *kolkhoz*, as a distinct social form, may be on its way out. On April 10, 1966, the Soviet government pledged to introduce "guaranteed monthly remuneration for the collective farmers" in conformity with the level of wages of *sovkhoz* workers. The government also has offered five-year credits to any *kolkhoz* which lacks the funds to pay these fixed wages. With this, the distinctive character of the *kolkhoz* is canceled. Perhaps the Soviet leaders intended this. Perhaps, while avoiding the confession of defeat involved in formally announcing that the *kolkhoz* was dead, they were deliberately transforming the *kolkhoz* into a liberalized *sovkhoz*—with a base wage, profit sharing, extensive private plots, and some (however shadowy) participation of the members in management. This trend, no doubt, a Maoist would call the repudiation of Stalin and the victory of the bourgeois counterrevolution.

One not intimately acquainted with the articulation of an agricultural plan like the Soviet project for 1966-70 cannot evaluate it with reasoned consequence. A remote outsider is left to wild surmise. My surmise is that this is only partly an economic plan; it is largely a security (and prestige) plan. Its first purpose is not to maximize the income from labor and investment but to meet the challenge uttered more than a decade ago by Molotov and Malenkov: "You are endan-

* Soviet agriculture at the end of 1965 is analyzed in five papers in Part II-B of *New Directions in the Soviet Economy*, issued by the Joint Economic Committee, U.S. Congress, Washington, 1966. Some 1966 developments are reported in *Foreign Agriculture* for March 21, November 7, and December 19, 1966. There is a valuable unpublished essay of August 1965, by Harry E. Walters and Richard W. Judy, on *Soviet Agricultural Output by 1970* and one of November 1966 by G. Stanley Brown, on *Soviet Agriculture After Khrushchev*.

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gering our bread!" Its second purpose is to alleviate the status of the peasant—the forgotten man of Soviet society. The immediate background was the bad crops of 1963 and 1965, which forced the USSR to import over 20 million tons of "capitalist" wheat. Security (and prestige) apart, the USSR would not, I think, invest such huge resources in agriculture, for which it has no natural advantages; it would redirect part of this labor and capital to industry and export. The annual capital cost of the planned 71 billion ruble five-year investment in the productive capital of agriculture (assuming 4½ per cent depreciation and 5½ per cent interest) is in the range of $8 billion. This is not the cost range for a year's imports of 10 million tons of wheat but for over 100 million tons! (In 1970 as in 1966, the cheapest wheat in the USSR is likely to be Canadian.) Of necessity, the renewed push for an enlarged agriculture has gone with pushing Soviet farm prices up to the general range of 75 per cent higher than American ones. That 39 million-person farm labor force is tremendously expensive, even though its remuneration is held to the range of $80 for a month's work. Food, consequently, continues to weigh more heavily in the Soviet consumers' budget than it does elsewhere, except in very poor countries. My hunch, therefore, is that the expanded Soviet effort in agriculture may make the USSR more secure but will also make it poorer—poorer than the country would have been with the alternative use of some of these resources for industry and export. I hope I am wrong.

AGRICULTURE apart, Khrushchev's successors have attempted no great economic accelerations. It is said that they are spending more for defense, but I am not acquainted with any valid measure of this. (I reject, as unbelievable, the finding attributed to the Soviet economist A. G. Aganbegian: "Of the population of approximately one hundred million at work in the USSR, thirty to forty million are engaged in defense industries."*) A large part of the shortfall in Soviet economic accomplishment continues to be taken out in failure to provide housing. In no other advanced industrial nation is living-space so meager; West Germany has, per capita, more than twice as much.

In the high priority energy industries, the Brezhnev-Kosygin years have brought no great change in pace or direction. During 1963-66, targets for 1970 were reduced about 3 per cent in coal, 9 per cent in petroleum, and 23 per cent in natural gas. In 1966, Soviet energy production compared with American approximately as follows: 41 per cent for net kilowatt hours of electricity generated; 31 per cent for volume of natural gas; 55 per cent for volume of crude oil and gas liquids extracted; 84 per cent for the thermal value of coal mined. Today as in the past, there is no serious probability that the USSR will match the U.S. in energy use by 1980.† In fact, the USSR is entering the age of oil and gas just when the U.S. is making the transition to the age of nuclear power. In 1966, for the first time, oil and gas contributed more energy to Soviet use than did coal; oil and gas approached 54 per cent. But the U.S. energy market has been supplied 73 per cent to 74 per cent by oil and gas since 1960, and in 1966 the U.S. crossed an important threshold: some 55 per cent of new American generating capacity placed under contract was nuclear. Nuclear power stations are not yet standard supply in the USSR.

In its own industrial path, the USSR is doing some impressive things, particularly in oil, gas, minerals, and chemicals. Between Kuibyshev and Irkutsk, in a five hundred mile-wide strip along the Trans-Siberian, the USSR is creating a great economic province, based on abundant new finds of energy, known minerals, traditional timber, and expanded grain-growing.** The industry of this area is already larger than that of all France. And he who believes that Russia ends at the Urals may be told that here, East of the Urals, are three cities (Novosibirsk, Sverdlovsk, and Chelyabinsk), each larger than any city in France except Paris. Here also is a great and growing concentration of chemical industries. Soviet chemical production is already second in volume only to American, and the 1966-70 plan calls for chemical output to be doubled. The achievement of the USSR in industry claims emphasis equally with its failures in agriculture and housing.

Soviet increase of industrial output had to carry special burdens in 1959-65: agriculture's supplies to industry were short; the work week was reduced to forty-one hours; above all, in dread consequence of World War II, young people aged twenty to twenty-four numbered 21.9 million on January 1, 1961 but only 11.9 million on January 1, 1967. Nevertheless, the industry plan for 1959-65 was overfulfilled: scheduled for a rise of 80 per cent, it attained 84 per cent. Western scholars find the Soviet industrial index to possess an upward bias, due to its gross basis and its old prices; but even they calculate the Soviet industrial expansion to have been in the range of 70 per cent. The 1966-70 industry plan schedules a further rise of about 50 per cent, and its first year has now been reported above target. These industrial accomplishments are weighty things.

* "Notes" of a talk reportedly given in Moscow are reproduced in *Socialist Commentary*, London, October 1965.

† I have dealt with this issue more substantively in "Soviet Economic Developments" [COMMENTARY, February 1964]. Much valuable information, partly dated now, is contained in a published Report of the National Petroleum Council, *Impact of Oil Exports from the Soviet Bloc*, Washington, March 19, 1964.

** There is a delightful little book on this area, by David J. M. Hooson, *A New Soviet Heartland?*, Van Nostrand, 1964. But its chapter 8 particularly needs reconstruction because of the new oil fields: see *Oil and Gas Journal*, January 23, 1967.

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DESPITE these industrial advances, one looks in vain for evidence of general Soviet economic surpassing. Since 1958, a conglomerate of eleven continental European countries, with a total population of over 220 million—Italy, Germany, France, Switzerland, Belgium, Netherlands, Austria, Greece, Denmark, Norway, Sweden—have accomplished a rate of per capita advance no less than the Soviet's. And the Western growth begins from a higher standard of living—except in education and medical services. Perhaps this discrepancy in the comforts of life is part of the explanation for that characteristic mixture of both admiration and resentment for the West which one finds among better-placed Soviet citizens. A recent traveler writes:

> There is a boorish unintelligence and a sullen incompetence about Russian *public* life. . . . Some of this is the sullenness of people who rightly feel themselves deprived children in a badly-run orphanage. Russia, like an orphanage, is a shabby, third-rate copy of life in the great society around it. Its inhabitants know full well that it is not so much different as inferior.*

No convergence of Soviet to Western incomes is to be anticipated until the USSR learns to save much of the enormous labor force it now employs in farming. In relation to the United States, the idea of a Soviet economic surpassing must be evaluated either as fanciful or as relating to a period about which there cannot be any substantiated judgment. From 1957-59 to 1966, the real National Product of the United States grew by over 2¾ per cent per capita per year, and the National Product of the USSR by something like 3¾ per cent per capita. Even with this advantage in growth rate enlarged to 1½ per cent per annum, Soviet aggregate National Product would rise, by 1980, only from the present level—approaching half the American—to about three-fifths. The true and important case of surpassing, for these next years, is likely to be that of Japan. Since 1958, the National Product of Japan, per capita, has risen at about three times the rate of the USSR. Japan, I believe, will surpass the USSR, both in per capita consumption and in per capita Gross Product. And, in my expectation, both of these surpassings will take place by 1975. Whoever comes close to the Japanese economy can see some of the reasons for the superiority of Japanese capitalism over Soviet socialism. The Japanese are like the Russians in appreciation for education, technology, and science. But Japanese society is more assiduous and ingenious in economizing. The Japanese save and invest more in a market economy than the Soviets do by command. The Japanese are also the more flexible and daring innovators. Japanese output is highly responsive to market demand. And the Japanese economy is far more structured than the Soviet to take advantage of international division of labor.

WITHIN Lenin's ideology, the Chinese perhaps have the best of their economic debate with the USSR. Japan is a century from the Meiji revolution. Russia is two-and-a-half centuries from Peter's opening of the window to the West. The Russian physical-resource base is greatly the superior. Yet it is Japan which will be the surpasser, while the USSR will remain relatively a laggard. In aggregate, the USSR is the second economy of the world, and will continue to be. The Soviet Union will be able to afford a Cuba, a Vietnam, a Nasser, aid to India, and much else. In reasonable likelihood, the standard of living of the people of the USSR will, by 1980, reach the general level which prevails today in the advanced countries of Western Europe. But nothing in prospect makes for a world victory of Communism through the attraction of preeminent Soviet economic achievement.

* Eugene Kamenka, "Philosophers in Moscow," in *Survey*, January 1967. The whole essay richly repays reading. Quotation from page 15.

[*The three sections printed above constitute the second portion of a longer essay on the subject, "China, Russia & the U.S." A first installment was published in our March issue*—ED.]

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British Alternatives

GEORGE LICHTHEIM

LONDON: The prime lesson for statesmen and political scientists, ever repeated and seldom understood, is that events rarely shape themselves in an orderly pattern. Most of the time they arrive on top of each other, and the links between them are merely accidental. For an example take the symbolism inherent in the date 1967 and the concurrent upheaval in China. How fitting that the Chinese should have chosen the 50th anniversary of the Russian revolution to mark their own independence from Moscow. How agreeably symbolical if both sides should take the occasion to excommunicate each other still further: Peking perhaps setting up a brand-new International, Moscow solemnly warning the faithful against the spread of heresy. Something of the sort may in fact occur, for public men are not immune to the mystical attraction of the numbers game. Did not Hitler choose the exact date of Napoleon's invasion of Russia for his own ill-starred enterprise? But would such a coincidence reflect the operation of some deeper logic? It would not.

Again, suppose the conflict in Vietnam were to peter out, or end in a stalemate, leaving the contestants more or less in the positions they held at the outset of the struggle. Could this be regarded as in some way typifying the global equilibrium between East and West? Only if too much is read into the chessboard configuration of world affairs.

Mr. Walt Rostow, recently (in late February) on a visit to Britain, suggested to an audience at Leeds University that Vietnam may turn out to have been "the last great confrontation." His reasoning went as follows: during the past two decades the West has generally been on the defensive, but has managed to hold most of the areas not overrun by Russian or Chinese forces. First, Western Europe had to be revived and made safe: then Turkey, Greece, and other Mediterranean regions achieved some sort of stability; next came "the saving of South Korea and Malaya"; then the Alliance for Progress with its message for Latin America; finally, the Cuban showdown, and the consequent removal of a Soviet threat to the Western hemisphere. In Asia, the Western effort to preserve stability currently hinges on the outcome of the Vietnamese war, since "a failure of the Vietnamese and their allies to see through the engagement to an honorable peace could destory the emerging foundation for confidence and regional cooperation in Asia." This is why there must be no letup in honoring treaty commitments. The line must be held. "History . . . will show in Southeast Asia, as it has displayed in many other parts of the world, that the international status quo cannot be altered by the use of external force." If the Americans and their allies have the will to see it through, "the struggle in Vietnam might be the last great confrontation of the post-war era."

Now plainly this is nonsense. What "history" is showing is that the status quo *can* be "altered by the use of external force," since it is precisely the "external force" of the United States which keeps South Vietnam in being and prevents its fusion with the North. It is not "history," but the armed might of the U.S. which preserves the status quo. But if the U.S. can make history, why not the Chinese? At the moment they are in no condition for a large-scale test, but when the time comes one may be sure they will invoke "history" with as much confidence as any American spokesman. It would have been more to the point if Mr. Rostow had said something like this: "We have drawn a line around the perimeter of China, and we are going to defend all the territories on our side by the use of as much 'external force' as is necessary. If we have to, we shall not hesitate to occupy the ground with our armies, and to bomb enemy cities until the lesson has sunk in."

That would have been a reasonably accurate description of American policy, but if he had used such language, Mr. Rostow could not have invoked "history," or drawn a parallel between the bloodless Cuban confrontation and the bloody struggle in Vietnam. The analogy makes sense to operators on the strategic chessboard because they know what is really involved: teaching the Chinese and their allies a lesson that will discourage them from launching further "wars of liberation." That purpose may be achieved, but the aim (also mentioned in the same speech) of "bringing mainland China into a normal relation to the world community" is distinctly a long-range one, in no way related to the aftermath of World War II. The latter centered on Europe, although it triggered off the Japanese explosion into Southeast

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Asia. The consequent territorial settlement (which, by the way, was determined by "external force" in the shape of the German and Russian armies) is now being legitimized to the point where the West Germans are falling silent about revision and toying with the notion of recognizing the Oder-Neisse frontier with Poland. All well and good (and long overdue, as the British and the French have been saying for years), but quite unrelated to the very different struggle raging in Southeast Asia.

To turn to another subject (much canvassed by unofficial American spokesmen just now): suppose the dormant project of an Atlantic Union comprising the U.S., Canada, and Britain (plus such non-Atlantic but safely conservative and wealthy outsiders as Australia and South Africa) were to be revived this year or next. Would this represent the consummation of a trend joining together the scattered members of the "great Anglo-Saxon family" of wartime rhetoric? Would it not rather be an improvisation intended to provide Britain with an alternative to membership in a continental European bloc? Whichever way it goes, the propagandists are certain to read a deeper significance into the matter. If Britain joins the EEC, the event will be judged against the background of "a thousand years of history" (to quote the late Hugh Gaitskell): ten centuries linking (or separating) Britain with (or from) the Continent. If the attempt fails, the proponents of an exclusive Anglo-American orientation are ready with solutions and phraseologies of their own.

Yet an Atlantic Union, if it comes, will represent not a consummation, but a second-best. It will have been reluctantly adopted for lack of something better. One may depend upon it, though, that this is not what the public will be told, nor is it the version that will find its way into the history books. When all is over and the pieces have been reshuffled, the outcome will take on the appearance of an arrangement responding to the logic of history, nay of nature herself. For does not the ocean link rather than divide these countries, so similar in their outlook, their traditions, not to mention their language? Was it not always in the cards that the British Empire would one day be reconstituted, with America this time supplying the political center? And so on, with every suitable variation.

NOW WHAT WOULD really happen if Britain, once more rebuffed in seeking entry (as is quite possible), were to turn its back on continental Europe and—to employ Churchillian language—opt for the "open sea"? The theme is very popular here just now, following the publication in the *Times* on February 21 of a letter signed by a number of prominent Americans (ten U.S. Senators among them) on the theme of the "special relationship" between Britain and the U.S. Though prefaced by the usual good wishes on the occasion of Britain's current attempt to enter the EEC, the letter makes sense only on the assumption that the signatories have an alternative in mind. This, of course, is not stated. What the document asserts is rather the opposite: "Whether Britain enters Europe or not . . . our respective governments should now begin to consider contingent means, including mutually beneficial trade and fiscal reforms, for saving and strengthening the historic relationship between our nations." Now if this were to happen, Britain would clearly obtain a status quite different from that of her prospective partners in the Common Market. Is it seriously supposed that the Six will put up with this? Or is it thought that they will try to follow suit? But in that case, what becomes of the "special relationship"? Either it applies only to the British or it ceases to be special.

What is really involved, though, is something fairly obvious, though Messrs. Javits, Nelson, Gruening, and the rest, are careful not to articulate it. Since the current negotiations with the EEC look like failing, Britain is being offered an alternative by her American friends. The alternative—when taken in conjunction with Mr. Rostow's Leeds address emphasizing the Australian-New Zealand commitment to U.S. policies in Asia—seems to be an invitation to join a global alliance having for its economic core a free-trade area of North America and Britain. The drawback of all such arrangements is that, to quote a recent editorial in the weekly *Statist* (February 24), "the only terms on which a full 'special relationship' between the United States and Britain could now be established [signify] the economic and political subservience of Britain as another state of the Union. There is not much joy in this alternative, though the advantage, and indeed the necessity, of maintaining the closest relations with the United States are so self-evident as to need no elaboration."

The four signatories—all prominent "European" Tories—of a letter to the *Times* on the same day put their own gloss on the matter: acceptance of the scheme would be "dangerously premature at the present time." First, Western Europe must be politically united. Thereafter, "trans-Atlantic political cooperation and economic competition will be possible on a basis of equality." Suppose the attempt fails? Well, at any rate the signatories make it clear that there is a profound choice to be made, and that Britain's entry into what is oddly described as "Europe" will entail a deliberate acceptance of new loyalties. "Membership of such a Community need not imply severance of friendship between Europeans and Americans. But it must imply an overriding priority for intra-European relationships. This is a choice which cannot be shirked." As Conservatives with faintly Gaullist sympathies, they might have added that Mr. Wilson's government is busy shirk-

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ing it, which is why the whole enterprise appears to be coming unstuck before it has properly got under way.

This is where inevitably one enters the realm of political comedy. To begin with, there was the Kosygin visit to London in early February. This was trumpeted as a great event giving Mr. Wilson a chance to show his mettle as a world statesman. In point of fact, the Soviet Prime Minister had come in response to pressing invitations which at long last it had become impossible to refuse without blatant rudeness. To make sure that his intentions would not be misconstrued, Kosygin did not bring Gromyko with him; instead, he brought some economic experts. Most of the real business negotiated during the week of his stay in fact had to do with trade. On the side, Kosygin took the opportunity to tell the British public what he thought of the West Germans (they were a menace), and what should be done about the nuclear proliferation treaty (it should be signed, whether the Germans liked it or not). None of this did Wilson and Brown any good when they visited Bonn the week after, to round up German support for British entry into the EEC. However, they did get something out of the Kosygin visit: it gave them an opportunity to feed their mutinous troops some of their favorite pabulum: a "peace offensive" in Vietnam. Messages were dispatched to Washington and Hanoi, U Thant was alerted, Mr. Wilson was seen rushing to and from the hotel where the Soviet delegation was staying, and the press was kept on tenterhooks for a dramatic announcement. Nothing came of it, of course. Nothing ever comes of Mr. Wilson's spectacular initiatives. But the whole thing made good copy for the reporters, delighted the TV audiences, and sent Mr. Wilson's personal stock with the electorate soaring to fresh heights. Just now he is so popular that, economic slump notwithstanding, he could hold another election and get back with an even bigger majority.

It is tempting to conclude from this latest harlequinade that democracy is a farce. All it really proves is that the system offers marvelous opportunities to an operator like Wilson who knows how to exploit it. Still, the matter has its serious side. Not because of Vietnam—there never was the smallest chance that anything Wilson said or did (he got only the most grudging cooperation from Kosygin, who plainly disliked the role of straight man) would make the least difference. Nor does it really matter that the Prime Minister has once again dished his critics in the Labour party by playing his now familiar part: that of the resolute gambler who at the very last moment fails to win the prize. The thing is becoming a bit of a joke to the initiated, but as long as it keeps the audience happy, no one really minds. No, what is serious is that the Wilson technique is now being applied to "Europe": specifically, to Britain's bid to enter the EEC. This does not necessarily mean that Mr. Wilson is being insincere when he says he wants to join (although he probably keeps various anti-EEC arguments in reserve for use in case of failure). What it suggests, though, is that the chances of joining on tolerable terms are even slimmer than they looked last year. For Mr. Wilson is his own worst enemy in the matter, and if he keeps up his present performance, there is every likelihood that de Gaulle won't have to lift a finger: the Germans (and even more the Eurocrats in Brussels) will do the job for him.

THIS LAST IS novel and unwelcome. One had known about the Germans. Since the disappearance of the lamentable Erhard, Bonn has given first priority to its relations with Paris, and the Kiesinger government has already made it plain that, while it favors Britain's entry, it will do nothing to spoil its friendship with France. Moreover, the British have lately done all they can to irritate the Germans—from half-recognizing the Polish frontier in public (sensible but mistimed) to backing the nuclear dissemination treaty before Bonn had a chance to voice its objections. The Germans therefore are cool, and Strauss (the strongest man in the Cabinet) is positively hostile. Still, with luck this might be overcome, since the Social Democrats favor British entry, and they are now in charge of foreign affairs. What is new and unexpected—and in the long run seems likely to be decisive—is the resistance to Britain's candidacy at the very center of the European Economic Community: among the men who run the headquarters of the EEC in Brussels.

For this new and potentially fatal hurdle, Harold Wilson has to thank his own cleverness. A great believer in "keeping all the options open," the British Prime Minister combined his rhetorically effective candidacy speech in Strasbourg last winter with a plain hint that, once admitted, the British could be relied upon to join the French in cutting the Community bureaucracy down to size, in the interest of preserving national sovereignty. He gave similar assurances to de Gaulle in private, doubtless hoping to make a good impression by playing the sturdy patriot at the expense of European federalism. From all accounts he got no more than a benevolent pat on the head from the General. What he is now getting from the Community bureaucrats in Brussels is the cold shoulder. They have trouble enough as it is. British entry would add to their load of worries, if only because of the sterling complications and the need to revise the European agreements on farming. If in addition the British look like being anti-federalist, while still failing to satisfy the French requirements as to independence from America, the case for letting them in shrinks to almost nothing.

All this is bad news for the British. It is, however, no surprise to anyone familiar with the Wilson technique. Which brings one back to

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Harold Wilson and the reasons for his continued popularity, notwithstanding the lengthening list of his failures.

It should be said that the electorate is temperamentally pro-government, whatever party happens to be in office (in this as in other respects, the British are at the opposite pole from the French, though rather like the Germans). Moreover, the voters seem to enjoy Mr. Wilson's air of bustle and competence. All the same, their seemingly endless tolerance for the Wilson act ("Success was within our grasp when at the very last moment the other side failed to respond") does argue a certain lack of sophistication. Politicians in a democracy doubtless must retain a margin for maneuver, but the Wilson act is beginning to border on plain fraud. Again and again the public has been treated to the spectacle of high drama (a sudden flight to West Africa, a confrontation with the arch-rebel, Ian Smith, on board a warship off Gibraltar, a midnight dash to see Kosygin about peace in Vietnam) terminating in low comedy. Again and again there is that now familiar scene when the hero—his tired mare having stumbled on the last lap—appears before the audience, gray-faced and stricken, to announce hoarsely that yet another superhuman effort has failed, though not for want of trying. The rescue expedition has come too late, the explorers have died of thirst within sight of the waterhole, the damsel has been carried off by the fiend just as the knight was about to draw his sword, peace in Vietnam was snatched away when it was almost within our grasp, if only there had been another ten minutes, etc. The performance is getting stale, yet the audience continues to applaud. How much longer can this go on? Not forever, doubtless, but perhaps long enough to carry Mr. Wilson through the next election.

He will have some explaining to do, for the list of his failures is lengthening. Especially lack of success abroad (at home he has only poor Mr. Heath, the Tory leader, to worry about, and Heath's bumbling earnestness is no asset with a TV electorate that wants to be entertained). Even his setbacks, though, have a way of helping him electorally. Rhodesia was a flop, but it made it easier to downgrade the unpopular African countries. Failure to get into the EEC will be damaging, but can be offset by striking the patriotic note ("We did our best. If we failed, it was not from lack of trying. Now that we are on our own, with our backs to the wall, we will show the world what we can do," etc.). The real damage is long-term and unlikely to be grasped by the voters until it comes home to them in terms of living standards. Even so, it can be argued that not joining the EEC will at least preserve the advantage of cheaper food imports.

The economic argument in fact cuts both ways, which is why Mr. Wilson has been careful not to get rid of colleagues who have publicly argued against entry. If and when the attempt fails, they will be needed to back him up. . . . All this is part of the game, as was the campaign to inflate Mr. Smith of Rhodesia (a menace sustained by a following that could be comfortably lodged in a middle-sized township) into a giant to be slain by our intrepid hero. (The villain is still around, and the unsuccessful attempt to bring him down is costing Britain 100 million pounds annually in trade.) What is definitely *not* part of the domestic game of bluff is the effect Mr. Wilson's statesmanship is having on Britain's European relations.

TAKE THE nuclear proliferation treaty. The practical value of this document is debatable. Unfriendly critics have likened it to the 1928 "Kellogg Pact" banning the use of armed force: a piece of nonsense put forward by the U.S. government and solemnly subscribed to by all the European nations (plus Japan). What is not debatable is that the British government had no need to cut such a prominent figure in the preliminary negotiations. The real agreement concerns Russia and America. The other prospective signatories will merely signify by their adhesion that they have no basic objection to the stated aims of the treaty. In fact, however, it is already plain that few of them are happy about it. India, Israel, Canada, and Japan have all entered serious reservations, and France will have nothing to do with the whole affair. When Kosygin was interviewed on the subject during his stay here, he affected not to have noticed all this. Instead, he took the opportunity to launch into a diatribe against the West Germans. This was duly broadcast over the BBC, and no British spokesman ventured to controvert the Soviet Premier. Not surprisingly, by the time Wilson and Brown reached Bonn the week after, they found that the political temperature had sunk to near freezing-point. Brown—an amiable extrovert with a pronounced gift for clowning on television—had a row with Strauss about it, which made the headlines and certainly attracted more attention than the British application for membership in the Common Market. For good measure, the British ministers discovered what any competent journalist could have told them, namely that the Germans were in no mood to put pressure on de Gaulle to let Britain into the EEC. All in all, the visit was no great success, and the accompanying press noises produced an astonishing amount of mutual ill-will.

The proposed treaty is a lengthy document, and few people have had time to study it thoroughly. From what has leaked out, though, it is plain that the non-nuclear powers are bound to have serious doubts about it. The treaty in effect obliges them to refrain from doing anything that might change their status. Not only must they forswear any form of nuclear manufacture, or purchase of arms, or anti-missile defense: they

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must not manufacture any nuclear explosives at all. They must therefore leave to the nuclear powers—America, Russia, China, Britain, France —the advantages of the spin-off from the military to the industrial field. Further, they must agree to international inspection of their nuclear plants, to make sure they are not making explosives. What they are offered in exchange is a declaration of intent on the part of three out of the five nuclear powers (America, Russia, Britain) to negotiate a comprehensive test-ban treaty and cease producing nuclear delivery vehicles.

What of France and China? They are not bound. What of India's request for an ironclad guarantee against aggression from China? It is not in the treaty and cannot be. What of inspection in Europe? It is to be done by the International Atomic Energy Authority in Vienna (on which the Soviet Union is represented), not by Euratom, the scientific community of the West Europeans. What of the possibility of a European nuclear force? This is not specifically forbidden, but made dependent (as the draft treaty stands) on the six countries of the EEC renouncing their national sovereignty and forming a federal union. That is to say, a European nuclear force is ruled out at the intermediate stage foreseen in the Rome Treaty: the stage where decisions are taken by majority vote. Since few people seriously believe that Western Europe will move beyond confederation in this century, and since on the other hand most Europeans favor the sinking of the national British and French nuclear forces in a joint European system, the treaty denies them what they want.

Britain's attitude toward these proposals constituted a test of the Labour government's Europeanism, and incidentally of Whitehall's ability to tell the wood from the trees. Predictably, Mr. Wilson and his colleagues took a line calculated to upset everyone in Europe: the French for the obvious reason, the rest of the Five by making it plain that Britain opposes the creation of a Europe on a nuclear par with Russia and America. The British could have followed the French example and refused to sign, in which case they would have gained the leadership in Europe. Alternatively, they could have promised to sign quietly if the other Europeans did, which at least would not have saddled them with any special responsibility.

BUT THE FOLLY of the Labour Ministers, and the megalomania of the Whitehall bureaucracy, which still sees itself running the world from behind the scenes, won out: Britain insisted on being one of three principal signatories. More than that, the British actually persuaded Washington to eliminate a clause of the original draft permitting a European nuclear force controlled by majority vote. For good measure, the governments of the Five (minus France) were privately told that, short of complete unity or federation, the only European force tolerable to Whitehall was one on which the British government would have a veto. The net result of all this has been that the Five are now thoroughly fed up with the British. The formal British membership application was timed for April, in the hope that the Gaullist position would by then be somewhat eroded, but by now, Gaullist opposition is no longer a decisive factor. Britain now looks like being offered no more than associate membership, or alternatively a delay of some years "until sterling has recovered." Neither alternative is acceptable, yet London will have no one but itself to blame if such is the outcome.

This ludicrous performance, at a time when the British government was trying to round up German and Italian help for its Common Market application, cannot be wholly blamed on the vanity and inexperience of the Labour ministers. Whitehall must take its collective share of the responsibility. Messrs. Wilson and Brown had the benefit of Foreign Office advice when they embarked on their tour of the West European capitals to prepare the ground for entry into the EEC, while at the same time they were busy playing the world statesmanship game as mediators between the nuclear superpowers. No one in authority seems to have realized that the two operations were bound to get in each other's way. Nor was it perceived that threatening to withdraw troops from the Rhine unless the Germans made a bigger contribution was, to put it mildly, tactless.

As it turns out, the Germans refuse to pay and are indifferent to the threat of troop withdrawals. Strauss is even credited with the notion that if the British (and possibly the Americans) go home, the Europeans will afterward be allowed, or obliged, to have their own nuclear force, based on a Franco-German combine. This would be unfortunate, though rather less alarming than one might suppose from some of the rather hysterical talk about the new German nationalism. It would also be quite absurd, since the French prefer the British as nuclear partners. It may come to that in the end, though perhaps not before the Tories have returned to office. Conservative sentiment is now veering toward a Europe based on Anglo-French cooperation, and as independent as possible from the United States. Behind this development lies the increasing American involvement in Southeast Asia and the virtual certainty that by 1975 the British will have withdrawn from Singapore and resigned themselves to a European role. But for Mr. Wilson's vanity and folly, this changeover could have been mediated by the Labour government. It looks like becoming the business of its successors.

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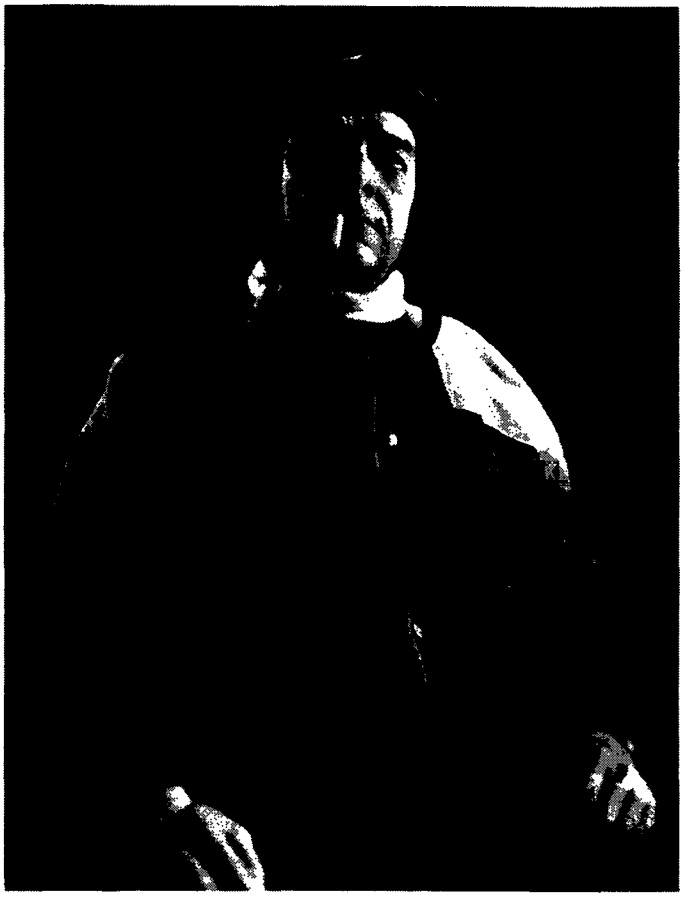

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MICHAEL NOVAK

THE RELIGION OF PAUL TILLICH

I want to know you, Unknown One,
You who are reaching deep into my soul
And ravaging my life, a savage gale.
I want to know you—even serve.
—Friedrich Nietzsche

PAUL TILLICH (1886-1965) was a human being of immense wisdom. It is, then, according to script that as he walked toward death he should have heard a rumbling chorus of criticism. On the theological front, Bishop Stephen Neill and Kenneth Hamilton were asking, and answering to Tillich's disadvantage: "Is this great construction that Tillich has given gospel or is it not? . . . Is this a gospel of redemption, or when all is said and done a Gnosis, a doctrine of deliverance through illumination?"* On the philosophical front, Professor Paul Edwards of Brooklyn College described once more (in the journal, *Mind,* of April 1965) in the tone of voice which Anglo-American professional philosophers regularly used when discussing him, "Professor Tillich's confusions." At the end, harsh words against him were added by younger theologians, like Thomas J. J. Altizer and William Hamilton, whose mentor he had been. Will Tillich's reputation decline or grow? In what terms should his labors be assessed?

The labors were arduous. Professor James Luther Adams† lists some twelve German titles between 1910 and 1933 when Tillich, at the age of forty-seven, escaped Hitler by coming to America. After having learned a new language and begun a new way of thinking, Tillich added more than a dozen new titles, including the three volumes of his *Systematic Theology* (1951, 1957, 1963), and scores of articles. Tillich devoured human life. He experienced, questioned, read, visited, and conversed, with an appetite unequaled among 20th-century philosophers and theologians. Yet he seldom missed a scheduled class; and he wrote incessantly.

Tillich loved to eat well and drink well. He loved new inventions, and new problems in all fields of human activity. He loved to walk—to walk and to talk—and the sight of sunlight making spring leaves translucent would make him halt, breathless, at their beauty. Women, encountering him, sensed his power and vitality and energy; and Tillich himself reacted deeply to women. He loved beauty, he loved joy, he loved creativity; he was also vulnerable and sensitive. A theologian who studied under him and lived with Tillich for many years chose one word to apply to him: vitality. Audiences found him charismatic; wherever he taught in later years, the largest auditoria or lecture halls were needed. Students who took part in a discussion with him even once, or attended one of his classes, often came alive in a new way. It was common to hear from students in his last years at Harvard (even while one observed how he was being slighted by professionals) that Tillich stood as one of the two most creative teachers they had encountered in their Harvard careers. Aristotle long ago pointed out that the man of wisdom cannot render his wisdom in words; it can be communicated only in subtle ways, through presence and emulation and imitation. Paul Tillich taught by being what he was, more than by saying or by writing.

Still, Tillich the speculative thinker will be judged in the future, not by the memories of those whose lives he enriched, though they are many, but by what he said in print. The vast public record is heaped up now, exposed and vulnerable; the flame of time and criticism must be applied, so that in the burning we may learn how much was tinder, how much substance.

Tillich—to change the figure—wished his work to connect many presently separated shores. He was fond of saying that he stood "on the boundary" (the title, in fact, of his autobiography)—on many boundaries—but particularly on the boundary between theology and philosophy. Yet the one boundary that Tillich bridged most significantly was that between the grand German idealist

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* See, e.g., Kenneth Hamilton, *The System and the Gospel*, Macmillan, pp. 205-207. William F. Albright calls Tillich "a modern gnostic" and adds: "Tillich has grafted C. G. Jung on Schelling's pantheism . . . and produced a theological system which resembles traditional Christianity only in superficial aspects." Cited by Gustave Weigel in Leibrecht (ed.), *Religion and Culture*, Harper & Row, p. 125.

† *Paul Tillich's Philosophy of Culture, Science, and Religion*, Harper & Row, pp. 281-282.

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tradition of the 19th century and the alienation and anxiety of 20th-century experience. In a peculiarly haunting, improbable fusion, it was Tillich's genius to wed his beloved Schelling to Kierkegaard; or again, to rescue the damsel, "being," from the jaws of oblivion, and make her handmaiden to existential decision and self-creation; he brought cosmic being from "out there" into the human heart.

It is for this reason that *The Courage To Be*, his Terry Lectures at Yale in 1950, may be his most representative, enduring masterpiece. Tillich was the major, perhaps the only, existentialist to thrive in the new world of America, where the crises of life were not war, pogroms, bloodshed, treason, marching boots, but newspaper strikes, power failures, premature ejaculations, and nervous, clock-driven, neurotic personal relationships. It is unlikely that the dialogue between theology-philosophy and existential psychoanalysis to which Tillich contributed will soon lose its relevance. The souls of Americans are irretrievably fashioned by the past in whose traditions Tillich was thoroughly studied.

His major essays, on "The Protestant Principle,"* on "Kairos,"† on Christianity and the world religions,** and other topics have so influenced theological discourse that ripples from their entry will not soon be lost to sight. Many persons, otherwise not theologically oriented, find his collections of sermons, *The Shaking of the Foundations* (1948) and *The New Being* (1955), worth regular, leisurely, reflective reading. His brief *Dynamics of Faith* (1957) will stand as a classic analysis of the complexity of faith in God, an analysis which does not slight the emotive, nor volitional, nor intellectual components of such faith, and which captures the comprehensiveness and driving power of so centered an act.

Consequently, Tillich will stand before historians as a figure to be tangled with, whether or not his own systematic ambitions manifest, as he hoped, creative power. However, there is no doubt that Tillich himself rested his hopes upon the three volumes of his *Systematic Theology*; it is as a systematic thinker that he invited the judgment of posterity. In accepting this further dare, Tillich draws down upon himself a different standard of criticism. As a versatile, stimulating, ranging mind, he was long ago assured of having, in the retrospective glance of history, few peers upon the American academic scene. But as a clear, systematic, compelling thinker, his claims rightly encounter stubborn resistance; he must prove himself.

In a single essay it is impossible to take up all the strands of the *Systematic Theology*. Moreover, since Tillich's overriding claim was that he stood "on the boundary," it does not seem correct to center this essay upon the theological content of his work, for such a discussion would mainly be of interest to Christians. The fulcrum point at which Tillich hoped to converse with others besides Christians was his doctrine of God; and his doctrine of God is so basic to the *Systematic Theology* that, if it falls, the seamless garment disintegrates. Unless Tillich is correct about God, he is not (however many good things he has to say) fully correct about Christ, about human society, or about the personal self. For Tillich, God is "the answer to the question implied in being"; He is known when man is "in the state of ultimate concern." By Tillich's own testimony, if that concern is wrongly placed, philosophy and theology become destructive. The test of Tillich's profoundest claim is his *Systematic Theology*; the test of his *Systematic Theology*, not the only test but for our purposes the fundamental test, is his doctrine of God.

I

A GENERATION AGO, it was fashionable for philosophers of a certain kind not only to become atheists but also to expend considerable energy refuting the arguments of theists. The new generation of philosophers is either a little less certain of its atheism, or a little embarrassed by Promethean postures; in general, younger men are indifferent to the issue or inclined to a very marked modesty regarding pronouncements one way or the other. In this atmosphere, it is possible to read Tillich with a considerable neutrality; one does not from the outset insist that Tillich speak with the accents of A. J. Ayer; one concedes that such a subject matter may need to be approached in many diverse, odd, subtle ways. Nevertheless, the best way to understand Tillich may be by the route of his older antagonists; the aforementioned essay in *Mind* by Professor Paul Edwards, despite its echoes from a more distant time, was published in the year of Tillich's death and will serve our purpose admirably.

Professor Edwards uses the following predicates interchangeably: "meaningless," "unintelligible," "devoid of cognitive content," "failing to make an assertion," "saying nothing at all," and "lacking referential meaning." He writes: ". . . I would be willing to argue that Tillich's theology is all of the things mentioned—meaningless, unintelligible, and all the rest." (By "theology," Edwards seems to mean Tillich's philosophical notion of God rather than his interpretation of Christ, Holy Spirit, Trinity, and other Christian data.) Edwards concedes that logical positivism was immodest in its reach: "There can be no doubt that metaphysical systems are much more complex than some of the enemies of metaphysics believed —frequently they have all kinds of interesting and curious 'links' to experience and they are only on

* Contained in *The Protestant Era*, Phoenix Books, University of Chicago Press.

† *Ibid.*

** *The Future of Religions*, Harper & Row.

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the rarest occasions purely 'transcendent.' " Just at this point, Edwards overlooks the choice he is about to make. He could have followed this lead and, recognizing that Tillich's tradition is not his own, nevertheless have tried fresh ways to get at what Tillich was trying to say. Instead Edwards decides, despite hesitations, to make Tillich's sentences meet the criteria for meaningfulness set forth by logical positivists. It is this choice which characterizes Edwards's work as of an older generation. Tillich himself tells how he once asked a logical positivist to listen to him lecture and hold up a finger every time he heard something he could not understand; the logical positivist replied that he would have to hold his finger up from beginning to end. It will prove illuminating to follow Edwards's attempts, with his limited equipment, to understand Tillich.

No doubt, Tillich's greatest failure in America was his refusal to take logical positivism, pragmatic naturalism, and Anglo-American empiricism with primary seriousness.* Tillich was content to co-exist; he was conscious of countless criticisms, assaults, and even insults, and near the end, at least, he had little stomach for the battle. Perhaps he was a victim of the general neglect which Christian theologians in the United States afforded Anglo-American philosophy. Although Royce, Peirce, James, and Dewey are—with their emphasis upon community, personal development, concrete history, and knowing as a mode of acting—in all of philosophical history among the philosophers most congenial to Christian theology, American theologians seemed to prefer German and Latin philosophical models. Even Reinhold Niebuhr spent years attacking Dewey, when he might have welcomed him as an ally in the beginning as, tacitly, he did at the end; certainly, pragmatism was to mean more to Niebuhr than the German idealism which so strongly nourished and continues, unrecognized, to nourish Protestant theology.

Still, the fault was not only Tillich's; the parochialism was not one-sided. Professor Edwards, for example, accepts the framework of Hume's *Dialogues Concerning Natural Religion* without criticism. Hume's Demea posed the problem in terms of a God whose attributes are "perfect, but incomprehensible." If God is perfect, man cannot know Him; if man knows Him, He is limited by man's mind and imperfect. Cleanthes calls thinkers like Demea "atheists without knowing it." Edwards then interprets Tillich as a Demea—and it is not difficult to foretell how, in this framework, the analysis will go; a machine could perform it. Hume, and with him Edwards, imagines a God who is part of the world of our experience, among the rocks and trees and people and events of our lives. Consequently, they wish to be able to talk about Him in language borrowed, as all language is, from this concrete world of experience; and they wish this language to lie still, to be tame, to be used literally and simply. If God cannot be spoken of in such a language, then of course one is not really speaking of anything at all.

BUT THE theist who accepts the challenge of verbalizing his belief in God takes up a different point of view from that of Hume and Edwards. He recognizes from the outset that the Humean framework is too narrow. He knows from the beginning that the God in whom he believes is not an object among objects, not a person among human persons. He knows, moreover, that there is no adequate name for God. It is impossible to speak of God adequately in human language. Consequently, all verbalizing of belief in God is, according to the ordinary rules of language, self-defeating. On his chosen ground, Hume has won the debate before it starts; but the main action lies elsewhere. The theist (if he knows what he is doing) is attempting to change the rules of ordinary language in systematic ways, so that what he is doing is plain to those who take up a fruitful framework from the beginning. In the most delicate of inquiries one expects initiative, self-criticism, and experimentation on the part of those who try to learn. If one method of proceeding fails, the teacher hopes the student will try a new framework for a moment. The difficulty with crying "unintelligible" is that one may be characterizing one's own intelligence or good will.

Tillich's way of pointing to the new, fruitful framework, it must be admitted, is misleading. To have chosen the suspect language of "being-itself" was a red flag to bulls in Tillich's china shop. But to have based his new framework for discussing the issue upon "metaphorical or symbolic" language was to make careful practitioners of linguistic analysis wince with pain. Tillich allows us to make one, and only one, statement "directly and properly" in our attempt to give utterance to what we mean by God. That statement makes it plain that God is not a being among other beings, an object among objects, a person among persons. It is the statement that "God is being-itself." Edwards quotes a relevant passage from *Systematic Theology*:

> God as being-itself is the ground of the ontological structure of being without being subject to this structure Himself. He *is* the structure; that is, He has the power of determining the structure of everything that has being. . . . If anything beyond this bare assertion is said about God, it no longer is a direct and proper statement.

* John Herman Randall, Jr., judges: ". . . It is [Tillich's] epistemology which seems the least adequate part of his thought, and raises the most questions. The one strand of the philosophical tradition which he does not take very seriously, and consequently fails to illuminate, is the empiricism stemming from Locke. This he is inclined to dismiss as the mere reflection of a transitory bourgeois culture. . . ." "The Ontology of Paul Tillich," in Charles W. Kegley and Robert W. Bretall (eds.), *The Theology of Paul Tillich*, Macmillan, pp. 133-4.

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Such language is not likely to make the ordinary American Protestant utter a prayer; more likely, it will sound heretical to him, or scholastic, or—Edwards's word—meaningless. Still, the ordinary man does not think $a=\triangle v/t$ when he encounters instances of acceleration. One must allow a thinker his own language system; and to understand it, one must enter into it. That American philosophers should expend the effort required to master the language of "being" is too much to expect; to the extent that communication was important to Tillich, his choice of language failed.

Nevertheless, Tillich's point here—if the critic understands and accepts the rules of the language of "being"—is successful. The language by which we differentiate one object from another, one person from another, cannot properly and directly be used of God. Tillich is not a pantheist;* but he is saying that God is *more like* the structure of all things, or the force that in the green grass drives all things, than He is like any particular thing of our experience. God is not an object *within* reality, but "the ground of reality" or "the matrix of reality." An exact notion of God, then, cannot be reached by the operations, or according to the methods, by which we reach other notions. God is not the object of our various operations of experiencing, nor can He be pointed to ostensively, nor can He be conceived of as a scientific hypothesis. Nor do we need God in those ordinary experiences which we can tend to ourselves. Nor, finally, do we need God to fill the "gaps" either in our science or in our ordinary experience.

IF GOD WERE to be reached in any of these ways, Tillich's lifelong argument continued, such a God would be a function of man, an idol. We must look at the question the other way around. God does not make a difference *within* the universe of science or *within* the universe of ordinary experience; the fact that God is does not interrupt the probabilities and/or necessities of scientific laws, nor obtrude into our ordinary conscious experience. *Within* the world of our experience the actuality of being-itself is, as Edwards puts it, "compatible with anything whatever." Such a concession, Edwards argues, shows that the term "God" fails to have a referent; but to Tillich it shows that God is not an object in our experience but transcendent. The question that has arrested Tillich's attention, but not that of Edwards, is why anything should exist at all. The word "being-itself" does not refer to a power that is discovered by its interventions *within* the universe known to science or *within* the universe known to ordinary experience. It refers, rather, to a power† that has determined that the universes of science and ordinary experience, whatever their successive states of affairs, should *be* rather than *not be*. "Why should anything exist at all?" Wittgenstein sometimes felt obliged to ask. Pitching his tent on the spot where that question perennially arises, Tillich answers: Because the ultimate point to which our minds can penetrate is that being-itself prevails; there could have been nothing at all, but there are things.

There are atheists and agnostics who search for God but do not find Him. Tillich, in archaic language, tells them that God is not to be found *among* things; they are looking with the wrong focus. The fruitful focus is one that does not look for a God who is needed to manipulate the states of affairs within the world, but one who is present in any and all states of affairs, present wherever things, events, and persons are, present by the fact that things are, rather than by the characteristics that things have.

How is such a God found? If a man does not wonder why anything exists at all, philosophical inquiry about God cannot in his case be fruitful. Wonder is the beginning of adoration. For wonder about the actuality of things—wonder at the sharp, clean taste of being alive, and conscious, and related to real things, persons, and events—is the only path whereby a God worthy of man's adoration can be conceived. If God alters states of affairs, interferes, manipulates, makes things go, then God is either a function of the world, inseparable from it, or a meddler who may well be man's enemy. And, of course, scientific inquiry knows nothing of such a God; there is no such God. But if God is conceived as present in all things, not by giving them their character and motions, but by making them to be, His transcendence is preserved. All things depend upon Him; but they have their own distinctive character, laws, and contingent relationships, which human investigation can discern independently of theology. Tillich is implicitly defending the autonomy of science, as well as the dependence in being of men upon God:

> The power grasping us in the state of faith is not a being beside others, not even the highest; it is not an object among objects, not even the greatest; but it is a quality of all beings and objects, the quality of pointing beyond themselves and their finite existence to the infinite, inexhaustible, and unapproachable depth of their being and meaning.**

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* But he does speak of "a 'pantheistic element' in every adequate doctrine of God." He invokes this element "against the half-deistic theism of much Protestant theology," which would remove God from the real world of our experience. He sharply denies calling God "the essence of all things," since this "dissolves God into the essence of the world and removes His qualitative transcendence. . . . But after this has been said, the so-called 'pantheistic element' must be used as a corrective. . . ." "Appreciation and Reply," in Thomas A. O'Meara and Celestin D. Weisser (eds.), *Paul Tillich and Catholic Thought*, Priory Press, p. 308.

† *Systematic Theology* I, pp. 231-237. For Tillich's employment of various symbols, see his "The Meaning and Justification of Religious Symbols" and a series of critiques by others in Sidney Hook (ed.), *Religious Experience and Truth*, New York University Press, 1961.

** *The Protestant Era*, p. 163.

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But perhaps man cannot know anything about "the structure of being," the "depth" of being.

> It may be said that there is no approach for man to the structure and meaning of being, that what being is, is revealed to us in the manifoldness of beings and in the world in which they all are united and interrelated to one another. It could be said: Look at minerals and flowers, look at animals and men, look at history and the arts, and you will learn what being is, but do not ask for being itself above all of them. To this we must answer: You cannot prohibit man from asking the most human question; no dictator can do so, even if he appears in the gown of humble positivism or modest empiricism. Man is more than an apparatus for registering so-called "facts" and their interdependence. He wants to *know*, to know about himself as thrown into being, to know about the powers and structures controlling this being in himself and in his world. He wants to know the meaning of being because he is man and not only an epistemological subject. Therefore he transcends and always must transcend the "No trespassing" signs cautiously built by skepticism and dogmatically guarded by pragmatism. The meaning of being is his basic concern, it is the really human and philosophical question.*

It is from this vantage point that Tillich's famous definition of God as the name for our *ultimate* concern becomes relevant. Tillich chose the word "concern" because he wished to emphasize that the psychic drive in question is not merely rationalistic; it is intelligent, passionate, and willed: it is a "centered act" of the entire human personality. But the word "concern" is misleading. Every man is concerned, and in some sense every man has an ultimate concern: in a vulgar phrase, every man can be bought at some price. As every novelist knows, a man's identity is clarified by his choices between conflicting concerns. Tillich argues, in effect, that an ultimate concern can be either creative or destructive. And Tillich has at the back of his mind a psychology and an anthropology: honesty, courage, compassion are creative; hatred, cowardice, hypocrisy are destructive. Given these criteria, a man can test his own ultimate concern. When the chips are down, what identity do his choices reveal? A man who is faithful to understanding, brave, compassionate, manifests the power of creativity—the power of being. But why should a man be honest, courageous, compassionate? Why should a man prefer to create rather than to destroy? Even an atheist or an agnostic must choose. Tillich would argue that atheists who are not nihilists and who opt for creativity are despite themselves testifying to their faith in the preeminence of being-itself; they side with being over against destruction.

Thus Tillich reverses the claim of Hume's Cleanthes, who calls believers like Tillich "atheists despite themselves." Tillich calls atheists like Hume theists despite themselves. Atheists and theists dislike being mistaken for one another, but enjoy converting one another by definition. Perhaps the point is that the tyranny of names too easily overcomes even careful men. What difference does it make what we are called, so long as we support with all our power values like courage, compassion, and fidelity to understanding? Tillich finds in these inescapable values signs of a "depth" in human life; atheists and agnostics will see in them no such "depth." It is more important to practice such values than to interpret such values in the same way.

The argument between theist and non-theist, then, in America at least (where the temptation of nihilism has seldom been strong, and naturalism is benign), is a question of how to interpret the significance of the fact that human beings live by values like honesty, courage, and compassion. The issue is not whether men create these values for themselves and by themselves; for if this is the case, the fact that men can create such values indicates that human destiny is not as absurd as it sometimes appears. Theists are led by the power of such values to think that belief in being-itself (or the reality pointed to by some such name) is plausible, even compelling. Non-theists hesitate both to conceive of such a reality and to commit themselves to such an inference. The evidence—the existence of human values of certain kinds—is the same for both theists and non-theists.

WHAT, THEN, is the main argument of the non-theist against Tillich? For Edwards, it is that Tillich's symbols and metaphors about being-itself are not "reducible." A symbol is "reducible" when "the truth-claims made by the sentence in which it occurs can be reproduced by one or more sentences all of whose components are used in literal senses." "To say that a sentence is irreducible is to say in effect that no new referent can be supplied." Edwards next goes on to show that Tillich's being-itself, like Locke's material substratum, "is, even in principle, inaccessible to anybody's observations." Edwards then shows how even the one proper, direct statement about God which Tillich allows, that God is being-itself or the ground of being, is metaphorical. Never does Tillich offer us a literal sentence to which we might "reduce" the metaphors. His language is, even in principle, irreducible in Edwards's sense. For Edwards, Tillich's language therefore lacks cognitive content. But at this point, Edwards shows traces of docility. He notes that Tillich sometimes allows us to speak of God as "majestic," as "father," as "healer," and the like. He then goes on to suggest that, given Tillich's presuppositions, "God may no less appropriately be said to be a soprano, a slave, a streetcleaner, a daughter, or even a Fascist and a hater than a father and a king." This is a perceptive observation; for in-

* *Ibid.*, pp. 86-87.

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sofar as anything is, it participates in being-itself and stirs the contemplative mind. God, Edwards ought now to realize, is everywhere. "If God is the creative ground of everything that has being, everything insofar as it is must express something knowable about God."*

Edwards dislikes intensely the "bombastic descriptions of empirical facts" to which existentialists like Tillich are prone. If Freud died in 1939, he died, he did not "migrate from being to non-being." If selfishness and other unadmirable motives are involved in even the best human actions, it does not follow that "Even in what he considers his best deed non-being is present and prevents it from being perfect. . . ." The literal, empirical mind wars with the symbolical, metaphysical mind; in our culture there is no question who will win.

But let us push the literal, empirical mind a bit. Edwards makes some effort to understand Tillich; he doggedly chases down references through two books. Let us assume that the inquiry was open, and could have gone in more than one direction, and reached other than one predetermined verdict. Edwards's drive to understand, in that case, is more fundamental than his decisions about criteria of relevance and evidence, his conceptual operations, and even his present range of information. The drive to understand is not limited by the given information; it may demand more. It is not restricted to the chosen conceptual operations; confronted with difficulties or chastened by criticism, it may try alternative operations before reaching a conclusion. It is not limited *a priori* to any one set of criteria of relevance and evidence; for arguments about presuppositions, point of view, and the weight to be assigned various factors are not only possible but common. The drive to understand, then, the relentless question-asking drive in man, is one of the elements in Edwards's actual argument. But Edwards nowhere draws attention to this drive. He is concerned with objects for experience, objects for conceptual operation.

Tillich, on the other hand, was concerned with objects of ultimate *concern,* and specifically with an object which is the appropriate response to the unrestricted human capacity for asking questions. He calls this response "being-itself," which he explicitly thinks of as an answer to a question. Being-itself is experienced by anticipation as (let us say) "everything that will be known when our drive to understand is wholly satisfied." Thus, being-itself is known through reflection upon our drive to raise questions. We do not know being-itself directly, for we have not asked all possible questions, nor come to that unified vision in which all possible questions are related in one intelligible whole. But in proportion as we are aware of our own unlimited capacity for raising questions, we have a springboard for constructing, indirectly and as it were merely formally and without content, an anticipation of that full intelligence in whose light our partial inquiries cohere. Every act of inquiry presupposes the intelligibility of the relationship between knower and known, and between the things known. Tillich speaks the language of being rather than the language of knowing. But a careful reading shows that every sentence of his in which "being" occurs can be translated into a sentence employing a correlative act of knowing.†

In this sense, Tillich's "symbols" are all reducible. But the human experiences to which they are reducible are not sense experiences, nor are they concepts derived from scientific or ordinary commerce with things. They are the experiences of the inquiring subject, especially the experience of insight (Tillich leans to the Platonic side of the metaphysical tradition, and tends to rely heavily upon intuition, and the experience of deciding upon which criteria of relevance and evidence to use in reaching reasonable judgments of fact. If the human spirit may be defined operationally as inquiry, these are the operations of spirit. It is these operations which suggest that man is different from other things in the world in which he lives, like trees and cats; that man is an end and not a means; that he does not live by bread alone; that the goods which constitute the profoundest levels of human community are truth and honesty and communication; and that the universe in which men live is not, finally, silent, mechanical, dead, but penetrated through and through with intelligence to which man's drive to understand is a progressive response.

> Every being participates in the structure of being, but man alone is immediately aware of this structure. . . . Man occupies a preeminent position in ontology, not as an outstanding object among other objects, but as that being who asks the ontological question and in whose self-awareness the ontological answer can be found. . . . The point is that man is aware of the structures which make cognition possible. He lives in them. They are immediately present to him. They are he himself. . . . The truth of all ontological concepts is their power of expressing that which makes the subject-object structure possible. They constitute this structure; they are not controlled by it.**

The prosaic, literal, empirical temper is correct so far as it goes. From Tillich's point of view, however, it fails to reflect sufficiently on those presuppositions by which it escapes nihilism and engenders, in America at any rate, so much hope in historical advancement. The will to act has

* Letter to Gustave Weigel, S.J., published as "Professor Tillich Replies" in Weigel's "The Theological Significance of Paul Tillich," *Paul Tillich in Catholic Thought,* p. 23.

† In my *Belief and Unbelief* (Macmillan), I have tried to suggest that this is also true of Reinhold Niebuhr and of all religious thinkers.

** *Systematic Theology* I, pp. 168-169.

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beliefs implicit in it; Tillich argues that such beliefs include belief in the prevenience of being-itself over the absurd and the destructive. It is perhaps intellectual imperialism for him to argue that all humanism is implicitly theonomous; but it is easy to see why, from his point to view, that conviction is plausible. And until atheistic humanists tell us why they are not nihilistic, and spell out the implications of their liberalism in contrast to alternative and more pathetic conceptions of history, Tillich's case will continue to goad the uneasy conscience of many philosophers.

II

EVERY RESOLUTION of the problem of theism *vs.* non-theism into a standoff of opposite points of view is unsatisfactory. We cannot rest content in the belief that there are two different kinds of men, such that for some, arbitrarily, "God" says something, and for others not. Doubtless, the personal history in which each man has learned the use of the word "God" is here of critical importance. Sartre tells us in *The Words* how his childhood God was an all-seeing eye, an implacable bureaucratic ticket-collector at the end of the line. How many are the men in our century whose experience of "God" led to bitter death at the hands of soldiers blessed by "God's" ministers? How many have heard the word "God" from those who speak, as Bernanos wrote, with lips like a hen's ass, mouthing the platitudes by which they reinforce their bigotry, insecurity, and passion for violence? In the 20th century, the chasteness of pragmatism and empiricism comes as welcome relief after the flatulence of religious speech. Few neutral observers are convinced that all ministers of God believe what they say.

"My whole theological work," Tillich said in 1964, "has been directed to the interpretation of religious symbols in such a way that the secular man—and we are all secular—can understand and be moved by them."* It seems certain, however, that although Tillich spoke clearly enough for a great many believers, he never broke down the difficulties which prevent non-believers from understanding him. The reason seems to be that in standing "on the boundary" Tillich in fact stood within the Christian community and barely placed one foot outward; the questions he raised, and the symbols he employed, derived their meaningfulness from their source "within the theological circle." The inherent power in the Judaeo-Christian tradition, which has shaped all of us, assured that an original mind like Tillich's could stir chords which nearly everyone could at least take seriously. But at the crucial points. Tillich's argument failed.

To a non-theist, Tillich's being-itself appeared to be just as much an illusion as any other name for God. To say that a man has a genuine ultimate concern seems to say nothing whatever about an added reality like being-itself, but only about the way a man interprets his own identity; there may be no being-itself, no God, for him to relate to, except in his propensity for personification and projection. Tillich tried to meet this objection; but in so doing he was caught in the dilemma Freud pointed out in *The Future of an Illusion*: if the critical believer removes consolation and anthropomorphic images from his understanding of God, then he loses touch with the community of faith in which most ordinary people stand; and if he does not purify his understanding, the advance of science will do so for him.

Tillich's view was that a historical community of faith supplies concrete symbols which "point to" God. These symbols are not adequate for all times or all purposes, but men cannot do without them; if churches do not supply them, political parties or other organs will. There is a tension between man's need for concrete symbols and his need for abstract, critical thinking. The first involves his whole active personality; the second preserves him from understanding the concrete symbols to be more than "pointers." Tillich thought that it was necessary both to stand within a concrete, historical community of faith and to deny through critical reflection that any concrete symbol is *identical* with genuine ultimate concern. The name "being-itself" warned that God is not a being like other things, and cannot be named like other things.

Tillich began, then, as one who already believed in God, in the Christian God, in the God of the Protestant tradition. He accepted Gustave Weigel's observation that he had an "immediate awareness" of God, so strong that argument was neither necessary nor possible. Thus, Tillich interpreted the ontological argument, not as an argument, but as the most fundamental *expression* of this awareness. The other traditional arguments, he thought, merely pointed to this same basic expression.† Tillich wrote as a man who has already experienced God in his conscious awareness; he urged others not to look for God as a reality to be added to other realities already known, but as one who was already present in their experience. Tillich viewed the matter as if every man is already in a conversation with God, in the very cognitive processes by which he inquires about anything at all. The fact that men do inquire shocked Tillich; he marveled at human inquiry. He claimed that empiricists give too shallow an account of inquiry.

* See *Ultimate Concern: Paul Tillich in Dialogue*, edited by D. Mackenzie Brown, Harper & Row, p. 88. No better introduction to Tillich's thought is available than this transcript.

† "The arguments for the existence of God neither are arguments nor are they proof for the existence of God. They are expressions of the *question* of God which is implied in human finitude. Their question is their truth; every answer they give is untrue." *Systematic Theology* I, p. 205. See also pp. 208-210.

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He himself did not so much point to new evidence, as ask us to look at the available evidence in a new way.

Tillich constantly warned his readers that no way can be found to God apart from the experience of a relationship already begun. "Man cannot speak of the gods in detachment. The moment he tries to do so, he has lost the god and established just one more object within the world of objects. Man can speak of the gods only on the basis of his relation to them." Moreover, men in the past have tried to understand this relationship with God: ". . . the idea of God has a history. . . . In order to understand the idea of God, the theologian must look into its history." Increasingly in later years, Tillich looked to all historical religions for hints and analogues by which to discern the elements and the meaning of the experience of God which he had.

It is the *experience* of ultimate concern which, for Tillich, is basic. He writes of "the openness of being-itself, which is given in the basic religious *experience*." And again: "although essence and existence are philosophical terms, the *experience* and the vision behind them precede philosophy." "God" is not an answer to a question about the existence of some X or other; "God" is the answer to the question which arises from the human awareness of finitude. One must wonder why there is anything at all. One must recognize the contingency of the self and of all things besides. For Tillich, this intuition came rushing upon him in the contrast between non-being and being: the possibility that there might be nothing at all, and the apparently contingent fact that there are things. It does not matter whether things "began" at a point in time or "always were." It is not temporal origin which is in question, but the power to be at all.

When Tillich looked at the world, it was not only "empirical reality" which preoccupied him—the discrimination between thing and thing, and the systematic classification of things. It was also a "dimension of depth." Persons, things, and events evoked in Tillich a sense of mystery and reverence; more appeared to him to be happening in human life than meets the empiricist's eye. He wished with unrelenting hunger to know all that he could know. He recognized that he was finite, and yet in the very formulation of his awareness of his finitude he recognized by anticipation an infinite understanding of all that is to be understood. He argued that one did not "project" the infinite understanding. Rather, it was the screen, or background, or backdrop* of all finite acts of understanding; it was the matrix or ground which makes the sustained enterprise of understanding coherent and hopeful. Tillich recognized that he himself was in transition from limited, partial understanding toward fuller, complete understanding. Complete, full understanding was in some way part of his own being; he "participated" in it; he was drawn by it and was ever on the move toward it. Yet he himself was not and could not be infinite. ("And a good thing too!" Professor John Herman Randall, Jr., used to chide Tillich at this point in their weekly conversations.)

Now if I am not mistaken, the empirical fact to which Tillich regularly pointed is the fundamental element in human inquiry which I have already called the unrelenting drive to ask questions. The drive to ask questions is unlimited in its range, in the search for further information, in the revision of presuppositions, and in the fundamental selection of criteria of relevance and evidence. We can turn this drive upon ourselves; it is the source of that self-questioning which discredits idols and uncovers self-deceits. Some call it conscience, prophetic judgment, or even "the Protestant principle." But we can also direct this drive in a scientific direction, inventing methods of inquiry designed to discount quirks of personality and accidents of time and place, in the search for self-consistent systems of general laws. Tillich has paused more than most thinkers in our century to reflect upon the significance for the human situation of the fact that man is possessed of such a drive. What does it tell us about ourselves if a basic drive of ours heads always beyond us, even to the extent of bringing us under its judgment? Tillich had a very strong sense of the fact that we do not possess truth; when we enunciate a true proposition, we are possessed by something greater than ourselves. We participate in an understanding in whose light our own hypocrisies or characteristic errors stand condemned. We pursue full understanding, trying to make our intelligence ever more faithful, accomplished, and docile.

Tillich translated the data of the drive to understand into the language of being. Total and complete understanding, fecund and creative and realized, is being-itself. Sense-knowledge and concepts, by contrast, refer merely to beings and relations between beings. The human understanding *in via* is divided between understanding and not understanding; thence derives the experience of being and non-being. Ignorant, unable to dare the next steps, uncertain whether our efforts are assured success, we are anxious. To press onward is to have the courage to be. Like man, moreover, reality is in progress. The fundamental though usually implicit axiom of Tillich's thought is that being and knowing are correlative; that every statement of ontology may be translated into a statement about human psychology: specifically, about human ultimate concern.

Tillich did not choose to use the language of understanding; he preferred "concern." For in the wake of British empiricism, understanding has

* "The realm against which the divine image is projected is not itself a projection. It is the experienced ultimacy of being and meaning. It is the realm of ultimate concern." *Systematic Theology* I, p. 212.

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come to mean a relatively impersonal, dry, "merely" cognitive act. (Indeed, a dualism between cognitive and emotive is often deemed tenable.) To an empiricist, consequently, Tillich's language was bound to seem intolerably muddy; empiricists in general fear nothing so much as a draught of subjectivity. When Tillich combined two sentences such as the following, they shuddered: ". . . the gods are not objects within the context of the universe. They are expressions of the ultimate concern which transcends the cleavage between subjectivity and objectivity."

Moreover, Tillich made a faulty step just at this point. He tells us: "It remains to be emphasized that an ultimate concern is not 'subjective.'" Now there is a way of explaining ultimate concern so that it is clearly not "subjective." But Tillich had already effectively disguised that way:

> "God" is the answer to the question implied in man's finitude; He is the name for that which concerns man ultimately. This does not mean that first there is a being called God and then the demand that man should be ultimately concerned about Him. It means that whatever concerns a man ultimately becomes god for him, and, conversely, it means that a man can be concerned ultimately only about that which is god for him.*

In this passage, Tillich seemed to make "god" and "ultimate concern" analytical; wherever one term appears, the other may be supplied in its place.† As a phenomenological description, this device may be legitimate. But without warning Tillich began to use criteria by which to distinguish *genuine* ultimate concerns from spurious or even demonic ultimate concerns. "Only that which is holy," he wrote four pages later, "can give man ultimate concern." But it is surely a misuse of words to claim that for the taxi driver whose ultimate concern is beer and television, the television room is "holy" or "sacred." Tillich himself seemed to fear the looseness of his thought here, and inserts a brief paragraph which offers at least one criterion: "Justice is the criterion which judges idolatrous holiness. . . . In the name of social justice, modern revolutionary movements challenge sacred institutions which protect social injustice."

In short, Tillich had objective criteria for judging among the many candidates for ultimate concern which men in fact choose. He had a way of distinguishing the true God from false gods. But he was so anxious to counteract rationalistic-empirical prejudices that he did not wish to call this method "objective." For in an empirical, Anglo-American context, "objective" seems to connote the attitude of a scientific observer who, with impersonality and detachment, studies objects "out there" and their relationships. In eschewing this meaning for "objective," there is all the more reason for Tillich to work hard, in a prominent place in his system, to establish the necessary criteria and controls. Instead, Tillich's own language connotes dangerous attitudes which, in American philosophical circles, give rise to legitimate fears. He writes in the same work: "If the word 'existential' points to a participation which transcends both subjectivity and objectivity, then man's relation to the gods is rightly called 'existential.'" But the word "existential" is as foggy as any in the language; it connotes passion, leap, uncritical commitment, true believing, adolescent identity crises, and highly unpragmatic and unproductive dramatic episodes. The verb "transcends" chills sensitive ears; while, since Plato, the word "participation" has made careful thinkers despair of finding a clear, obedient employment for it.

WHAT CAN it mean, then, to "transcend both subjectivity and objectivity"? Perhaps the following translation of Tillich may be at least partly successful. It is naive to think that any human being can be objective *tout court*. In order to make judgments which will be given credence by other critical, questioning men, a man must submit himself to long discipline, arduous labor, and the demands of time, place, and situation relevant to his field of inquiry. In order to become "objective," a man must undergo many "subjective" changes. Lack of information, undue or aberrant emotional involvement, weak imagination, the absence of important kinds of experience, even the deficiency of a certain kind of sympathy—all such "subjective" deficiencies might disqualify a man as an "objective" judge in a given field of inquiry. There is no straight path to objectivity; the way lies through subjective growth, discipline, and socialization. "Objectivity" is itself a subjective state. The "cleavage" is overcome.

That Tillich must have meant something like this is shown by his analysis of the intellectual, volitional, and emotive components of "centered acts of the personality" in *Dynamics of Faith*. In scientific inquiry as in ethical action, it is not the mind but the whole man that is implicated in judgment. A theory of scientific method or of ethical behavior which disregards the required development of the subject is lamentably deficient. This is precisely Tillich's criticism of Anglo-American empiricism. The philosopher dedicated to the methods of science is at one and the same time "subjective" and "objective" in his commitment. Such a commitment, like every other commitment, demands a justification. Tillich sows

* *Ibid.*, p. 211.

† In *Ultimate Concern*, however, Tillich replies to an objection that ultimate concern merely "describes how we feel." "Of course we cannot replace 'God' by 'ultimate concern,' but we can and must understand that the term ultimate concern, like the German phrase of which it is a translation, is intentionally ambiguous. It indicates, on the one hand, *our* being ultimately concerned—the subjective side—and on the other hand, the *object* of our ultimate concern, for which of course there is no other word than 'ultimate.'" *Systematic Theology* I, p. 11.

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a further doubt: is such a commitment, for a human being, a worthy ultimate commitment? What view of the relationship between human inquiry and reality does it presuppose? What does it take for granted about the human situation?

No doubt many interpretations of the significance of human life are possible. Moreover, it is part of the human situation that each person, faced with many possible interpretations of his own identity under these stars, must choose one of them. No one view imposes itself upon us. We must decide who we think we are. We do so by our actions if not by our theories; we do so by our style of life, our loves, our laughter, our fears, if not by explicit philosophizing or theologizing. As an argument compelling all men to change their view of themselves and to interpret their lives in a new way, Tillich's work could not hope to succeed. As one possible interpretation, his is not the least rich, the least fruitful, or the least discriminating. It would be well to live as Tillich lived; and, be it noted, he lived out his own theory.

Is not that, after all, the pragmatic test which at earlier points in such discussions eludes analysis? Theism and non-theism are ways of life; as interpretations of human identity, each is too comprehensive for ordinary pragmatic tests. The test comes in living. Most American atheists seem to live *as if* the "matrix of reality" were intelligible; as if fidelity to intelligence were a policy coherent with the world of our experience. To say that there is a God, for Tillich, means no more than that. God is not an extra, added being; He suffuses all things. He is the name for the effectiveness of our ultimate concern for honesty, modesty, compassion; He is not a being, but the power, bitterly contested, of intelligence, love, and creativity in ourselves and in our world. Communities of religious people continually project beings to put in His place. But even atheists "participate" in the power that makes things, where there could have been nothing, marvelously to be. Tillich seriously reduced the distance between critical theists and critical non-theists, by learning from the deepest currents of thought in Judaeo-Christian history that God is not an object among objects, or a person among persons, but must be thought of in a secular way. The critical theist is very like an atheist, in not thinking of God as a thing while yet giving ultimate and hopeful allegiance to the unrelenting drive to understand.

It is not of primary importance, then, for theist and non-theist, in America at least, to distinguish themselves from one another.* The real enemy, the enemy of both of them, is the crowd of idol-worshippers: the violent partisans of "the American way of life," of the white God of white men, of the God of the social and political status quo, of the God of taboo and conformity and inhibition. This God, this bitch, is so strong in American life that all available rebels, theistic and non-theistic, have urgent common cause.

III

Both christians and secular thinkers, however, register sound objections against Tillich's attempt to stand "on the boundary." Ironically, the basic objection from both sides is the same: Tillich is not, after all, a Christian; it is impossible to see in Tillich's God the God of revelation. Here I think the critics are mistaken, although the difficulties involved must be sorted out and faced directly, and the fact that Tillich never quieted this doubt must count against him. Let us consider the argument of non-theists first.

An eminent American philosopher—"the high priest of positivism" he was called by the relator of this anecdote—was once obliged to hear Tillich preach at the funeral of an academic colleague. Tillich did not speak of hell or heaven, nor of the God of mercy and judgment; he spoke of anxiety, courage, ultimate concern, and being-itself. Descending the steps of the chapel, the philosopher grumped angrily: "Why, the man is not a Christian at all!"

Non-theists often play the role of defenders of orthodoxy. They often insist upon a literal interpretation of religious utterances and of religious tradition. With Freud, they opine that their own illusions are not, "like religious ones, incapable of correction." Religion must be static; it cannot evolve. Entering upon religious terrain, they suddenly seem to lose their sense of discrimination and their sense of history; they sometimes lump all religious phenomena together and speak of Jesus, Lao-tse, Aquinas, Luther, and Billy Graham in one paragraph. They do not allow that the faith of a washerwoman and a theologian, a child and a grown man, a politician and a scientist, a 3rd-century and a 19th-century philosopher might be significantly different as well as in

* Tillich writes: "As an individual I am strongly attached to the quasi-religion of liberal humanistic tradition. . . . The word liberal means here autonomous thought and action. . . . But I try to avoid, as I did as a religious socialist, falling into the process of emptying the liberal humanist ideas of their original religious content. I always go back to the religious source that underlies them, for there is no such thing as humanism in the abstract anywhere. Humanism is always based on a religious tradition. . . . In the Western world since the victory of Christianity, we have a humanism which is always Christian humanism, even if we act as much as possible like anti-Christians. . . . Generally speaking, I would say that the danger of the quasi-religions tends more toward profanization, in the sense of emptiness. Whereas the danger of the religions proper is more that of demonization, in the sense of identifying the revelatory experiences on which they are based with the divine itself, and therefore usurping the 'throne of the divine' for themselves. Between these two dangers we have to grope our way." *Ultimate Concern*, pp. 36-39.

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some ways the same. Like the Russian astronaut who said after his long search through the heavens that, plainly, Our Father isn't there, they insist upon the literal sense or else accuse the religious man of cheating. Is there or is there not a hell? Where? Do you believe in Satan? Can God have a son, and would a good God wish His son to die (or bid Abraham to behead Isaac), or His flesh to be eaten in the eucharist by human beings? Half the fun of being non-religious appears to lie in the exercise of revulsion against literal interpretations, and in the exercise of suspicion against symbolical interpretations, of religious faith.

But there are more substantive reasons for this misunderstanding. Even when we grant that religious faith is for all men, in all eras of history, and that it does not require the educated to turn off their minds and become uncritical, the problems of relating critical, philosophical language to the ordinary language of the various religious traditions remain acute. There is, for example, an obvious gap between what Tillich says of God in the philosophical part of his work and what he says of Him in the theological part. According to his famous "method of correlation," Tillich argues that man is both a philosophical and a theological animal; there are not two separate truths about man. This point of view is a refreshing and an honest one, and I think Tillich has received too little credit for it.

What Tillich's conception implies is that Christianity presents itself as a full world view; it is a whole, rounded, although not yet complete, interpretation of human existence. It is, in brief, a hypothesis. It is to be tested according to how well it meets the facts of human experience. Tillich never states the matter quite so sharply; but surely when he says that, from a philosophical point of view, human experience raises a question about the meaning of man and that, from a theological point of view, Christianity provides one answer to this question, he suggests that the logical status of Christian doctrine is that of a hypothesis. If the answer does not meet the requirements of the question, it must be rejected.

There have not been lacking critics who insist that Tillich has tailored the philosophical question to fit the theological answer, and other critics, like Karl Barth, who insist that Tillich has violated the transcendence of Christianity by tailoring it to meet philosophical questions. Still, a Christian cannot, after all, lead a complacently divided life; Tillich's attempt to relate philosophy to theology must be judged both courageous and headed in a fruitful direction. Curiously, I find that many militantly secular students respond enthusiastically to Tillich's analysis of the questions which arise from human experience (as in *The Courage To Be*), even while they reject his theological answers; while some religious thinkers find his theology stimulating but dislike his ontology. This difference in estimation, it seems, points graphically to the mutual isolation in our society of secular philosophy and theological reflection. Other misunderstandings that Tillich risked arise both from the philosophical separation between Anglo-American analysts, who seldom examine publicly the arbitrariness of their own fundamental commitments to clarity and objectivity, and continental existentialists, as well as from the theological separation between liberal and fundamentalist theologians.

WHAT Tillich proposed to offer was an interpretation of language about God that could win the allegiance of critical philosophers, and also be employed as an instrument of prophetic criticism by ordinary people in ordinary theological discourse. Because human beings live in a concrete, historical world, Tillich had no fundamental objection to the employment of concrete, historical metaphors for God. After all, Moses spoke of God's extended right arm leading the people from Egypt, and Jesus spoke of his Father. What Tillich did object to was a literal understanding of such language. God has no right arm; He is not, biologically or anthropomorphically, a father. Neither is He a rock, a stream of running water, a tower, or any of the other things which the Bible employs in speaking of Him. Moreover, the Bible itself provides criteria for interpreting its own symbols: Yahweh is the unwritten, the ineffable name, the name unlike any other name; no one should be allowed to think it refers as other names do. In the Christian Testament, St. John tells us (1 John:4) quite clearly and repeatedly: "No one has seen God."

Moreover, the Bible speaks of God both in an abstract, universal way and in a personal, anthropomorphic way; many of its symbols, particularly those derived from impersonal forces and those having to do with His power over "the heavens," operate as warnings that anthropomorphic, personal symbols must be understood in an unusual way. In the Christian Testament, St. John's Gospel speaks of the Logos in whom and by whom and with whom all things were made. The early Greek church was especially fond of the more impersonal "Pantocrator," rather than the all-too-human "historical Jesus" of the early 20th century. St. Augustine did not hesitate to find God within himself rather than in the cosmos, and thought of Him not as some inner man but impersonally as "my love, my weight." Aquinas found in the unqualified energy and unceasing activity of *Actus Purus* a critical name for God, and in *caritas* or freely chosen love the most serviceable biblical category for speaking of His presence among men. Dante wrote of "the Love that moves the sun and all the stars."

Consequently, Tillich—I think rightly—felt himself to be part of a well-established tradition of religious discourse. Pascal gave warning that the "god of the philosophers" is not "the God

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of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob," and he divided—accepting the Cartesian split of personality into the emotive and the cognitive—conceptions of the mind from conceptions of the heart. Significantly, Tillich chose to define God in relation to that centered act of the person which Pascal seemed to intend by *"raisons du coeur."* Tillich thought of himself as continuing the tradition of Kierkegaard's "infinite passion and interest," and perhaps also of the long section on subjectivity as the ground of objectivity in the *Concluding Unscientific Postscript.*

SOME OF THE resistance to Tillich's effort, resistance which one encounters in students, at any rate, seems derived from the positive determination of many intelligent people not to be taken as religious. Such students resist any idea of God that is intelligible, all the more if it comes close to pointing to values that they already hold. Their non-theism is more easily defended if theists are constrained to uphold foolish, naive, anthropomorphic or objectified conceptions of God. Yet if in fact there is a God, it would be surprising if He were not already present above all in the experience and profound presuppositions of intelligent, critical, honest, and compassionate men. It would be surprising if God could be found only in church buildings, spoken of only on the lips of a professional caste of clergymen and their phalanxes of stolid churchgoers, or described only in the categories of technical theological traditions. Tillich's instinct—that God, if there is a God, is already present in the experience of every human being, and most clearly in those with the most fully developed humanistic ultimate concerns—represents the most attractive and plausible, as well as the most traditional, hypothesis.

Tillich's execution of this point fails, however, because he does not face with sufficient clarity the problems of objectivity and historicity. By turning too quickly to the language of "symbol" and "myth," Tillich gave the impression of sleight-of-hand. It does not do to counter the objectifying, literal prejudices of most Anglo-American thinkers with a Germanic confidence in the "reality" of symbols (Tillich despised the locution *"mere* symbol"). In some sense, both Judaism and Christianity are historical religions; concrete, historical facts are important to them; they wish to assert that actions which occur in the space-time continuum bear, precisely as spatio-temporal, responsibility in the eyes of God. By interpreting the narratives of Scripture in a symbolical sense, Tillich at the very least (though not nearly so much as Bultmann) skirts too near the possibility of turning Christianity into a kind of gnosis: it is not the historical deed, in its empirical historicity, but its inward trans-temporal significance that counts. "No historical criticism," Tillich writes in *Systematic Theology* II, "can question the immediate awareness of those who find themselves transformed into the state of faith. One is reminded of the Augustinian-Cartesian . . . immediacy of a self-consciousness which guaranteed itself by a participation in being. By analogy, one must say that participation, not historical argument, guarantees the reality of the event upon which Christianity is based." There is truth in this: Christianity is verified by living it. But there is also the danger of surrendering concrete history to mystical inwardness.

These are the stickiest of all problems for the man who stands in a historical community of faith. The point of the biblical narratives is certainly not to provide us with "objective" information, of the sort useful to scientists, archaeologists, demographers, historians, and the like. Clearly, their point is to induce a metanoia, to bring about self-criticism and a changed way of life. The point of the stories, then, is "real" enough: they call for concrete changes in concrete history—and they have, in fact, dramatically altered the course of civilization.

But in some sense the empirical historicity of the key biblical narratives must also be defended, or else we have the paradox that a faith which insists upon the capital importance of concrete historical deeds is not itself based on concrete historical deeds. Since no Christian theorist has yet given a satisfactory solution to this problem, Tillich, who wrestled manfully with it, cannot be singled out for special blame. He did not wish faith to rest upon the vagaries of historical scholarship, although he gave such scholarship an indispensable role in checking superstition. Still, the empirically-minded will urge, historical research cannot be merely a *removens prohibens* having nothing to do with the basis of faith. In some stronger way, Judaism and Christianity must allow themselves to be vulnerable to empirical research, at the price of forfeiting an important kind of historicity.

Consequently, the rethinking of Jewish and Christian faith in the context of modern empirical sciences has yet to be accomplished. Tillich was right to see that the cosmic picture of the immediately preceding epoch has been dissolved; Judaism and Christianity can no longer receive support from what used to be called the Judaeo-Christian world view. It should not be presumed too easily, however, that the world view—or lack of one—presented by modern science is in fact less hospitable to Jewish and Christian faith than the neat, orderly cosmic structure taken for granted in the past. The Lord, if there is such a one, is no less Lord for being Lord of a bundle of loose ends, a changing, open, uncertain historical world, even an absurd world. Despite Einstein, God does, perhaps, play with dice. Tillich made a helpful move in locating the clue to God's presence in man's own dynamic striving to be creative in this baffling, contradictory world, rather than in God's supposed maintenance of an orderly cosmos.

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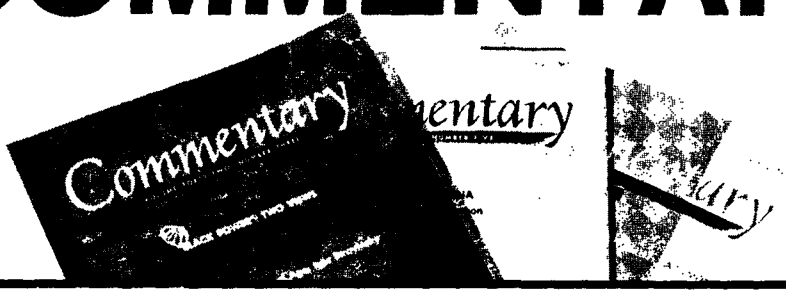

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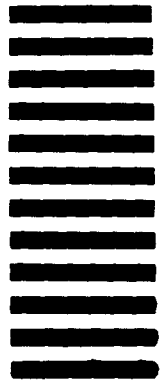

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The truly serious threat to Tillich's future relevance comes from the widespread indifference among the active and the intelligent to ultimate questions. Tillich himself seemed to sense this threat in his definition of indifference as the only true atheism.* A growing band of young religious thinkers believes that Tillich relied too much upon the inwardness, the romantic wonderment, the pervading religious experience of finitude, so natural to German romanticism but so foreign to American urban pragmatism. Nevertheless, the passionate search for ultimate values among the activists of the New Left is, however secular and even anti-theological its animus, a clear manifestation of what Tillich would call religious seriousness (just as its utopianism is related to the most simplistic theological traditions).

THUS, one threat to Tillich's future relevance comes from a comfortable, visionless pragmatism, from a consensus concerned with social adjustment rather than with radical questioning. Wherever men are ultimately concerned with the most creative human values they can discover, they have in their experience, Tillich would say, pointers to the presence of God. And he would say that Judaism and Christianity—in his later years, he added Islam, Buddhism, and Hinduism—offer alternative historical languages for beginning to babble, however inadequately, about the mystery of human consciousness upon this earth.

But another threat comes from the passing of an era. Much that Tillich wrote will long be cherished, but when he died, a mood, an age, died with him. Rabbi Richard L. Rubenstein learned of his former teacher's death while visiting the site of the Warsaw ghetto. He wrote:

> Somehow, there was something appropriate in hearing the sad news in that place. An important part of Tillich's greatness was his ability to endow with theological meaning the universal dissolution in two world wars of the old certainties of European civilization. Tillich had known the stability which preceded the breakdown. He had the courage to confront the breakdown and discern within it possibilities of theological renewal.
>
> My sadness was tempered by the knowledge that Tillich's work was, insofar as any man's can be, completed. He had spoken for and to his time, but we have moved beyond that time.

* "Or we may simply become cynical and have a good time, suppressing the ultimate questions so far as possible. And that is the only unproductive possibility." *Ultimate Concern*, p. 41; see also pp. 27-28 *ff.*

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Are Jews Still Liberals?

MILTON HIMMELFARB

FOR THE ATTENTION of the linguistic philosophers, a problem having to do with the ethics of words: There is an organization—a department of the civil service, the army, a school, a corporation—in which supervisors periodically submit reports on the people under them. Suppose that in large part this consists of checking one of three ratings on a form: outstanding, satisfactory, unsatisfactory. That is the *de jure* situation. But suppose also that *de facto*, by long custom, anyone whose work is not clearly unsatisfactory is marked outstanding, with "satisfactory" commonly understood to mean "unsatisfactory" (as "literally" has come to mean "figuratively": I was literally petrified with fear). Careers depend on the reports.

If a supervisor, disliking a subordinate, grades as satisfactory work that he would otherwise call outstanding, he cannot justify himself by an appeal to the dictionary's definitions. It is unethical to apply dictionary definitions exceptionally and maliciously. But what if the supervisor is not malicious or partial? What if he believes that the prevailing custom prevents truly superior work from being recognized and rewarded, and that the *de jure* system should be restored? In his report he is telling the truth and striking a blow for efficiency. At the same time, his subordinates are going to be penalized merely because they have had the bad fortune to come under his authority, not someone else's. Is he right or wrong?

All kinds of difficulties can arise from the different meanings words have in different situations and for different people. One should tell the truth, but which truth? The truth people want to hear or the truth they ought to hear? A truthful man can make what seem to be two contradictory speeches on Vietnam, one to American Legionnaires and the other to campus radicals, leading the first to call him unpatriotic and the second an apologist for war criminals. Of course his speeches will not really be contradictory. They will only emphasize different things, different aspects of the truth, according to his estimate of each audience and of his responsibility for shaking up convention and prejudice. His problem is easy. All he needs is a thick skin.

The hard problem arises when the audience is diverse and opaque. What should one say, and how say it, to a mixed audience of Legionnaires and radicals—and perhaps also of people who aren't sure they know where Vietnam is, or even whether they're interested? That is hard enough. The speaker need not complicate it by allowing one moral obligation, concern, to make him forget another, the obligation to know what he is talking about.

When Jews spoke a language of their own, they could criticize and admonish each other without worrying about giving ammunition to enemies. They could repeat acerbities like the one attributed to the Gaon R. Elijah, who had impressed upon the notables of Jewish Vilna that they were not to ask him to a meeting of the community council unless they were considering a new ordinance. Once they asked him, he attended, and complained. The chairman was hurt. As the Gaon must have observed, he said, they were in fact considering a new ordinance—to forbid beggars approaching householders directly. "You call that new?" the Gaon asked, rising to leave. "They had that ordinance in Sodom and Gomorrah." Or Jews could relish what Shemariah Levin was to say, more frivolously and secularly, in our parents' time: *dos yidishe folk iz a kleyn folk, ober a paskudne,* the Jews are a small people, but a repulsive one.

Now it is notorious that if you want to gather incriminating evidence about nations or religions, you will find they have done much of your work for you. Most of the documentation of British and French imperialism was published in London and Paris, and most of the basic criticism of American policy is made in the U.S.A. If you want to read informed, hard words about Protestantism, read Protestants, and about Catholicism, read Catholics. In one sense, Jewish criticism of Jews is the same sort of thing, and Jews have no peculiar right to be outraged by it. But only in one sense. The enemies of Englishmen, Frenchmen, Protestants, and Catholics have not usually been intent upon murdering them.

This does not mean that Jews should avoid criticizing themselves except in languages that others do not understand. There are no such languages any more, and besides, translations of Jewish self-critical literature go back a long time. After the rise of Christianity, some of the Rabbis

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thought the Septuagint a disaster, but the early Christians who cited the Prophets to prove the inveterate wickedness of the Jews did not have to use a Greek (or Aramaic) translation. They were Jews themselves, and read Isaiah and Jeremiah in Hebrew. Still, a Jew is tempted to believe that the standards of truth and uprightness, which should apply to all speech, by anyone about anything, should apply above all to the speech of Jews about Jews.

Let us not exaggerate. At this time and in this place, no great danger seems to hang over us. Now the chief damage done by wrong speech about us, especially when it is by us, is only that it misleads us. It also makes necessary periodic demonstrations that what everyone—or everyone who is anyone—says is so, is not so. Without the tiresome error there would be no need of the tiresome correction.

THESE DAYS the error is to complain that the Jews of America are becoming selfishly conservative, above all in how they think and act about Negroes. The most recent complaint is over an alleged Jewish defection from liberalism in the 1966 voting on a civilian review board for the police in New York City.

The total vote for the review board was only about one in three. The white vote was less, one in four or five. The Irish and Italian votes were between one in six and one in eight. Of the Jews, it appears that at least half voted for the board. In tabular form:

All whites	20-25	per	cent
Italians	13-17	"	"
Irish	13-17	"	"
Jews	50+	"	"

These figures don't show Jews behaving like selfish conservatives, they show them behaving with a striking readiness to favor liberal ideology over interest and need. If not for ideology, Jews would have been as opposed as anyone else to the board.

The ostensible issue was police brutality, specifically brutality against Negroes (and Puerto Ricans). The experts kept saying that whether the review board won or lost, actual police brutality would hardly be affected one way or the other, but no one listened. For some it was a battle of liberalism, tolerance, and humanity against reaction, bigotry, and cruelty; for others, of hard-pressed policemen against unfriendly outsiders and innovators; for others still, of law and order against crime, riot, and anarchy. Whatever the civilian review board was supposed to be, for the citizenry it was a Rorschach inkblot.

Knowing something about the Jews of New York—how they earn their livings, where they live, what they hope for and what they are fearful of—we can eliminate any great concern of Jews for cops as cops: conditions of work, pay, prestige, hurt feelings, and the like. The Irish have a concern. There can be few Irish families in New York without at least a cousin on the force, and the image of the police is Irish. Few Jews have cousins who are cops, and the question of image does not arise.

Neither does the question of cruelty arise in any direct or personal way. Nearly all Jews in New York are the sort of people the police don't trouble, whom they deal with correctly when the need to deal with them arises at all. Most Jews are in the middle class, whether the lower or upper middle class. By now they are part of the old stock of New York City. Even of those Jews who do not speak English well, most are elderly, and no policeman need feel threatened or annoyed by them. The serious complaint that Jews are likely to have about the police is that there aren't enough of them to do the job of keeping the peace.

Most New Yorkers think there is more violence to be feared now, more crime and disorder, than ever before in their lifetime. Whether or not this is objectively true, what is socially perceived to be a fact becomes a social fact. Routinely, New Yorkers pick up the newspaper and read that a druggist or a jeweler or a cabdriver has been shot in a holdup, or a tenant stabbed in an apartment-house elevator. For Jews, especially, this is threatening, because while few Jewish cousins are policemen, many are druggists, jewelers, cabdrivers, and apartment-house tenants. A Jew who reads such news can't help thinking, They're killing people like me, they're killing people like us. The brutality that makes a personal impression on Jews is not the brutality of policemen but the brutality of criminals.

If the opponents of the civilian review board included numbers of unsavory people uttering unsavory slogans, the advocates of the board included unprepossessing people who said things not calculated to reassure friends of law and order—things like the scrawls you can still see on the façades of buildings: "No police state"; "Stop scum cops." (Or "slum cops"? The capital letters can be read either way.)

We would expect Jews to dislike the thought of downgrading the police, and therefore of downgrading law and order. We find instead that the Jews—addicts of law and order, not themselves victims of police brutality, with no first-hand knowledge of police brutality, whose families or friends have not personally complained of police brutality—gave at least half of their vote to the review board. Voting for the review board was the liberal thing to do. For elderly Jews the ideology is weaker and the fear and the need stronger; and in fact, most of the elderly voted against the board.

Almost to a man, the Italians voted against. But not only in 1966 and not only in New York have the Italians shown themselves antagonistic to the demands of Negroes, or what they take to be the

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demands of Negroes. They have been doing it for years, all over the country.

The New York City police headquarters is in an Italian neighborhood. Last year there was a demonstration, with picket lines, against police brutality and for a civilian review board. People in the neighborhood counter-demonstrated, not altogether peaceably. Immigrants, their children, or at most their grandchildren shouted to Negroes, so long in America, "Why don't you go back where you came from?" A few years earlier, when CORE was demonstrating for more Negro jobs with a chain of lunchrooms, Italian boys were on hand flying the Confederate flag. At the time of the Civil War their great-grandparents' hero had been Garibaldi, not Lee or Jackson.

For Jews this is saddening, because most Jews like Italians. If there has not been actual friendship between the Jews and Italians, there has been peaceful coexistence, all the more to be prized because we can't always say as much about our relations with the Irish or Poles. For many of us it is still hard to forget that a Jewish boy walking home from his public school past an Irish or a Polish Catholic parochial school used to be in danger of a beating. We were not so afraid of Italians, if only because there were no Italian parochial schools. From the Italian side, too, as well as from the Jewish, there seems to have been a feeling of closeness. A social scientist of Italian parentage once told me that when he was a boy in New York, he always thought of Jews and Italians as belonging together, as differing together from the real Americans, the Irish. The Irish were the real Americans because they had the important American and Americanizing jobs: they were the teachers, the principals, the police, the politicians. (For the Italians, they were also the bishops.) And the Irish were the real Americans, too, because they were the only ones we actually knew who came from families in which English was the language that had always been spoken at home.

Probably what Jews feel about the Italians derives from more than American circumstances alone. A few years ago there was a collision between Italian and Scandinavian steamships. I thought first, of course, of the loss of life. My second thought, spontaneous, pre-rational, and pre-logical, was to hope that the fault was not the Italians'. As between the Nordics and the Mediterraneans, I was pro-Mediterranean. When I realized what I was thinking, I was amused and a little embarrassed. Then I remembered that Freud had said something like that about himself. When he was in school in Vienna and studying ancient history, for his teachers and classmates the Romans were the good guys in the Carthaginian wars, while for him the Semitic Carthaginians and their general Hannibal were the good guys. On the other hand, in the wars between Rome and the early Germans, as at the Teutoburger Wald where Arminius-Hermann defeated Varus, Freud's Gentile teachers and classmates were for the Germans and against the Romans, while he was for the civilized Mediterraneans against the barbarian Teutons of the dark Northern forests.

So I am pro-Italian, and sorry about the Italians' unsympathetic attitude toward Negroes and their just demands. But because I am pro-Italian, I can't assume that the Italians are only being wicked. I have to seek a reason that in some measure will mitigate their fault. In seeking that reason, perhaps I will discover something that will help me when I come to think of public policy generally.

We say that every man has a right to live where he wishes (and where he can afford to pay the rent). If you said that to Italians they could hardly disagree, because as an abstract proposition it is hard to deny. What we don't see is that for Italians, where a man and his wife live is not an individualistic matter. It is a matter of neighborhood, of community—above all, of the extended family.

Few Jewish couples live within walking distance of parents, and almost none within walking distance of grandparents. Many Italians, having grown up near grandparents, uncles, aunts, and cousins, stay in the same neighborhood when they get married, and bring up their own children there. The neighborhood is their village, their family demesne. They don't object to the other fellow having a desirable place to live in, they just don't want him, by moving in, to make their neighborhood less of a home for them. Italians are not guiltless of racism, but racism is not their only reason for objecting to Negroes moving in. Italian family people and non-Italian white single people have been getting on each other's nerves for years in Greenwich Village. No question of racism there.

That is to say, residential integration or residential racial balance, as an ideal deriving more or less directly from the idea of liberal individualism, means little to Italians. When they object to what they consider to be an attack upon the family coziness of their neighborhoods, from their own point of view they are not being selfish or heartless, they are only trying to protect themselves. The call for a civilian review board they interpreted as the last in a whole series of programs and decisions and policies that they think has done too little for them and too much for the newcomers, Negro or Puerto Rican.

Italians have no great love for Puerto Ricans, but not for the obvious reasons. Like Italians, most Puerto Ricans are Catholic—not very Catholic, to be sure, but then, neither are Italians, especially the older, immigrant men; both Puerto Ricans and Italians have a kind of anticlerical, folk Catholicism. The Caribbean Puerto Ricans are in their way quite Mediterranean. They even speak a language which, though an Italian can't

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understand it when it is spoken, he could nevertheless understand reasonably well if he had to read it. Yet in East Harlem Italians have long been resisting Puerto Rican intrusions.

Concessions never made to Italians are being made to Puerto Ricans. The school system and the police are making special efforts to be nice to Puerto Ricans: Spanish is a kind of second language in some public schools, and policemen are urged to learn Spanish so that they can understand Puerto Ricans and make themselves understood to them. If not jealous, an Italian can be resentful. He resents the rules of the game being changed now, after he has had to live with their rigors. When the children of Italian immigrants were going to school in New York, it was sink or swim. If they didn't learn English on their own, they failed in school. Nobody then told teachers to learn Italian so that they could guide children from Italian-speaking homes into the mainstream of American education; or Irish policemen, so that they could understand Italians and make themselves understood to them.

With jobs, too, the rules of the game have been changed. When the Italians came to this country, the job market and the trades were ethnic. The good jobs belonged to others—in New York to the Irish and Germans—and the Italians did the unskilled labor. Slowly, in the course of years, some industries and trades became theirs, and finally an Italian could bequeath to his son preferential access to a job paying good wages. (Most Italians are not yet able to bequeath to their children the most useful thing of all, the diploma of a good college.)

Now ethnic monopolies and favoritisms have become illegal. Now an Italian father may not put his son at the head of the line for entry into a trade, though the father has been in it for many years and though it is Italian. Now able to benefit from them, Italians find that the old rules have been abolished—to the unfair advantage, as they see it, of Negroes and other newcomers unwilling to pay the price of similar waiting. And it is not only the newcomers who offend. There seems to be a conspiracy between the Negroes at the bottom of the ladder and the educated and liberal at the top of the ladder to take away what Italians have worked so hard to earn.

The Italians are wrong. The rules of the game have had to be changed because the game itself and its conditions have changed. The economy is not what it used to be. The new job market, the new importance of education, the specific disabilities of Negroes and Puerto Ricans, changes in the general conception of justice and what justice requires—these make the new legislation and new outlook necessary and just. But the necessity and justice do not remove the Italians' sense of grievance, unfairness, being encroached upon. They can demonstrate against civil-rights demonstrations and vote against civilian review boards all the more easily because, unlike Jews, the Italians have no strong tradition of liberal ideology.

NOT ONLY for Italians does the very principle of order seem to be endangered. Any society that is not a tyranny rests on order and liberty, but when it thinks there is a clash between the two it will sacrifice liberty to order: not McKinley or Harding suspended *habeas corpus*, Lincoln did. In the United States today many believe the sacrifice is overdue.

Jews are not becoming illiberal. In Arkansas they voted for Winthrop Rockefeller, not for Jim Johnson. In California they voted for Brown, not for Reagan. In Georgia they voted for Arnall, not for Maddox or Callaway. In Maryland they voted for Agnew, not for Mahoney. In New York many voted for the other Rockefeller, but who will maintain that the clearly liberal thing was to vote for O'Connor? The Jews of New York contributed not at all to the Conservative party's capture of the third line on the ballot from the Liberals. If even these persistently liberal people gave only half of their votes to the civilian review board, or a little more, we must ask whether the board—or better, whether the agitation for the board—was a Good Thing or a Bad Thing.

Fascism is not around the corner. Neither is simple reaction. We should compare the election of 1966 not with the altogether exceptional one of 1964 but with 1960 and 1962. The 1966 election was one more expression of a desire to remain within the American consensus—for which we should be grateful. Movement was a little rightward, but well within the consensus. In California Reagan was careful not to sound like an extremist in his campaign oratory.

Still, the contest over the civilian review board in New York can teach us two things. (That we still need to be taught shows we have been unwilling to learn what we should have known all along.) The first is that to call something liberal and to have it advocated by indisputably liberal people does not mean that the electorate will want it—even elements of the electorate who normally can be counted upon for loyal service in the liberal army. The second is that we must respect people's anxieties about symbols of order and try to allay people's fears that order is being overthrown.

Take the cash and let the credit go: let us leave the symbols of order undisturbed and unthreatened, concerning ourselves with the substance of liberty and justice. The fight about the civilian review board was a fight about symbols. We did not understand sufficiently that for many the board was a symbol of disorder.

Television, with all its immediacy, shows us police brutality in Selma. In the North it shows us something unintended by the people who shout police brutality.

Some little time ago, in New York, there was a

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demonstration against the building unions for refusing to admit Negroes to their membership, and for a while picketing stopped the construction of a public project. On television we saw and heard not brutality by the police but psychological brutality *against* the police, accompanied by cries that the police were being brutal. The mode of demonstrating was illegal, blocking traffic, and it could not be permitted to continue for long. Repeatedly the picketers were asked to get off the streets and not to compel the police to arrest them. The picketers refused. That was their moral if not their legal right, since they were prepared to pay the price of imprisonment or a fine for their defiance. But then they also refused to walk into the police wagon. Husky men went limp and made the police carry them.

How great an act of provocation that was, I realized when I found myself admiring the police for their ability to resist the temptation that anyone in their place would have felt—to hit out at those people who were making things so needlessly hard for them. The police resisted the temptation because they had discipline, and no doubt their knowledge that the television cameras were trained on them helped, too. Yet, when the police started carrying those husky men to the wagons, the other picketers raised a cry of police brutality. They were making it harder to believe any future accusations of police brutality. One might almost say they were preparing the way for an election in 1966 when the average white voter of New York would find it easy to dismiss the accusations as so much malevolent nonsense.

More recently television showed us the picketing of Girard College. Cecil Moore of the Philadelphia NAACP, haranguing his followers, recalled newsreels of sinister harangues in Rome and Nuremberg thirty years ago, though Moore is neither Mussolini nor Hitler, and couldn't be even if he wished to be. With such scenes on television, you don't have to be a racist to be upset. You only have to be committed to the Negro with somewhat less than all your emotions and energy; which is to say, you only have to be practically any white man or woman.

Since what was at work here was not exclusively a matter of race—though it was in great measure a matter of race—the antics of the New Left from Berkeley, California, to Cambridge, Massachusetts, did not help very much, either. It was not so much the decision of most of the New Leftists in California to vote neither for Brown nor for Reagan. It was not even the decision of some to vote for Reagan, though I could find that disquieting if I were so minded. That sort of thing is even more extreme than what was common on the Left just before Hitler came into power, in the so-called Third Period in Communist history. Then the Communists' name for a Social Democrat was Social Fascist, and their attitude toward the imminent victory of Hitler was "after Hitler, our turn"—with the death of liberalism, the revolution will triumph; so let's hasten the death. The lapidary expression of this logic goes: worse is better. (It seems to have been more or less contemporary with a similar phrasing of Bauhaus aesthetic doctrine: less is more.) The New Left in California helped to turn people to Reagan by threatening their sense of order and by making them feel they were besieged on both sides, from below by the Negro poor, as in Watts, and from above by the highly educated.

On the other side of the continent, the day before the election some Harvard students almost manhandled the Secretary of Defense. As far as most people are concerned, you have a right to disagree with the Secretary of Defense, but he has a right to a certain amount of respect. If you treat him with contempt, you probably have contempt for the country in which he holds his high office. The McNamara affair must have confirmed people in their suspicious fear of Harvard students, or of Harvard generally, or of everything that Harvard symbolizes. Many New Yorkers must have felt that in voting against a civilian review board they would be voting against rioters in Harvard as well as in Harlem. Those students in Cambridge did a fine job of propaganda for the Right in New York. The sugar daddies of the Right would have paid well for it, and they got it for nothing.

A PAINFUL irony in all this is that the Negroes themselves, and the Puerto Ricans, and the poor generally did not want the anti-police symbolism. At least as much as the middle class, the poor want police protection. In polls among the poor before the election, their anxiety about police brutality ranked well below their anxiety about crime and drug addiction and too few police on the streets. In the middle class only the sociologists know, but among the poor everyone knows that crime hurts the poor more than anyone else.

Who, then, is opposed to the police—not brutal police, but the police as such? Those mural inscriptions yield a clue. "Stop scum [or slum] cops" could be anyone's, but "No police state" is educated, ideological. It means "No police." At a guess, it is the sort of thing that would be written by a young radical from an educated, upper-middle-class family—the inner circle of conscientious and enlightened liberalism. The educated and prosperous are generally more optimistic about human nature than the uneducated and poor. Optimistic about human nature, some—especially their avant-garde—can think the police unnecessary. Besides looking down on the police function, they tend to look down on policemen. Authoritarian personalities, they say; lower-middle-class rigidity. The snobbish bias is evident. They don't use such categories against lawyers (orality) or surgeons (sublimated sadism)—though a century or two ago, before the surgeon had reached his present eminence, they wouldn't

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have let him forget that etymologically he was only a manual worker.

The poor are more pessimistic and—who knows?—more realistic. Subjected to unpleasantness and danger, they do not look down on the police function; low in social status, they do not look down upon the policeman.

In deciding how to vote, many Negroes and Puerto Ricans suffered uncomfortable cross-pressures. On the one hand, they didn't want their votes to be interpreted as an anti-police gesture. On the other, the issue had become racial: not all the opponents of the board were racists, but all the racists were opponents of the board. In the event, most Negroes and Puerto Ricans voted for the civilian review board, with varying degrees of enthusiasm. (If I had lived in New York, I would have voted for the board, for that reason.) But the choice was unnecessary in the first place. It was the strategists, the leaders, who made the mistake of choosing this fight on this terrain, with humiliating defeat for the liberals, for liberalism, and for any chance to accomplish something substantive. Naturally, the leaders blame everyone else. Some even blame the Jews—their most dependable troops. After the East German Communist party suppressed the workers' uprising in 1953, Brecht said that the masses had lost the confidence of the government. The mass of Jews seem to have lost the confidence of a part of the liberal leadership.

THERE ARE two kinds of politics: substantive or instrumental, and symbolic or expressive. The first has to do with getting something done, the equivalent of cash in the bank; the second with the gratification of emotions. Since liberty and order can conflict with each other, in a given case to decide for liberty may mean to decide for a diminution of order. It will be hard to win the voters' approval for such a decision, and impossible if you also make them needlessly anxious. Why go out of your way to frighten people who are already frightened enough by what seems to them, sometimes with cause, the erosion of order?

Once there was a football coach in a college that denied him the normal latitude and resources, but whose alumni demanded occasional victories. Asked how he managed, he answered that his policy was to keep the alumni surly but not mutinous. The insolence of office weighs heavily on the poor. They have a tale to tell about the police, but also about welfare departments, clinics, housing authorities, schools. If liberals had proposed measures to protect citizens against bureaucrats, everyone would have cheered. Instead, they singled out the police; and the white voters mutinied.

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JOHN PEALE BISHOP & THE OTHER THIRTIES*

Leslie A. Fiedler

THE REVIVAL of the literature of the 30's through which we have recently been living—the republication of novels long out of print, the redemption of reputations long lapsed, the compilation of anthologies long overdue—has been oddly one-sided, a revival of one half only of the literary record of that dark decade: the urban, Marxist, predominantly Jewish half, whose leading journal was the *New Masses* and whose monster-in-chief was Joseph Stalin. And this skewed emphasis, though somewhat misleading, is comprehensible enough; for we live at a moment when a large reading public, educated by a second generation of urban Jewish writers (ex-Marxists, this time around), begins by identifying with certain contemporary literary heroes, like Moses Herzog, whose minds were made by this 30's tradition, and ends by wanting to read the books they read: the fiction of Nathanael West and Daniel Fuchs and Henry Roth, even Mike Gold's *Jews Without Money.*

Some writers, however, who move us just now at least as strongly as Saul Bellow, writers ranging all the way from neo-Gothic journalists like Truman Capote to latter-day prophets like Marshall McLuhan, were nurtured on another, rival tradition which also flourished in the 30's: a provincial, Agrarian, primarily WASP tradition, whose chief journal was the *Southern Review* and whose monster-in-chief was Huey Long. We are less likely to know the basic manifesto of that tradition, a compilation of paeans to the old South called *I'll Take My Stand* by "Twelve Southerners," than such Marxist equivalents as Malcom Cowley's *Exile's Return* or Edmund Wilson's *American Jitters.*

Yet the former is no more dated, no more alien in its aspirations than the two latter, which, indeed, have been drastically rewritten in later editions, as their authors have changed with the times. All three books are exemplary, useful both for illuminating their own age and tempering our enthusiasm for the unguarded goals and hopes of our own. Just as we find it therapeutic to recall that Cowley and Wilson once looked to the Soviet Union for salvation, we may find it equally so to remember that Robert Penn Warren could once write of the Southern Negro that he "is likely to find in agricultural and domestic pursuits the happiness that his good nature and easy ways incline him to as an ordinary function of his being."

And it is well, too, to come to terms with the hopes for literature which the Southern Conservatives, like the Eastern Radicals, attached to their social and political programs—in order to savor the full irony of the fact that both movements did, indeed, produce literary revivals; though in each case, the most moving books arose out of tension and delusion rather than allegiance and simple faith. The great writer of the South was already on the scene when the 30's began, but he remained as invisible to the doctrinaire advocates of Southern Agrarianism as Nathanael West or Henry Roth were to be to the doctrinaire Marxist critics. Not until 1939 did George Marion O'Donnell give full recognition to Faulkner in the *Kenyon Review*, successor to the *Southern Review.* In 1939, when *I'll Take My Stand* appeared, Donald Davidson, who was entrusted with commenting on the arts, did not even mention him —concentrating instead on Ellen Glasgow and James Branch Cabell, the latter his leading contender for the laureateship of the South. Yet some of Faulkner's very best work had already been published; though, indeed, so embattled and bleak a novel as *The Sound and the Fury* provides little of that "repose" and "continuity" which Davidson hoped for from the Old Dominion; part of his problem being, of course, that it was Virginia and not Mississippi which he had in mind when he spoke generally about the South. Madness, stylistic improvisation, and a radical dislocation of the tradition are what Faulkner was then prepared to offer; and that, Davidson thought, was already being supplied in sufficient quantities by certain despised writers from New York and Chicago.

From our present vantage-point, it is easy to see that Glasgow and Cabell, addressing the past as they did in hushed and genteel voices (for all Cabell's vaunted pornography), could evoke from it no promise of a renaissance of letters; and that Faulkner alone was capable of providing models for the literature to come which was to celebrate the terrible and elegant death of the South. Not, let us recall, the Faulkner of post-Nobel Prize banalities about dignity and endurance, but the shrill and despairing Faulkner, who mocked the world of the mid-30's with *Sanctuary,* and was able still to write as late as 1944 (in the course of asserting that his real subject matter had never been the South at all): ". . . life is a phenomenon but not a novelty, the same frantic steeplechase toward nothing everywhere, and man stinks the same stink no matter where in time."

BEFORE ANY OTHER Southern writer of distinction, John Peale Bishop seems to have sensed the value and significance of what this Faulkner was doing—not merely going on record in praise of his double vision, his capacity to appreciate simultaneously the myth of the Sartorises and the fact of the Snopeses; but imitating his techniques as well in, for instance, a story called "Toadstools Are Poison," which he published in 1932 in emulation of Faulkner's "That Evening Sun." We are more likely to be aware of such later heirs of the dark Faulkner as Robert Penn Warren and Eudora Welty, Carson McCullers and Truman Capote, even so belated a continuer of the

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line as Flannery O'Connor. Yet Bishop was there first in picking up the cues for a fiction Gothic, as the fiction of the South has always been since the days of Edgar Poe, but fully aware at last of what before had only been hinted: that the blackness of darkness which haunts it is not merely embodied in the Negro, but quite simply *is* the Negro—that nightmare creature born of the contempt for manual labor and the fear of the sexuality of their own women which had so paradoxically made the white masters of the South heroes but not quite men.

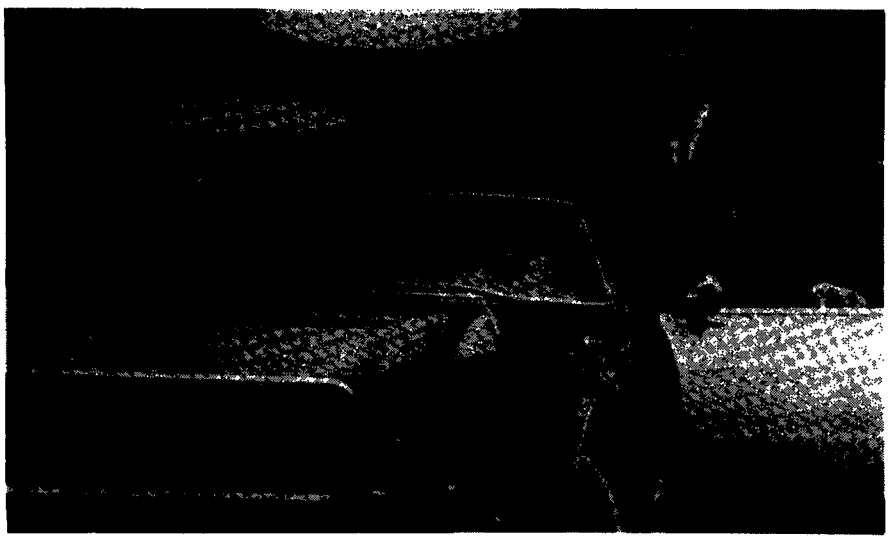
Such a fiction is by definition even further from the possibility of "repose" than that of the industrial North and East; for if the latter is torn between the terrible fact of the present and the dream of a barely possible pure future, the latter is pulled apart between an equally dismal actuality and the dream of a manifestly unreal pure past. Nonetheless, the manifestos of the Agrarians tell the kind of lie which illuminates the truth of the fiction of Faulkner and Warren and Bishop, even as the Marxist manifestos tell the kind of lie which illuminates the truth of the novels of Nathanael West and Henry Roth. If we would recapture the past of three decades ago, we need to relive both the elation of the beautiful lies which nurtured it, and the discomfiture of the grim truths spoken from the heart of those lies. It would, therefore, be a special shame if Bishop's single completed novel, *Act of Darkness*, remained unavailable a moment longer, since in it one committed by birth and temperament to the myth of the South both rehearses it and—passionately as well as tenderly—gives it the lie.

We must, then, if we are to understand Bishop and his age, learn to think of him as perhaps the most important Southern novelist of the 30's* despite the slimness of his production. Yet if we bring him to mind at all these days, we are likely to associate him with a different genre, a different decade, even a different region. Certainly we tend to remember him first as a poet, second as a critic—and only last, if at all, as a writer of fiction. And though this emphasis is, on the one hand, a function of the way in which his influential friends (Scott Fitzgerald, Edmund Wilson, Allen Tate, among others) have chosen to mythicize and preserve him; on the other, it is a result of how his writing career actually developed.

True enough, Bishop may have first captured the imagination of a large audience as the semi-fictional highbrow poet, Tom D'Invilliers, who moves through the pages of Fitzgerald's *This Side of Paradise*; but his verse had already appeared in print under his own name even before the publication of that novel in 1920—in fact, three years before the start of World War I, which is to say, a year before the initiation of Harriet Monroe's *Poetry* and the official beginnings of modernism in American verse. And he continued to write poems until his death in 1944, publishing four volumes in his lifetime and leaving enough uncollected poetry to justify Tate's putting together a *Collected Poems* in 1948, as well as a special selection for English readers in 1960.

In his preface to the latter volume, Tate celebrated Bishop's achievement as a poet, paid a passing compliment to his fiction, then went on to give the highest praise to his criticism—recording a belief that his dead friend had been "one of the best literary critics of the 20's and 30's." And in this opinion, Edmund Wilson (perhaps even better qualified to judge) had seemed to concur, when he had earlier gathered Bishop's scattered criticism into book form for the first time. But Bishop's critical writing, collected in a single volume, disconcertingly adds up to less than one would have expected from the impressions created by individual pieces; just as his verse, however elegant and accomplished, now seems too much a fading echo of styles already obsolescent before he had perfected his skills.

*Carson McCullers is his chief rival; but though her first and best book, *The Heart Is A Lonely Hunter*, which appeared in 1936, is a true 30's book, adapting the terror of the Depression to a world of freaks reflected in a child's eye, her reputation belongs to the 40's through which she lived, and to which she provided a bridge.



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No, IT IS only in Bishop's fiction that I, at any rate, hear an authentic and original voice, only in his one successful novel and a handful of short stories that I come on rhythms and phrases, images and myths that live on in my head. But he does not seem at first glance a 30's writer even in this area of his greatest achievement; for he began to write fiction, too, long before the collapse of post-World War I prosperity had made the 30's possible—publishing his very first stories when the 20's had barely started: one of them, characteristically elegant and unconnected with things to come, in *The Undertaker's Garland*, a volume on which he had collaborated with Edmund Wilson.

Wilson and Fitzgerald, Fitzgerald and Wilson; how inextricably Bishop's life as a writer is involved with theirs, and how inevitably we are tempted to see him through what we know more securely about them. But the clues they seem to offer are likely to lead us astray, suggesting that Bishop's spiritual home was Princeton (where he had met his two friends); that not *The Sound and the Fury* but *The Great Gatsby* provided him with a model for his fiction; and, finally, that he is a 20's writer in his deepest heart. Wilson, to be sure, who began as a true child of that earlier decade, was reborn as a leading spokesman for the radical 30's and survived to become a kind of elder statesman to the generation of the 40's and 50's; but Fitzgerald we think of as having belonged so utterly to the era which learned in large part its very life-style from him that he could not survive its disappearance. And Bishop seems, after all, much more like the latter than the former.

Why not, then, regard him simply as a 20's writer, who, living too long without accommodating to a new era, found himself quite out of fashion? Certain of his allegiances, surely, like a great deal of his rhetoric, he shared with those older writers, who—having barely found their voices before World War I—were bereft by that war of subjects appropriate to those voices; and insisted forever after on regarding its horrors as a personal affront rather than a universal catastrophe. Like many of his contemporaries, too, Bishop subscribed with equal fervor to the cult of self-pity and the religion of art, which seemed for a while—until the coming of more fashionable political faiths—to fill quite satisfactorily the vacuum left by the vanishing of older pieties. And like most of them, he espoused a righteous contempt for the vulgarities of American culture and a yearning for Old World charm which, combined with a favorable exchange rate, led to expatriation in the Holy City of Paris.

It was the war which took him to France for the first time; and returning briefly to America, he did not cease to remember it, writing at the close of an essay on his alma mater, which he published in 1921: "If I had a son who was an ordinarily healthy, not too intelligent youth I should certainly send him to Princeton. But if ever I find myself the father of an extraordinary youth I shall not send him to college at all. I shall lock him up in a library until he is old enough to go to Paris." Shortly thereafter, he made his first postwar removal to Europe, then a second much longer one, which lasted until 1933, and during which three sons were born to him on the continent to which he dreamed of sending them if they proved themselves "extraordinary" enough.

And what does all this shuttling between Princeton and New York and Paris have to do with the 30's, which turned from New York and Princeton, as well as Detroit or Sauk City or Newark, New Jersey toward the Holy City of Moscow (to which only a few were foolish enough to venture in fact)—or alternatively, to the Holy Anti-City of Jefferson's Monticello (to which none, however foolish, could manage to return)? Little enough in fact; indeed, so little that we are not surprised when Bishop, in quest of a setting for his one finished novel, moves backward in time, out of the mid-30's which saw the publication of the book to the pre-World War I years of his own childhood. And in that relatively remote era, he rehearses—or rather lets his boy hero with whom he

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shares the almost anonymous name of John rehearse—a familiar tale, not less indebted to certain prevailing modes of the 20's for being so palpably autobiographical. The commonplace which reminds us that life often imitates art does not make sufficiently clear that it is inevitably yesterday's art, outmoded art, i.e., a cliché, which today's life is likely to repeat.

In *Act of Darkness,* at any rate, we find Bishop, though apparently convinced he is recreating his own early experience, recreating instead fictional patterns already well established by his predecessors and contemporaries at home and abroad. On the one hand, we encounter such standard American plots as the belated flight from mama; or the boy vicariously inducted into maturity by witnessing the fall to woman of an older man on whom he has a homosexual crush. On the other, we are confronted by such fashionable European imports as the direct initiation into manhood at the hands of a whore (fumbled the first time, achieved the second); and especially the fable of conversion popularized by Joyce's *Portrait of the Arist as a Young Man,* in which a baffled youngster—realizing after many wrong turnings that only Art gives meaning to Life—goes forth to write his first novel.

All this familiar stuff is transformed in *Act of Darkness,* however, not only by the subtlety of language and delicacy of cadence which Bishop somehow redeemed from mere elegance by transferring it from verse to prose; but also by the typical 30's tone and voice in which he renders it. It is not finally a social message which gives to the fiction of the Depression years its special character, though the critics of that age once liked to think so. Horace Gregory, who was willing to hail Bishop's book when it first appeared as "one of the few memorable novels of the decade . . . ," hastened to add, almost apologetically, that it had "no pretensions of being a 'social document.' " No matter, since the hallmark of the 30's is rather a certain panic shrillness, a sense of apocalypse, yearning to become religious but held by the mode to secular metaphors.

This we find everywhere in the period: in those atypical novels produced then by writers out of another decade—in Faulkner's *Sanctuary,* for instance, or Hemingway's *To Have and Have Not,* or James Gould Cozzens's *Castaway;* as well as in the most characteristic work of writers who belong entirely to that dark decade—in Nathanael West's *Miss Lonelyhearts,* say, or Henry Roth's *Call It Sleep.* They are *mad* books, all of them, even more disturbingly than they are crypto-religious ones: sometimes actual projections of madness, sometimes accounts of long flirtations with insanity, ending in not quite credible escapes back into reason and peace—as if the political debates which occupied the age were finally mere analogues, leftover 19th-century metaphors called on to express a crisis of consciousness for which the times had not yet found a new language.

And of all the books of the period, *Act of Darkness* (along with *Call It Sleep*) comes closest to revealing that not-quite secret. How different its panic mood is from the more theatrical despair typical of the 20's (think of Fitzgerald's *All the Sad Young Men*), which, after all, was never incompatible with euphoria. A comparison of the two types of book reveals how—though the Great War may have been felt chiefly as a personal affront—the Great Depression seemed Armageddon itself, a kind of end of the world. It is odd and maybe even a little degrading to realize how we Americans (not only our writers, finally, but all of us) were driven to ultimate despair not by contemplating the destruction of fabled cities abroad or even the prospect of our own deaths in foreign lands, but by a confrontation at home with the Crash, the end of prosperity and fun and games. The colloquial phrase says it exactly: the Depression struck *home* to us as the war had not; and the image of the desolated American city seemed an image also of our own devastated souls, whereas that of the ravaged European capital had signified only the death of that culture with which we had never been quite at ease.

Most Depression novels, therefore, played out their fables against the background of the ruined American city, making the native urban landscape for the first time the chief symbolic setting for our kind of Gothic. Not so in Bishop's case, however, despite his commitment after his college years to the Princeton-New York-Paris circuit, despite his father's Northern city origins, despite his own final retreat to New England to die. Faulkner himself may have been driven in the Depression years from Jefferson to Memphis, out of whose back-alleys Popeye emerges to stalk the pages of *Sanctuary,* that other inverted parable of rape and the Southern Lady. But Bishop turns back, in the midst of the general panic that was possessing the land, to where his own personal panic had begun, to precisely the sort of small Southern community in a farm setting which the Agrarians celebrated; but which for him (despite the kind things he had to say of the South in his more abstract commentary) is the place of horror from which, at the end of his book, he is escaping, even as he escapes the "soft torture" of his mother's love and the temptation to madness.

His poems, on the other hand, do have a kind of urban setting; since in them he imagined himself and his friends (Edmund Wilson, for example, turned not so improbably into an antique senator) moving through an imaginary city clearly intended to remind us of Rome. But his is *not* the Rome—however much Allen Tate would like us to believe it—created in the fantasy of Southern neo-Classicists like George Washington Custis, delivering his annual Fourth of July oration dressed in a toga, or Thomas Jefferson dreaming the University of Virginia. Bishop's is rather a doomed and decadent city—much like the "unreal City" of T. S. Eliot's *The Waste Land,* or even more like Cavafy's Alexandria: an imperial capitol whose great Caesars are all dead, and which is assailed from without by barbarians and Christians, from within, by doubt; a city whose inhabitants are waiting—as so many so variously but so nearly unanimously waited in the 30's—for the End:

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We did not know the end was coming: nor why
It came; only that long before the end
Were many wanted to die. . . .

So, too, his first and unfinished novel, *The Huntsmen are Up in America,* is set in legendary dying cities—this time called Venice and New York. But that novel stutters away before its intended close in the most legendary part of New York (doubly strange and wonderful for the Southerner), which is to say, in Harlem, where Bishop tries to bring to the surface the underground theme that obsessed him: the idyll which turns nightmare of a sacred union of white and Negro, the pale virgin and the black stud. The idyllic names for the partners in that union are Venetian, of course, Desdemona and Othello; but to do justice to its nightmare aspects, Bishop had to take it back to where, in his troubled mind, it really belongs: back to his own birthplace of Charles Town, West Virginia, called in his fiction "Mordington"; though its actual name is distributed between the two leading characters of his completed novel, to the Charlie and Virginia, who were for him the prototypes of Othello and Desdemona.

"MORDINGTON" is, at any rate, the background not only for *Act of Darkness,* which he published in 1935, but also for the collection of stories called *Many Thousands Gone,* which had appeared four years earlier. It was apparently Bishop's aim in the five stories which make up the book, as well as in the novel, to create a mythical equivalent of the small town he knew best: his own Yoknapatawpha County, which is to say, a microcosm of the South, true both to its sociological facts and its legendary meanings. Sociologically, Bishop is not nearly so successful as Faulkner; for despite his patent determination to write the sort of "realistic" book his age had convinced itself it admired, his data keep incandescing (at best) into poetry, or dissolving (at worst) into self-conscious symbolism. Yet in the course of his failed attempt at recording history, he does succeed in releasing from himself and from whatever of the past lives on in his memory, their essential myth.

In an extraordinary little story called "If Only," a pair of genteel Southern spinsters known as "the Sabine Sisters," who have survived the Civil War only to confront indigence, find themselves one day possessed of a Negro servant called "Bones." The allegorical import of the names is not less important for being self-evident: the evocation of Rome and rape in the first, of death and the Minstrel Show in the second. Bones, at any rate, almost miraculously restores the decayed household of the sisters to an elegance which they perhaps only dreamed of having had before; but simultaneously begins to appear before them in darkly sinister, though inconclusively sexual manifestations—winking out at them in naked insolence from their bathtub, asleep on one of their beds, "terrible and tall . . . and very black." Dismayed and horrified, the two women find themselves incapable of telling whether their ambiguous servant is a madman, or a figment of their own madness; and they cannot, in any

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event, disengage themselves from their "nigger," since "with him they lived in terror, but in the tradition."

Act of Darkness, which is concerned with the escape from both the terror and the tradition, is less perfectly achieved; but by the same token, it seems richer, less a bare parable. And we are finally more deeply moved and illuminated by it, for all its obtrusive faults: its two halves which fall apart in tone and tempo, its point of view which shifts without clear motivation or redeeming grace, etc. etc. Any teacher of composition could tick off its flaws; yet the tale it tells survives its technical ineptitude: the story of a boy early bereft of his father, almost swallowed up by his mother's love and dogged through his lonely house by a Negro homosexual of his own age, who at last finds a kind of salvation by attaching himself, purely and passionately, to his young Uncle Charlie. Uncle Charlie, however, first seduces a young farm girl whom the boy is prepared to love though not possess; then takes him to a whorehouse in an unsuccessful attempt at inducting him into guilt and manhood; finally rapes a not-so-young Southern lady, a friend of and surrogate for the boy's mother, called by the twice symbolic name of Virginia.

The climax of the book's action and the heart of its meaning is contained in a long courtroom scene, during which Charlie is, at the lady's instigation, tried for having assaulted her; and ends by claiming that not he—dandy and bully and restless seducer—but the woman herself — intellectual and freethinker and virgin—had been the effective rapist: that "he shamelessly allowed her to complete his animal rapture," maintaining the while "only a passive prowess." And young John is undone by the confession, pushed over the brink of a breakdown by what seems to him the ultimate affront to his own dubious masculinity: "What I could not forgive was his denying his domination over what had been done in the darkness of the woods. . . ." But John is not alone in his dismay at this comic-tragic denouement; for the reader finds himself shaken as he is shaken only when some inadequate but long-lived archetypal version of the way things are is inverted and extended, an ulterior, and uncomfortable, significance made clear.

I should suppose that the Southern reader especially would be discomfited; for though rape is the subject *par excellence* of Southern literature in the 19th and 20th centuries—a concern as obsessive as that with seduction in 18th-century England—it is typically the rape of a white woman by a black man, real or fancied, which lies at the center of the plot. Bishop's novel, however, tells no nightmare tale of a black man grossly offending or falsely accused; though there is an attenuated and dislocated echo of the standard fable in the sub-plot of the black fairy with whom the white boy narrator flirts in horrified attraction, and who is finally killed off-scene by being pushed out of a window by somebody else. In the main action, a white man, a gentleman—in fact, just such a gentleman farmer as the Agrarians were then making the focus of their hopes for social reform—is responsible, at least passively, for the act of darkness which the color of his skin seems to belie.

But *why*, the book insists that we ask, why such a total inversion of the archetype? Surely not just because it happens to have happened so in some series of actual events from which Bishop may have made his fiction. So easy an answer the novel itself will not let us accept, evoking as a clue toward its close the pair of ill-fated Shakespearean lovers who had already begun to haunt Bishop, as we have seen. Desdemona and Othello appear again and again during the 30's in all of Bishop's work, whether in verse or prose, the first explicit reference, as we might expect, in the book whose protagonist is called "Brakespeare," *The Huntsmen are Up in America.* Describing the city of Venice, Bishop writes, as if by the way, "it was only there, I am sure, that the ceremony could have been found that would have wed Desdemona to her black Moor." And a gloss on the metaphor is to be found in one of his best poems, a kind of epigraph to

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the body of his work, which he called "Speaking of Poetry":

The ceremony must be found
that will wed Desdemona to the huge Moor.
It is not enough—
to win the approval of the Senator . . .
For then,
though she may pant again in his black arms
(his weight resilient as a Barbary stallion's)
She will be found
when the ambassadors of the Venetian state arrive
again smothered . . .
(Tupping is still tupping
though that particular word is obsolete . . .)

The allegorical meanings are clear enough: elegance must be married to force, art to magic, the mind to the body—*married,* not merely yielded up to the kind of unceremonious possession which turns inevitably into destruction. It is ritual, "ceremony," which makes of passionate attachment a true marriage, as it makes of passionate perception a true poem: which is to say, the marriage of Desdemona and Othello becomes a metaphor for the poetic act. Equally clear is the nature of the appeal of that metaphor to the race-obsessed, sexually queasy Southern mind: the image of black "tupping" white, a miscegenation, which—lacking appropriate ceremonials—is no more than a rape.

FAIR ENOUGH, then, that after Charlie's trial and conviction, his unnerved nephew—who had earlier found satisfaction in simpler boys' books, idyllic like Audubon or sinister like *Oliver Twist*—should have turned to Bishop's favorite play to learn for himself how the poet can confer order and beauty and significance on what otherwise must remain heartbreakingly chaotic and sordid and meaningless. "Had the actual murderer of Desdemona . . ." Bishop reports him as thinking, "been brought into a Venetian court, his trial would have made no more sense than Charlie's had done in the Mordington courthouse."

But there is no "huge Moor" in the Mordington affair, we want to cry out at this point, no black man at all, only Uncle Charlie. To which Bishop responds through his narrator, evoking for the first time relevant Shakespearean criticism as well as the text: *neither was Othello a "huge Moor" really—only a Venetian nobleman, neither blacker nor whiter than the farmer from West Virginia.* "The Venetian gentleman," Bishop's John explains to us, "who wore mulberries on his shield, since his name was Il Moro, had, in the repetition of the story of the murder of his wife, been mistaken for a Moor. In time, passing to the North, he had become a black-skinned barbarian, Othello."

The blackness of Othello is, then, *Act of Darkness* insists, a misconception, a mistake; or more precisely, the rapist of white women is black only as the dream of revenge against their emasculating Ladies is black inside the darkness of the white heads of Southern males. The prosecuting attorney, pressing for Charlie's conviction, underlines this when he so oddly

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repeats in his own language the burden of the scholarship on *Othello:* ". . . once more the cry of rape is heard in the land and . . . this heinous and horrible crime, has been committed, not by a man of the colored race . . . but is imputed to one whose former education, training, and fair tradition should have predisposed him to a career of honor and worthy actions."

There is another turn of the screw beyond this, however, as we already know; a second and even more terrifying inversion implicit in Charlie's plea that it was he who had been raped, that the true Othello is Desdemona: the pale virgin dreaming her own dark violation, and projecting that dream outward upon the white male who resents her—at the cost of his manhood and honor, and at the risk of his life. But the end of the illusion which concealed this truth from a defeated nation, which survived only by imagining itself the last home of chivalry, means the beginning of the end of that nation's myth and its very existence. Intuiting this, *Act of Darkness* becomes a work of prophecy, a parable of that death of the South which all of us are living through in agony right now.

Its protagonist, at any rate, having been deprived of that illusion by his uncle and Shakespeare, is preparing at the book's end to leave not only the small lies of his mother, but the larger lies of the sweet land which seemed for a while to sustain them, to go North. First, however, he has to return to the whorehouse to which his uncle had earlier taken him in vain, where, this time, he musters up enough "passive power" to accomplish his own deflowering. "It was when her hands were on me," he tells us, "that I knew what was again being accomplished was the act in the woods, that all its gestures must be repeated and forever repeated, the rape of the mind by the body."

But at this point, we are no longer sure (and how did we ever deceive ourselves that we were, even in deepest Dixie?) about which is mind, which body, which White, which Black, who Desdemona, who Othello, who the virgin and who the whore. The mythical marriage which Bishop imagined in his verse has, in fact, been accomplished, the archetypal opposites united in a confusion that begins in madness and ends in poetry.

LESLIE FIEDLER *is the well-known critic and novelist. The present essay will appear, in somewhat different form, as an Afterword to John Peale Bishop's* Act of Darkness, *which Avon Books will reissue later this month.*

* * *

AN ONLY KID

Cecil Roth

THE TRADITIONAL Jewish Seder service on Passover eve begins on a note of expectancy and exhilaration. All kinds of exciting things happen to keep childish attention alive. The father recites the *kiddush* and everyone tastes of the wine. The table is lavishly draped and curiously prepared with unwonted dishes. A curious *hors d'oeuvre,* the *karpas,* is dipped in salt water, then distributed. One of the three cakes of unleavened bread is for some reason or other broken in two, and half of it is concealed. The youngest present, long primed for the purpose, asks the famous Four Questions, the answers to which he knew well before. Far-fetched fancies of the Rabbis figure in the ritual. Every now and again the matzoth are uncovered and the cup of wine raised, not always in vain. Then comes the meal itself, with its exciting preliminaries.

And now, afterward, once the door has been opened for Elijah the Prophet, harbinger of the Messiah, the atmosphere changes. It becomes a service of prayer rather than of symbolism: indeed, much of it is familiar, and will be heard again in the synagogue next morning. Childish attention begins to wander, and childish eyes sometimes need propping open.

At this stage, the rabbinic genius asserted itself in a characteristic manner. In Germany, in the Middle Ages (not, for some reason, among the Spanish and Southern Jews), the practice grew up of appending to the stipulated service a succession of table-ballads, half folk songs and half hymns, sung to swinging tunes, closely allied to the secular ditties current in the environment, and calculated to demand general participation and keep slumber away: for example, the famous *Addir Hu* ("Great is He") or the madrigal of numbers, "Who knows one," strikingly similar to the English ballad, "Green Grow the Rushes, O," with a host of parallels in other languages. These have at least something of a religious flavor. But at the end there comes a remarkable song, *Had Gadya,* which except for its final stanza is completely secular.

The tenor of the ballad is simple. "Had Gadya" is the Only Kid, which the father bought for two *zuzzim* (the *zuz* was in antiquity a small silver coin, constituting the fourth of a shekel: though whether the writer of the ballad had any idea of its value as currency or its purchasing power is highly dubious). The Kid is eaten by the Cat, and the Cat is bitten by the Dog, and the Dog is beaten by the Stick, and the Stick is burned in the Fire, and the Fire is quenched by Water, and the Water is drunk by the Ox, and the Ox is slaughtered by the Slaughterer, and the Slaughterer is killed by the Angel of Death, and the Angel of Death is wiped out by God. And in every verse the whole of the preceding chain of events is repetitively retold, so that the original three lines become expanded into twelve, each stanza ending up with the refrain, "An Only Kid: *Had Gadya, Had Gadya.*"

Where have we heard this before? Oh yes, in "The House that Jack Built," with part of the same menagerie: the dog, the cat, the bovine:

This is the farmer sowing his corn
That kept the cock that crowed in the morn
That waked the priest all shaven and shorn
That married the man all tattered and torn
That kissed the maiden all forlorn
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn
That tossed the dog
That worried the cat
That killed the rat
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

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This would seem to be pre-Reformation, because of the reference to the shaveling priest. But there are parallels in other languages too. The same type of ditty was current in Germany in the Middle Ages, in the well-known nursery rhyme: *"Der Herr der schickt den Jokel aus"* (traditionally chanted on the feast of St. Lambert, on September 17th). The German scholars naturally consider this to be the original source of *Had Gadya*. But the German ballad is itself based, according to folklorists, on an earlier French version, and indeed, it is quite possible that the Jewish ballad was composed in France.

The language is, as a matter of fact, not Hebrew but Aramaic, the closely similar vernacular that became very widely current among Jews in the early centuries of the Christian era in Eastern lands and then was adopted as a sort of semi-sacred tongue in the West as well. Here, however, it became in due course the specialty of the learned rather than of the people. The fact therefore that the song was composed in Aramaic, however stilted and primitive, suggests, it would seem, a relatively early medieval date, when this language was still widely understood by the Jewish population at large.

The inclusion of a ballad of this type in a liturgical service gave cause for perplexity. Teutonic scholars began to ponder over the mystery and to communicate the result of their investigations to the world at a relatively early date. The lead was set by a German named Hermann von der Hardt, who published his explanation of the symbolism in 1727, in Latin, at

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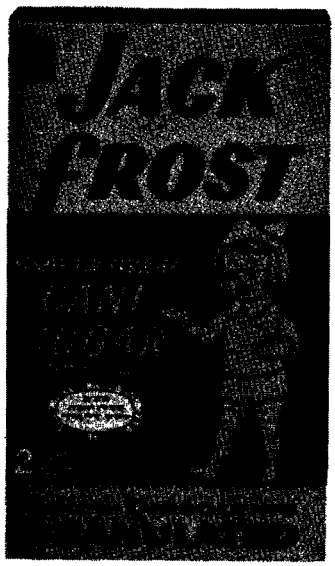

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Helmstadt under the title *Aenigmata Hebraica*. Four years later, a baptized Jew plagiarized this in German, in a work in Gothic letters ponderously entitled *Had Gadya: Ein Zicklein, das ist, ein Merckwürdiges Rätzel, aus der Jüdischen Oster-Liturgie Welches in Sich Begreifet die Begebenheiten und Schicksahle des Jüdischen Volcks, so Sie von Ausgang Aegyptian biss auf die Zukunft Ihres Annoch Täglich Erwartenden Messiae Darunter Verstehen* (Leipzig 1731). This in turn formed the basis (we almost seem to be again in the atmosphere of a literary *Had Gadya*) of another similar treatise by Christian Andreas Teuber (Leipzig, 1732), these three works proving to be the first of an entire lengthy literature by a number of Christian scholars who imagined that this elementary composition had profound philosophical or theological implications. Thus, the eminent 17th-century Christian Hebraist, Johann Christoph Wagenseil, unable to comprehend that a simple children's rhyme could have a place in what was substantially a religious service, actually imagined that it referred to the fall of man and his redemption: while the Andreas Teuber mentioned above more reasonably saw it as a parable of God's providence in the human race.

Not to be outdone, the Jewish scholars soon began to turn their attention to the composition, and to pay it the ultimate compliment in Hebrew literature—that is, the composition of a full-blown commentary. This was not infrequently included in the long series of Haggadah texts edited by various eminent scholars. On the other hand, a learned physician and mathematician, Dr. Asher Anchel Worms of Frankfurt-on-Main, considered that it deserved a separate volume: *An Adequate Commentary on Had Gadya* (London, 1785)—one of the early productions of the Hebrew printing press in England. Other treatises were composed by scholars such as, to name only a few, Moses ben Jacob Aberle, Moses Blumenfeld, Judah Judel, and even Jonathan Eybeschütz, the great scholar whose polemics convulsed European Jewry for a good part of the 18th century.

Those who took the *Had Gadya* so seriously—in particular the Jews—were in some cases impelled to regard it as an allegory of Jewish history from its beginning: the providential purchase-price of two *zuzzim* providing the key. The Only Kid is thus obviously the People of Israel, the Jews, who became the one and "peculiar" people of their Father in Heaven at Sinai, when He bound them to Himself with the two tablets of stone containing the Ten Commandments. (Another interpretation equates the two *zuzzim* with the two outstanding leaders of their people, Moses and Aaron.) There then came the Cat, the people of Assyria, who took the Hebrews into captivity. But they were not to triumph for good, for the Dog, the Babylonians, broke their pride and subjugated them. Thereafter came the Stick, the Persians, who thrashed the Babylonians, eventually giving way to the Water, the Greeks, who finally became absorbed by the Ox, the Romans. They in turn fell before their slaughterer, either the Moslems who defeated them in the East or the new European peoples who conquered them in the West, these in due course giving way before the new powers (perhaps we might today think in terms of atomic energy) adequately equated with the Angel of Death. But in the end the Holy One, Blessed be He, will come in messianic times to reestablish righteousness in the world and to remove even the fear of death.

OF COURSE, some such allegory may well be at the bottom of the childish ditty. But it seems more fitting to think of the *Had Gadya* simply as a folk song with religious undertones, embodied in the Haggadah probably for no better reason than to keep drowsiness at bay at the end of the service. For, in understanding the significance, it is unnecessary to be either profound or recondite, and there is no need to seek abstruse explanations for the inclusion of the song in the simple Passover ritual, with its free and easy domestic character and its intentional appeal to children. It was simply a popular medieval table-song, without any special reference to the Passover. But it did not lack religious implications. Written in the form of a nursery rhyme though it is, it inculcates a lesson of permanent value: that no being can escape responsibility for its actions—even the cat that devours the kid is chased by the dog, who is punished by the stick which is consumed in fire which is quenched by water which is drunk by the ox which falls victim to the knife of the slaughterer who himself cannot escape retribution, for in the end he is the victim of the Angel of Death. And then in the end, God Himself is to come, the ultimate arbiter, to whom even the Angel of Death is responsible, and who will "confound Death forever," as the Psalmist puts it: God, who stands above all things and to whom all nature, animate and inanimate, brute beast as well as mortal man, is responsible. Here is religion in its simplest terms, such as the youngest child may understand: and herein is the justification for the inclusion of the *Had Gadya* in the Haggadah service. The last stanza, recapitulating the full chain of action and reaction, is the quintessence of religion in its simplest terms.

Many scholars are inclined to consider the *Had Gadya*, as has been said, as an adaptation of a folk-ballad known to the environment, perhaps being immediately derived from the German parallel. This may be so, though it is equally plausible to consider all as adaptations of a universal folk-ballad widely spread in many countries in the Middle Ages, before any of the current versions reached their present form. There were not lacking, of course, patriotic Jewish scholars who reversed the argument, stoutly maintaining that, far from it being the case that the Aramaic version was dependent on the secular, the Jews were the pioneers, and the non-Jewish version was derived from the Aramaic. Be that as it may, in Italy certainly the Jewish form was adopted almost word for word in due course by their neighbors: and the Piedmontese-Jewish version in due course became changed into a famous Italian folk-song, *La storia de 'l luv*—not only as regards the words, but also as regards the tune—with the reserva-

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tion that the Hebrew word *shochet* (ritual slaughterer) was rendered as *'l masl* ("The Butcher").

But there are parallels in other literatures as well. Arthur Carlos de Barros Basto, the Apostle of the Marranos, noted one in Portuguese:

Meus Senhores, aqui esta a bota
Que o Vinho leva
A ribeira mota . . .

And another, somewhat more remote:

A formiga vai a serra
E seu pe na neve prende

Or yet a third:

Estava a moura
Em seu lugar
Foi a mosca
Fazer-lhe mal.

IN DUE COURSE, it became traditional among the Jews in many countries—but especially, it seems, in the Latin countries—to chant this not only in the original but also in a vernacular translation: sometimes recited verse by verse, sometimes consecutively, after the completion of the whole, to the same tune as the original. A number of such versions are extant. In the ancient communities of the Comtat Venaissin, in the south of France, there was the traditional Provençal version which was published by an Emperor of Brazil and delighted Mistral:

'Un cabri,
Un cabri,
Qu'avie acieta moun paire,
Un escu, douz escu.
Had Gadya, had gadya.

And the Jews of Bordeaux, having adopted the hymn, turned out a French version:

Un chevreau, un chevreau,
Que mon père a acheté deux sous
Un chevreau, un chevreau. . . .

The Italian Jews in Tuscany had their own version:

Un capretto,
Un capretto,
Che comprò il signor padre per due scudi
Un capretto, un capretto

and in the Venetian Ghetto, more succinctly:

Capretto,
Capretto,
che g'ha crompa mio pare per do zuzin
Capretto, capretto.

—which became transformed in Piedmont, in their own dialect:

Un craveut
Un craveut
Ca l'ha compra me pari par doui marcheut
Un craveut, un craveut,

In due course, the poem penetrated into the Sephardi world, and the Spanish Jews of the Balkans knew the ballad of *el cavretico*, which in due course came to the knowledge of their Greek-speaking compatriots as *ena katsiki.*

Nor were the German Jews backwards, with their own version:

Ein Zicklein, ein Zicklein
Das da hat gekauft ein Vaterlein um zwei pfennig,
Ein Zicklein, ein Zicklein.

The tunes to which *Had Gadya* is chanted must far exceed the number of the stanzas and the stages in the story. Many are the Jewish households which have their private tradition, with the refrain sung or even bawled: *"Had Gadya, Had Gadya."* Jacques Offenbach is said to have been responsible for the arrangement of a melody traditional in his ancestral home. In Italy, the tunes were naturally infused with the spirit of the operetta. Only in Avignon and the Comtat Venaissin did the melody assume something of a plaintive note, so that it seems also like an elegy on the death of a domestic pet.

CECIL ROTH, *the noted historian, contributed "Caveat Emptor Judaeus" to our March issue.*

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WATCHING ANTONIONI

Robert Garis

THE WILDLY MIXED reception of Antonioni's splendid new *Blow-up*—witness Pauline Kael's personal blow-up against it in *The New Republic* as against the "best movie of the year" award from the critics' group to which she belongs—proves again that following an important artist's career while it's actually going on is rarely that peacefully exciting cycle of anticipation and gratification we would like it to be. Perhaps it never has been, not even in the golden age. Mozart, for instance: between 1784 and 1786 he wrote, besides *Figaro*, twelve piano concertos, most of them masterpieces, and it is pleasant to imagine having been there while that miracle of creation was taking place. But twelve concertos are a lot of concertos, and the chances are that Mozart's fascination with this form might have seemed at the time not the creative exploration of genius that it seems now, but just dependable productivity, or perhaps even a rut. About Henry James there is no need for guessing. In the 80's he published *Washington Square, The Portrait of a Lady, The Bostonians, The Princess Casamassima, The Tragic Muse,* and a lot of short stories—all magnificently rich and interesting works though not all of them successful; yet by 1890 the feelings of the readers who had made *The American* and *Daisy Miller* bestsellers had turned almost to contempt. Today we calmly sort out the good from the bad and take special pleasure in praising the good and accounting for the bad. But James's public had no such patience or good will, and his disastrous decision to try to write for the theater was forced on him by deep emotional as well as financial wounds.

With another kind of artist, even admittedly successful work can meet another kind of impatience. *Waiting for Godot* baffled some and moved others deeply, but it excited everybody. By now, a comfortable dozen years later, it is an acknowledged masterpiece, as easy to understand as Arthur Miller, and Beckett's style has of course had a great influence and a great vogue. But in the meantime he has been writing other beautiful and authentic plays quite similar to *Godot,* innocently unaware of that urgent necessity to move on, to find new themes and styles, that is so obvious to some of his critics. Fifty years from now, his responsible loyalty to his own vision and talent will surely seem as honorable as Kafka's, and it ought to right now. You could excuse his agent for urging him to try something new, but then it's an agent's job to worry about show-business *rigueurs* like over-exposure and image-adjustment. The critic's job is to worry about single works of art, and today that job seems to require a disciplined refusal to play the culture-market. If it is regrettable to see the public wearing out new fashions in art as fast as automobiles, it is detestable to see criticism going along with this, if not actually leading the charge.

The Antonioni case is like Beckett's, but intensified. There has been the same puzzled annoyance with an artist who keeps on thinking and feeling about themes that everybody can see are worn out—themes like "lack of communication" or "commitment." There has been the same eagerness to master a difficult style and then the same relapse into boredom when that style turns out to be something the artist really takes seriously because that's the way he really sees things. And now there is the fact that *Blow-up* is a big hit. But the movies' wider audience and the correspondingly louder publicity has turned fortune's wheel much faster for Antonioni; and his self-presentation as a great artist—in the perhaps untrustworthy interviews, in his own writings and in the notable "masterpiece" style of his movies—has raised praise and blame to such a pitch that it is hard to approach any of his movies calmly.

THE TRILOGY that brought his work to attention is uneven, certainly, and I go along with the majority who think *L'Avventura* clearly the best. But I think the majority also go along with me in thinking it not only the best of the three but a magnificent and major work of art. And therefore I was taken aback to hear enthusiastic admirers of *L'Avventura* attack *La Notte* and

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L'Eclisse with triumphantly vindictive malice. And I was astonished at what this malice allowed intelligent people to say: that they were fed up with movies about bored and boring people, since they personally knew plenty of interesting and lively people who were interested in work and able to love other people and they didn't see why movies couldn't deal with these once in a while, and so forth and so on. This was no simple failure to make discriminations; it was a resolute and proud refusal to make them. It seemed obvious to me that in these two movies, the style of *L'Avventura* sometimes produced unconvincing and bad results, but mostly beautiful ones and sometimes excitingly new ones, as in the subtly sympathetic portrait of the character played by Alain Delon in *L'Eclisse* or the amazingly simple eloquence generated by the "tricky" ending of the same movie. I couldn't understand why it seemed so important to refuse to see these things.

Then with *Red Desert* I contracted the disease. *Red Desert* angered me because it was bad in a way that Antonioni himself had taught me to understand. It was because the slow pace of the earlier movies had been so fully justified by the richness of the achieved meaning that I loathed the pretentious and portentous slowness of *Red Desert;* because the ambiguity of the architectural imagery in *La Notte* was so alert that the same thing in *Red Desert* seemed so lazy; because the range of nuance that Antonioni elicited from Monica Vitti in the trilogy was so wide that I could see how far out of her range he had taken her in *Red Desert.* I still hold these views now, but in a much milder form. The unreasonable vehemence with which I held and expressed them before seems to have come from a nervous need for independence, as if to show that I could dislike Antonioni as energetically as anybody else.

And now I am about to praise *Blow-up* with an enthusiasm that may also seem unreasonable, since I am going to dismiss as a minor flaw something that I can imagine taking very hard in another movie. The fact is that, thanks to one of those irritating illusion-and-reality puzzles, and a clumsily managed one at that, interpretation of *Blow-up* can't be quite secure.

THE MECHANISM of this puzzle is the first thing you see in the movie: a glaringly symbolic carload of heavily made-up pantomimers, or whatever they are—why, they don't even look British. They disappear quickly, and the movie begins to follow a day in the life of a young London photographer who, about a third of the way through, takes some atmosphere shots of a man and a woman dallying with each other romantically in a park. When the woman goes to extreme lengths to try, unsuccessfully, to get the roll of film, he develops it and studies the pictures closely to find out what she's so upset about. As he blows up detail after detail he gradually discovers that he has apparently photographed a murder in which the woman must have been implicated. He returns to the park at night to look for the corpse and he finds it; in the meantime somebody breaks into his studio and steals all the evidence. When he returns to the park again at dawn he finds the body gone without a trace and then Antonioni wheels in the symbol again: the pantomimers drive up, run to some tennis courts, and begin (very beautifully, I'll agree) to mime a tennis match with an imaginary tennis ball. One of the players hits it out of the court onto the grass where the photographer is standing, and he is mutely asked to throw it back. He does so, and the camera focuses on his face while the sound track registers for the first time the sound of a tennis ball in play: by consenting to enter their illusion, he seems to have turned it into reality for himself, which is to say that there may have been no murder.

The crux of the puzzle is, of course, the dead body: as the photographer looks down at it there is a click on the sound track which sounds more like the click of a gun being cocked than the click of his camera but may be supposed to be either or both in his imagination. Is the body also imaginary? Or is Antonioni counting on the native realism of the movies to tell us that what the camera sees must really exist?

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Now if these questions were rooted in the rest of the movie one would have to take them seriously, but then one would want to, because an Antonioni movie deeply concerned with illusion and reality would be worth seeing. *Blow-up* is not that movie, and the right response to the arch and superficial questions raised by the symbol is exactly the response of the photographer—mild curiosity. It suits his character perfectly that he should entertain the possibility that he imagined the murder, but it doesn't suit it at all that he should actually have imagined it. Though Antonioni has pasted in a few little reminders of the puzzle throughout the movie, everything about the main character shows that he is a contriver, not an experiencer of illusions. He dresses up as a bum in order to take pictures in a doss-house and he verbally jazzes up a model to get the right expression of sexual ecstasy on her face. But this is all conscious expertise, not vicarious experience, and nothing in the movie suggests that the photographer's fantasy life centers around things like revolvers and murders. Antonioni's symbol won't bear serious consideration.

But the shot of David Hemmings's face as he takes in the puzzle *is* important, because it is the last stroke in a characterization that represents Antonioni at nearly his best. Characterization is the right word. It is Antonioni's specialty to use the film medium idiomatically to represent human beings and human relations with a depth and subtlety that we are more used to finding in novels than in movies. In *Blow-up* he does it again, though you will miss it if you are tired in advance of movies about cool, uncommitted modern youth and if you aren't willing to watch and wait while Antonioni's beautifully managed structure reveals his meaning.

THE characterization begins by delivering a sequence of vivid images in a non-committal tone and at a brilliantly fast but sensitive pace. Certain information is given, but positive judgments about the information are frustrated by the tone and speed. The photographer first seems to be a bum leaving a doss-house; when he is sure none of the other bums is looking, he races around the corner and gets into a snazzy Rolls-Royce convertible and puts an expensive-looking camera into the glove-compartment; as he drives off, he talks to somebody on a two-way radio, using standard Roger-Over vocabulary. All this is attention-getting but quite neutral information, its implications yet unfocused, and the same thing is true of the even more striking imagery that follows. Back at his studio, we learn that the young man is a successful professional photographer working in three fields: art (he took some "fabulous" pictures in the doss-house), arty semi-pornography, and far-out fashion photography. The information is still neutral but since it's now getting into areas where negative judgments would be natural, neutrality begins to create tension. It is clear that he takes all three kinds of work in stride and doesn't in the least mind producing junk: he is not a committed type, then, though he seems good at his job. But what we are to make of him in any broader terms is a question Antonioni holds in abeyance by giving us plenty to look at and by some coolly witty incongruities. Meanwhile, the flexible fast editing, which is geared to the photographer's actions and his day, generates an interest in him that is of course augmented by the indefinability of David Hemmings's appearance and performance—peculiar and ordinary, sensitive and coarse, beautiful and ugly, restless and assured.

WHEN THE photographer enters the park, Antonioni changes the tempo radically to prepare for an unequivocally sympathetic stroke of characterization: the photographer responds to the atmosphere by making an instinctive leap of agile, youthfully awkward-graceful, self-delighting high spirits. And Antonioni underlines his meaning by using all his resources to make that atmosphere as fully concrete a sensuous experience as any I have ever had at the movies. The thick palpability of the wind in the trees, the totality of sunlight, the slow, full, even pace of the sequence, the illusion that the park is a life toward which the photographer is drawn and to which his leap is a tribute—all this is so central and simple in mood, so non-eccentric, so familiar a view of nature, that when Antonioni expresses it with the boldest possible inflection the effect is overwhelming in itself and dramatically decisive. For the photographer's response is also very boldly inflected and very central, so that a current of sympathy is set up between him and the audience strong enough to bring the whole characterization into focus and to control the meaning of the whole movie.

THIS CONTROL keeps the ambiguity of almost everything that follows perfectly secure and clear. It establishes the fact that the photographer is genuinely alive and free in an indisputably valuable way, and that he is consequently a figure of some dignity, interest, and concern. With this assured, we are in a good position to notice that there are many much less attractive aspects to his freedom. Though his body can express energy and enthusiasm, his face rarely does. His inner life, if it exists at all, remains hidden because he won't reveal it to anyone, but we can feel no assurance in holding that against him. Sometimes his isolation seems almost poignantly independent, sometimes less than human; and though his friendship with the artist and his mistress is easy and familiar, it is extremely casual. He knows swinging London inside out, and yet it doesn't really seem to be his "world." Incidentally, Pauline Kael notwithstanding, Antonioni's lurid images of marijuana parties and the like seldom amount to a heavy indictment of aimless modern living because they are always parts of the characterization of the photographer, who moves through them with such unsurprised and even uninterested acceptance that, instead of feeling how corrupt and sterile it all is, we are led rather to wonder whether this cool type can in fact respond to anything. But then he does momentarily get caught up in the struggle for the ruined guitar in the rock-and-roll sequence. And when he meets that incredibly hostile old man in the antique shop, it seems attractive that he should call his bluff with

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such good humor, without irritation or surprise. By these qualifications and questionings, Antonioni gradually shapes his essentially sympathetic interest in this "cool" and "uncommitted" young man into a complex view that seems to me extremely interesting and original, and also quite decent and humane. It is not moralistic, nor in the least pretentiously meaningful and important, but it is in touch with moral concerns about human and social responsibility, as it should be.

THE murder in the park keeps us in touch with these concerns in a particularly interesting way because of its oblique relation with the photographer's way of life. It is, of course, nonsense to say that this mysterious melodrama is the real life of significant human relations into which the photographer cannot enter responsibly. On the contrary, this event conveys almost no depth of feeling, nor does the character played by Vanessa Redgrave—though here it seems to me that Antonioni has failed to make his meaning entirely clear, and there's a chance that she is supposed to suggest more than the synthetic overbred tension that I saw. In any case, this event is convincingly hard for the photographer to deal with. It is hard to take seriously because it's so plotty, yet it does seem actually to have happened to real people. It is, then, just a special and single event, obviously exciting and puzzling, but just as obviously unrepresentative and perhaps even inauthentic.

Because of this, we watch with friendly sympathy while the photographer tries to figure out how to handle it. And because of Antonioni's mastery, the superb sequence in which the photographer examines his pictures is something we watch with total absorption. To make this process so exciting to watch without inflating its meaning—that is something only a great artist can accomplish.

ROBERT GARIS *teaches English at Wellesley. Mr. Garis, who is the author of* The Dickens Theatre, *reviewed Iris Murdoch's* The Time of the Angels *in our March issue.*

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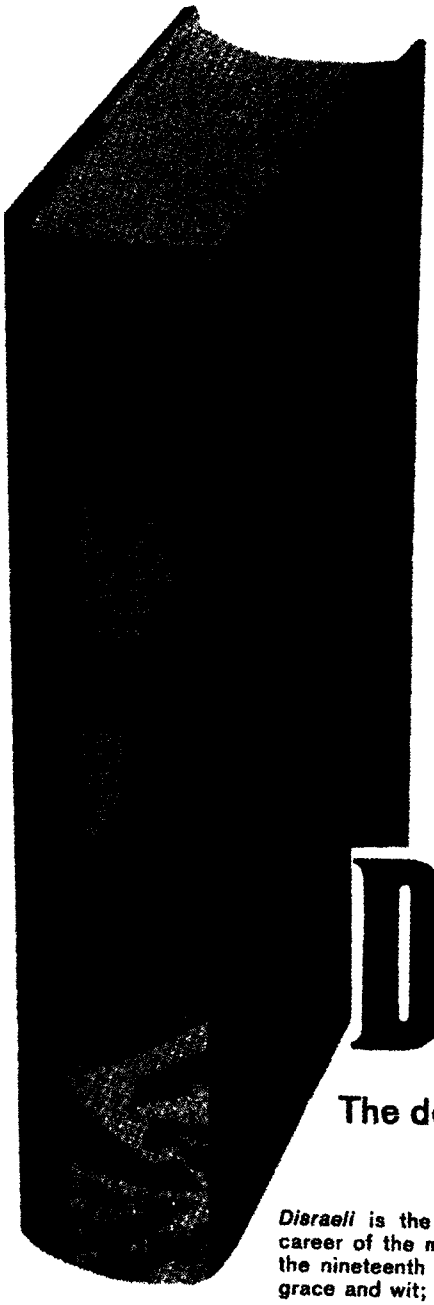

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FRIENDSHIP AND FRATRICIDE: AN ANALYSIS OF WHITTAKER CHAMBERS AND ALGER HISS. BY MEYER A. ZELIGS, M.D. *Viking, 476 pp. $8.95*

Reviewed by WALTER GOODMAN

MEYER A. ZELIGS, M.D., is a San Francisco psychoanalyst who believes that Alger Hiss was framed by Whittaker Chambers, and he has written this "psychobiography" of Chambers in pursuance of that belief. Dr. Zeligs did not have the advantage of meeting his subject, since Chambers refused to have anything to do with him, but he plunged ahead anyway. From the hearings before the House Committee on Un-American Activities, which staged the Hiss-Chambers confrontation in 1948, the transcripts of Alger Hiss's two perjury trials and the Hiss defense documents, as well as numerous books and articles on the case, Dr. Zeligs has selected portions that suit his purpose. He also did considerable interviewing, especially of Hiss himself and numbers of Hiss's friends and Chambers's enemies. The result of these labors is impressive in its way—its way being that of those Eng. Lit. majors who used to perform prodigies of analysis on everybody from Henry IV (guilt-ridden) to Snow White (dwarfs, indeed!).

Chambers is a rare subject. The reader of his autobiography, *Witness,* or his posthumous work, *Cold Friday,* requires no certification in psychoanalysis to see that he was a tortured spirit, creator and prisoner of grandiose fantasies that elevated him to a central place in the decline of the West, with no small resemblance to Jesus Christ. (Had not he himself been resurrected more than once?) Out of his fevered imagination sprang a vision of politics that was all Apocalypse and Armageddon—mad stuff, yet there was passion in the writing and tragedy in the writer. The cold facts of his conspiratorial existence are still difficult to sort out from among his fiery imaginings.

So much is evident. But Dr. Zeligs goes further. He asks the question that has been asked since 1948 by many people who find it disagreeable to credit the word of a Chambers against that of a Hiss—"What was Chambers's ulterior motive in his need to destroy Hiss?" And he answers it by mapping out an elaborate network of interior motives, beginning with homicidal hatred of a younger brother who, according to Dr. Zeligs, Chambers egged on to suicide. (No, Dr. Zeligs never met Chambers's brother either.) Chambers's life thereafter, runs the argument, was a cycle of destruction and creation, climaxing in the purposeful destruction of Alger Hiss, the brother surrogate. Here is how the discovery of the famous pumpkin papers fits into Dr. Zeligs's story:

> Only by translating the unconscious meaning of Chambers's fantasy system can his bizarre behavior be made meaningful. In the symbolic act of hiding the microfilm for ten years (gestation), then transplanting (inseminating) it to the inside of a pumpkin from which he had first scraped out the natural seeds (aborted), and then "delivering" his self-created "life-preserver" to the Committee investigators, there is discernible the recapitulation of his death-and-rebirth fantasy.

It is one of the attractions of psychoanalytic interpretation that, with ingenuity, you can make it come out pretty nearly any way you want it to come out. But assuming that we take this exercise more seriously than anybody should, what impact does it have on the case against Alger Hiss? Not much. Despite all his researches and his suggestive insights, Dr. Zeligs shows scant appreciation of the nature of evidence—he has trouble distinguishing between motive and deed, opportunity and action, the plausible and the accomplished, surmise and proof. His contention that Hiss was convicted because of the "inflamed atmosphere" of the period is simply disingenuous. Whatever we may think of Chambers's motives in bringing his charge against Hiss, there are documents to support it. Unable to analyze these away, Dr. Zeligs resorts to the Hiss defense of "forgery by typewriter," adding that in his opinion Chambers accomplished the typewriter-forging feat a decade before he decided to produce the incriminating documents: "As a potential piece of Hiss's identity, it was something Chambers could secretly use in the service of both his erotic fantasies and his destructive schemes."

SETTING ASIDE mere considerations of common sense as well as the propriety of a psychoanalyst doing this kind of job on any human being living or not long dead, we are entitled to expect from the writer two qualities that go with the role of scientist-healer to which his profession aspires. The analyst ought to be objective and he ought to be compassionate. Dr. Zeligs flunks badly on both counts. *Friendship and Fratricide* reeks of partisanship. The "careful analytic neutrality" to which the doctor lays claim turns out to be pure benevolence toward Hiss and a hatred of Chambers so relentless that, if everybody will pardon the expression, it seems unconscious. Throughout the book, our investigator accepts testimony which suits his case and shrugs away that which does not. In rebuttal to Chambers, he quotes, deadpan, known Communists and takers of the fifth amendment against whom Chambers testified—but he does not mention that the former Communist, Nathaniel Weyl, said in 1952 that Hiss had been a member of his Washington group in

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1934. (In discussing the 30's, the doctor displays no particular acquaintance either with the Popular-Front mentality or the ideological atmosphere prevailing in Washington at the time.) In Chambers he finds cynicism, spitefulness, hatred, unremitting deception, not to mention homosexuality. Nothing Chambers says is credible, nothing he does is commendable. Even his photograph at the beginning of the book looks spooky.

In Hiss, on the other hand, the analyst finds altruism, humanism, innocence, of course, and an array of qualities the like of which I have not heard vested in a single individual since the 1964 Presidential campaign. Dr. Zeligs's prose, so cutting when Chambers is on the couch, turns bland as butter when Hiss enters: "Both in printed and public life Hiss reacts with saintliness rather than anger toward those who hurt or defeated him." The shrewd analyst who slices Chambers's private life to shreds, even treating Esther Chambers's fidelity to her husband as a form of weakness, can find no blame attaching to either party in the Hiss divorce ("Hiss believes strongly in equal partnership in marriage")—settling, so unlike an analyst, for what his client tells him: "A collapse of this kind, explained Hiss, has early beginnings and does not build up like a sudden storm." Whereas the suicide of Chambers's brother is an act of "self destruction," the suicide of Hiss's father is an act of "self-sacrifice." (Dr. Zeligs offers a plausible theory, incidentally, that Chambers himself committed suicide.) While *Witness* provides him with an analytic field day, he accepts *In the Court of Public Opinion,* Hiss's singularly evasive treatment of his case, as a model of the precise, orderly legal mind. By the final hundred pages, the doctor has thrown off the last rags of "analytic neutrality" and stands naked as a publicist for Alger Hiss.

THE REPUTATIONS of Alger Hiss and Whittaker Chambers are like the two well-buckets of which Richard II (the impotent?) speaks. The former cannot rise until the latter falls. But if it is to fall, it must do so from the weight of evidence; merely painting one bucket black and the other bright will not do. Even if Whittaker Chambers was a compulsive liar and Alger Hiss as sweet-natured as everyone (including Chambers) seems to agree he was, Hiss still stands convicted on the evidence.

WHAT WAS Meyer Zeligs's ulterior motive in his need to destroy Whittaker Chambers? I don't know—unless it is simply the reluctance of those whom Sidney Hook has called ritualistic liberals to believe that anybody on the Left from Sacco to the Rosenbergs to the sometime Castroite Lee Harvey Oswald can be guilty of anything. But whatever the reasons, in his passion to resurrect the name of Alger Hiss, the doctor appears to have forgotten that Whittaker Chambers was not only a character in a book. It is irritating enough when analysts reduce literature to their odd specifications, but Chambers was a living man who left a family that has no recourse against this mercilessly speculative intrusion into their lives. (In one of his more offensive paragraphs, Dr. Zeligs tells how he wangled his way into Mrs. Chambers's home, and then proceeds to add the widow's grief to his indictment against her husband.) Even the late Mr. Bullitt thought to hold back his Freudian-flavored attack on Woodrow Wilson until Wilson's widow had passed on.

I have no special regard for the memory of Whittaker Chambers, who I am quite prepared to believe found perverse satisfaction in the ruining of Alger Hiss. But this assault by a doctor on a man's miserable youth and tormented life, without the slightest glimmer of sympathy, is a terrible exercise in professional self-indulgence. Any man deserves to be defended against public exhumation and defamation, against this gossip of the psyche camouflaged as "psychobiography." To get back to the point I skipped over a few paragraphs ago, I wonder whether America's psychoanalysts are content to see the techniques of their craft and the reputation of their profession put to uses that have nothing to do with therapy and, I fear, more than a little to do with political predilection.

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SYMBOLIC DIMENSIONS

THE CARPENTER YEARS. By ARTHUR A. COHEN. *New American Library. 151 pp. $4.50.*

Reviewed by DAVID DAICHES

EDGAR MORRISON is director of the YMCA in Langham, Pennsylvania, a WASP among WASPs. When we first meet him he is explaining to Rabbi Kieval, the Conservative Jewish rabbi of Langham, why teenagers from the rabbi's congregation won't be allowed to use the Y's swimming pool. (Why a rabbi should be so eager for his young people to use the swimming pool of a conspicuously Christian organization beats me.) Morrison shows the slightly condescending friendliness of a confident member of the dominant culture confronting a member of a minority. But Edgar Morrison is really Morris Edelman, Jewish accountant from New York who left his wife, Esther, and his small son, Danny, many years ago to find a new identity for himself before arriving at Langham with a conscientiously faked Anglo-Saxon Protestant ancestry. In Langham he eventually bigamously married a new wife, of Scandinavian background, and begot a new son. When his brother finally tracked him down, the brother was easily able to blackmail him into paying for a Mexican divorce for his first wife. That was some years before the story opens. All his problems seem now to have been solved: he is a successful and accepted WASP.

But—need I say?—he has a deep inward unease, which had revealed itself some years before by his wandering off from his family for a few days and refusing to talk about what he had done or why he had done it on his return. Now, news that his original son, Danny, is about to come to Langham to be interviewed for a job in the hospital there sets him off again, and he goes off into the night, loads up with whiskey at a bar, has a row with Walter Edgemore, teetotaler chairman of the Y Board (an improbable character who tells Edgar, "I'll do anything in the world —I'll whore and fornicate all I please—but it's a clear head all the time, a clear head that knows what it's about, does its work clear and cool. But I won't ever drink. Never."), and unsuccessfully seeks unlikely comfort from Edgemore's shabby mistress in her hotel room. After more night wandering he returns home to find comfort in talking with the teenage son of his second marriage, Steve (a nice boy, and very understanding, who doesn't, of course, know of his father's concealed Jewish background but suspects that his father has some legitimate reason for breaking out occasionally).

Danny Edelman, now a young man of twenty-six and eager to find and confront the father he had at one time considered dead, duly arrives at Langham for his interview and attends a party given by the head of the hospital to enable the top people of Langham to look him over. Edgar Morrison and his wife are invited to this party. (Improbably, Rabbi Kieval is also at this party; indeed, for a reason that eludes me it is Kieval who first knows about Danny's impending arrival at Langham and who, in ignorance of Danny's identity, first tells his father.) Danny Edelman, the Jewish young man from New York, meets his father, Edgar Morrison, the Langham WASP: only they two know of their relationship. They exchange penetrating glances, and that is all: each recognizes the other's loneliness and Danny feels deflated. He has had his confrontation and feels now that there is nothing more to do or say. He tells the company that he now doesn't want the job after all, and drives back to New York after knocking down Walter Edgemore, who had received the announcement of Danny's change of mind about the job with bullying demands for an explanation. Danny's car is involved with a truck in the Lincoln Tunnel, and he is found by the police on the Manhattan side of the tunnel "slumped over the wheel, unhurt, laughing."

AS THE STORY unfolds, we are given flashbacks of both Edgar's and Danny's early lives, and these involve other characters who are sometimes portrayed in some detail. We learn something of Clip

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Martin, the Presbyterian minister who, years before when Edgar had come to him for spiritual help, had spoken of "the carpenter years of Jesus," the years "when He knew utterly who He was and what task He had been appointed to perform and nevertheless went on being unimportant," as "the only ones for me, for you." When in his present agony of spirit Edgar telephones Clip in the middle of the night to tell him that his own carpenter years "go on, my years stretch on interminably, but they're coming to an end," Clip, who does not recall his words of long ago, is confused. I confess that I am too, and do not understand the significance of the phrase or the reason for its being used as the title of the novel. Among other characters we meet in the flashbacks are Aaron Gutwillig, a Jewish Christian whom Edgar encounters early in his flight from Esther and Danny, preaching the Gospel in a highly individual manner from an egg-crate near Times Square. Edgar (though he is still Morris at this time) spends some days with Gutwillig, who converts him to some sort of Christianity, although Edgar draws the line at formal baptism. I am afraid that I cannot make out Gutwillig at all, or make sense out of his harangues. We also get to know Morris-Edgar's unsympathetic first wife, Esther, in a rather grimly etched picture of his early life with her and his struggles as an unsuccessful New York accountant.

The details in this novel are filled in with skill and care and there is some powerful and occasionally even moving writing. But the author moves uneasily between realism and symbolism. The tone is that of sociological and psychological precision, but the incidents are meant to have symbolic dimensions. As a result, there are two levels of probability at work which, instead of reinforcing each other, tend to destroy or at least weaken each other. The pressures that would make a Polish-Jewish immigrant want to appear as a WASP in an American small town are real pressures, and they result in real conflicts, real timidities, self-deceptions, internal strains. But to have such a person converted to

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Christianity by a nutty Hebrew Christian before finally landing a job as Presbyterian director of the YMCA in a Pennsylvania town, and to have him in the process commit bigamy and therefore not only expose himself to the criminal law but threaten the whole foundation of his new life—this is not plausible. But who wants that kind of plausibility in a symbolic novel?, it may be asked. Well, I do for one: the tone of the novel demands it. "The dilemma of Edelman-Morrison unforgettably symbolizes the dilemma of religion-hungry Americans in an age when the traditional demands of religion have become a burden few can bear," the blurb tells us. I cannot accept this. The special kind of conformity which Edelman-Morrison practices is insufficiently motivated, inadequately related to a psychological drive which in turn might be made symbolic of the urge to abandon differentiating traditions and seek conformity in modern American society.

I think this is a most interesting novel, in some ways a skillful novel, at some points a powerful novel, but I do not think that it consistently achieves the symbolic dimension the author clearly aimed at.

PRELIMINARY VERDICT

THE AMERICAN JURY. By HARRY KALVEN, JR. and HANS ZEISEL, with the collaboration of THOMAS CALLAHAN and PHILIP ENNIS. *Little, Brown. 559 pp. $15.00.*

Reviewed by
ABRAHAM S. GOLDSTEIN

THE "CHICAGO JURY PROJECT" is the most elaborate of the recent adventures into law and behavioral science. Lavishly financed by the Ford Foundation some fifteen years ago, housed at the University of Chicago Law School, and directed by a distinguished lawyer and sociologist, it offered at long last to fulfill the promise of realist jurisprudence. The legal realists, who came of age in the 20's and 30's, had called academic lawyers away from the abstract doctrines announced by appellate courts and had urged them instead to study legal institutions and processes as they functioned in the real world—the behavioral assumptions underlying them, the interactions among them and the relation they bore to other social phenomena. The call had gone largely unheeded, in considerable part because a depression, a New Deal, and a war had intervened. Since World War II, however, a period of consolidation and appraisal has begun, of the sort calculated to put the realist ideology to the test. The jury project was widely regarded as the effort most likely to succeed. Unlike some of the other ventures—e.g., the American Bar Foundation's study of the administration of criminal justice—this one was to be organized around a single complex institution which had long been the gathering point of controversy and folklore as well as of doctrine. The objective was to dig so deep that we might finally discover how many of our assumptions about the jury were well-founded and whether it served its legal and social functions at all well.

It is difficult for the non-lawyer, even for the non-academic lawyer, to realize how much faith has been covertly invested in the jury project. Almost from the time it began, it carried with it the assumption that a good deal more was going on among jurors than met the eye and that all manner of mysteries would soon be uncovered. This sense of anticipation was fed by a steady flow of articles written for professional journals by staff members. Though most of these articles were technical in nature, they took the reader into the hitherto secret world of the jury, its structure, and its deliberation processes—but they did so always on a small scale, leaving to another and later stage the rounded presentation of the jury process. In the background, heightening the sense of drama and raising the level of expectation, have been the reports of marvelously skillful research designs—of mock cases presented to mock juries, of a wide variety of small group experiments, even of the "bugging" of jury-rooms in one federal district court—culminating in a widely publicized congressional investigation and a federal stat-

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ute making it a crime to eavesdrop on jury deliberations.

THE AMERICAN JURY is the first of several volumes reporting on the jury project. It is concerned entirely with the jury in the criminal trial and it is to be followed by a volume on the jury and the insanity defense, and by one on the civil jury trial. The authors make it plain at the very outset, however, that their title for the current volume is too broad. This book is not a comprehensive study of the jury, or of the jury in criminal cases. Instead, it is a detailed report on the extent to which judge and jury disagree with one another in criminal cases, the reasons for the disagreement, and the ways in which highly developed research methodology may be brought to bear on that problem.

The principal research method was a series of mail questionnaires addressed to 3,500 trial judges throughout the United States, of whom some 550 participated in varying degrees. Reports of approximately 3,500 trials were supplied, each of which told the authors how the jury had decided a given case, how the judge would have decided the same case if he were trying it without a jury, and the judge's statement of the reasons why he and the jury disagreed. On occasion, this fund of information was supplemented by materials learned by the authors from other phases of the study, which included interviews of judges and jurors about cases and issues other than those involved in the questionnaires. The details of the research design, and the statistical treatment of the data, are presented with remarkable lucidity. And the limitations of both data and research design are, for the most part, set out with admirable candor.

The findings provide an interesting tour through the criminal jury trial in a degree of detail and precision which is to be found nowhere else. We learn, for example, that a jury trial is a very rare occurrence because most defendants plead guilty and many waive a jury so that they may be tried by a judge. The cases left for the jury tend, therefore, to be those in which defendants and their lawyers not only think there is a fairly good chance of acquittal but also that the chance is better than before a judge. Even so, judge and jury agree in 75 per cent of the cases. In those cases in which they disagree, the original prophecy coming from jury folklore seems to be fulfilled: juries are more lenient than judges—because they are readier than judges to nullify unpopular laws and legal doctrines, because they are more likely to permit value preferences to shape their appraisal of the evidence, particularly in close cases, and because they tend to be more moved by sympathy for the defendant who takes the stand and who has a previously unblemished record. It emerges very clearly, however, that jurors are not simple souls manipulated by wily lawyers or confronted by evidence too complex for them. The judges report that the jury follows the evidence and understands the case—perhaps because 86 per cent of the cases are "easy to comprehend" and only 2 per cent are "very difficult." Nevertheless, the judges find the jury de-

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Dr. Cantril has been psychological advisor to all but one of the last five administrations. During World War II, he was an expert consultant to the Secretary of War and of the Office of War Information.

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cision to be "without merit" in one-third of the cases in which judge and jury disagree.

The heart of the difference between judge and jury is not that the jury favors defendants but rather that it is less rule-minded than the judge. Where the judge is bound by his role and by legal training, the jury is bound only by the larger culture and by the pressures for consensus. As a result, jurors view a great many cases as largely private disputes to be governed by a wide variety of equities which the judge puts aside because "the law" says they are irrelevant. The jury, for example, is much moved by whether the victim in a sex case did anything to induce the assault, or whether the parties were drunk, or whether the defendant has already been "punished enough," or whether the conduct charged is relatively innocuous or widely practiced. In short, as the authors point out in closing, the jury in practice is very much like what we have long believed it to be, a politically viable method for involving laymen and their perspectives in the administration of criminal law.

Unfortunately, there may be an important flaw in the data and in the conclusion. The core of the study is to be found in the "reasons for disagreement" between judge and jury. Yet however much they are disguised in statistical descriptions, these depend almost entirely upon the trial judge's characterizations of what jurors think. Unlike other portions of the project, this one utilized jury interviews hardly at all. As a result, when the trial judge says that jurors voted to acquit because they do not like gambling laws, or voted to convict because they do not like homosexuals, it is impossible to tell whether the judges are doing any more than attributing to jurors the feelings and sentiments which judges expect jurors to have. The risk is very great that the entire research design is confined by a stereotype borrowed by the judges from the lawyer-culture.

EVEN MORE fundamentally, we have no way of knowing whether the judges who say they would decide a case in a particular way would actually have done so. Unlike the jurors, the judge is simply expressing his attitude toward decision, under circumstances where he remains psychologically free to affirm the legal norm because he does not have the responsibility to decide. This gap between attitude and decision is, of course, a common research problem and there is always a risk that the search for perfection will paralyze even the most enterprising. Nevertheless, it is surprising that the authors discuss the problem so little. Moreover, they report little or no effort to corroborate their conclusions. They might, for example, have examined a body of judge-tried cases, even if they were not the identical cases tried by juries; or they might have tried to determine whether jurors would have been more rule-oriented if they were expressing attitudes about cases tried by judges alone. It is difficult to avoid the feeling that the jury may come out in predictable form because trial judges see it that way, not because the jury actually follows the form.

Within its terms, as an exploration of the intricacies and hazards of research into a complex legal institution, this is a graceful and sophisticated book. And as a first entry into serious empirical research on the jury, it is a work of unquestioned importance. Nevertheless, a great deal more remains to be done if the authors are to achieve their objective, which was "to find out as carefully as we could how the jury actually performs." For example, this volume leaves out entirely any consideration of the jury's internal decision-making processes or the relation between background characteristics of individual judges and jurors and the decisions they reach. But other volumes are scheduled to follow; and this one has succeeded in pointing the way toward the sort of ongoing research enterprise which should, in time, unlock the mysteries of jury behavior.

It is regrettable, however, that the authors' purpose, "was not to evaluate." The result is a book which presents no major thesis, which challenges no sacred cows, and which presses on to few generalizations. "It will be time

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enough," they tell us, after the report on the civil jury is done, "if then, to confront the larger significances of our lengthy inquiry into the jury." ". . . The tracing of connections between this study of jury behavior and various theories of judicial behavior will have to await another day." Yet without such confrontation and tracing, this book is merely a building block, albeit a significant one, in the larger structure dreamed of by the legal realists.

JEWISH KNOWLEDGE

A BASIC JEWISH ENCYCLOPEDIA. By HARRY A. COHEN. *Hartmore House. 205 pp. $4.95.*

THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF THE JEWISH RELIGION. Edited by R. J. ZWI WERBLOWSKY and GEOFFREY WIGODER. *Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 415 pp. $15.95.*

Reviewed by ERICH ISAAC

BOTH OF THESE volumes are more or less successful in what they set out to do. In *A Basic Jewish Encyclopedia,* Rabbi Cohen sets out to define or explain 155 principles and practices in Jewish life in the order of their importance. Rabbi Cohen determined that order by selecting 104 books on the Jewish religion in English, Hebrew, German, and French and then counting the number of books in which a given concept appeared, as well as the amount of space devoted to it. Fortunately, God came out first statistically. Despite this happy circumstance, however, the rank-order system can lead to absurdity. Thus, in the very middle of the lists one finds the following items, each with one paragraph of explanation:

75. Shivah. The Seven Days of Mourning
76. Get. The Document of Divorce
77. Kelal Israel. The Community of Israel
78. Yahrzeit
79. Yizkor. The Memorial Service
80. Amen
81. Huppah. The Wedding Canopy.

It is enough to sell one on the virtues of alphabetical order.

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But in terms of the encyclopedia's primary intention, which is to serve as an educational source book for Sunday-school teachers, even the order-of-importance principle can be of some use. Rabbi Cohen's idea seems to be that teachers can add some terms to the curriculum each year, and presumably even the child who drops out after a year or two will then have covered the major holidays and rites. The explanations for the individual items are simple but intelligent.

The volume by Werblowsky and Wigoder comes much closer to being a conventional encyclopedia and is a respectable reference work of its kind. There are, to be sure, some inexcusable technical mistakes, including a startling number of cross-references which lead to nothing. For example, under *Aknin, Joseph ben Judah ibn,* we find "see ibn Aknin" and under *Nissim, Rabbenu* the entry is "see Gerondi, Nissim," but there is nothing to see in either case. Geographically, the encyclopedia is discriminatory, but not according to any discernible principle. Thus AFAM is entered, a contraction of the names of three Italian towns, Asti, Fossano, and Moncalvo, which are described as following the old French liturgical rite. The significance of this fact is not clear, there being absolutely no discussion of it under liturgy. SHUM and AHWA, the abbreviations respectively of Speyer, Worms, and Mainz, and Altona, Hamburg, and Wandsbek are left out completely. This would lead me to suspect an anti-German bias were my paranoia not set at rest by the discovery that the authors had also omitted the "Council of the Four Countries," whose role in the development of the Jewish religion cannot even be put on the same continuum as that of the three Italian towns—what was their name again?

But this is mere carping. The entries, while brief, are well-written and accurate, though they would be improved by the inclusion of recent bibliographic references. Moreover, there is something admirable about the guiding concept of this volume, which is designed to be an encyclopedia specifically devoted to the Jewish religion, and not a telephone directory of Jews. (On the other hand, some of the omissions of individuals are regrettable. Thus, Solomon Ludwig Steinheim, Moritz Lazarus, and ibn Gannach are without entries. As a Mainz hometown boy, I am grateful that Eliezer ben Nathan was included, but what about Eliezer ben Isaac, author of *Orhot Hayim*? And what really hurts is to find Baruch of Medzibozh but not Baruch of Mainz, who wrote *Sefer ha-Hochma.*)

BOTH OF these books, then, have their merits, but both finally lead one to wonder why encyclopedias such as these are published. The question is not based on a negative attitude toward these particular volumes; rather, it stems from a general feeling that the day of the encyclopedia is over. Of course, there is still a place for reference works, especially in the biological and physical sciences, and such works are sometimes called encyclopedias. But an encyclopedia in the true sense of the word is meant to encompass all that is teachable and to present a world picture applicable to all knowledge—or, according to later usage, at least one area of knowledge, like Judaism—and such a project no longer seems feasible.

Diderot's *Encyclopédie* was so strikingly effective because it conveyed a new world picture of whose validity it was both proof and messenger. The great 19th-century encyclopedias (some of which, of course, still exist) reflect the view of an orderly, knowable, and progressive world and became the hallmark of a middle class which, for the time being at least, kept the world that way. Today, however, it is perhaps only in Communist countries that encyclopedias continue to serve vital functions, and there only because "encyclopedia" is not taken to mean all that is known, but all that is orthodox at the time of publication—a new twist on *enkyklos* (complete) and *paideia* (teaching). There is usually no way of telling how many lines Mao will get in the next edition, or even Lysenko. But encyclopedias such as the ones before us do not serve a revolutionary purpose; nor do they establish canons of orthodoxy; nor are they tools for scholar-

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ship; rather, they are tools for conversation.

Beyond that, such encyclopedias are, of course, a sociological phenomenon, the phenomenon being that there is a market for them. The one-volume Jewish encyclopedia becomes an acquisition for the family which identifies itself as Jewish, often through the medium of the bar-mitzvah present, so that it can, without recourse to elaborate Jewish study, painlessly plug up lacunae of knowledge if the need should occasionally arise.

There is one further dimension. Jews, the people of the book, have quite literally lost their books too often, especially in this century. This may well be why there has been an "encyclopedia explosion" both here and in Israel. Jews have taken to gathering up the pieces of their knowledge in as many ways as possible, heedless of the fact that the pieces may not hang together too well.

STUDYING SOCIETY

THE IMPACT OF THE SOCIAL SCIENCES. By KENNETH E. BOULDING. *Rutgers University Press. 114 pp. $3.75.*

Reviewed by
WERNER J. DANNHAUSER

KENNETH BOULDING is a well-known economist who has now transcended that calling to become a spokesman and missionary for all the social sciences. The present book, his twelfth, was written to combat society's tendency toward the "misallocation of intellectual resources," a phrase by which the author suggests that we have not yet reached that happy state of affairs in which the full power of sociology, economics, psychology, et al., will be brought to bear on our most urgent human problems. There would seem to be no cause for alarm, however, for it is Professor Boulding's optimistic contention that the "impact of the social sciences" is not only immense and beneficent, but increasing.

To describe that impact, which he considers to be of recent origin, the author begins with a short but sweeping sketch of what he calls the "social system" or "socio-

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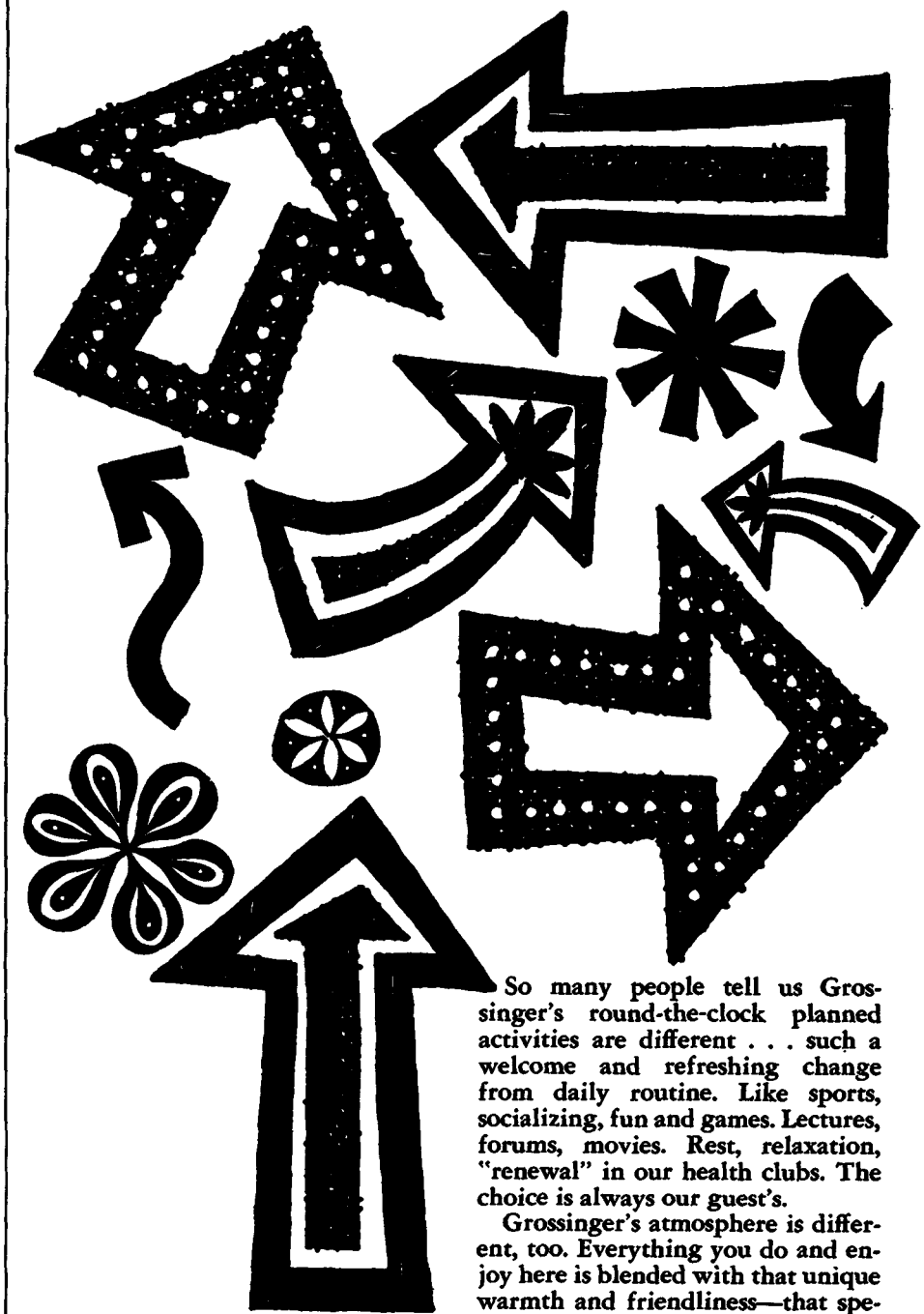

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sphere," terms that are presumably more precise than "human society." He views the social system as an evolutionary one, moving onward and upward at an accelerating pace, with man's knowledge—both a cause and an effect of social change—constituting a prime mover. Professor Boulding discerns three stages in the "knowledge process." First, there is "folk knowledge," or commonsense information, which was the only knowledge available when men were primitive, but which persists even today, being a perfectly valid mode of cognition that allows us to recognize our friends, find our way to the post-office, etc. Next there is "literary knowledge,"—involving "the use of writing or other forms of recording knowledge"—which has characterized the "Age of Civilization from, say 3000 B.C. to the present," and which, like "folk knowledge," is still very much with us.

Enter now the third and glorious stage, that of science and its gifted progeny, the social sciences, which are "specialized, organized, knowledge-producing industries" sorely needed by those who wish to grasp the complexities of today's social system. Professor Boulding turns first to economics, the most highly developed "body of social-scientific knowledge," and the one that has had "the most profound effect on the sociosphere." He discusses with considerable acumen the theories and contributions of Smith, Malthus, Ricardo, Marx, and Keynes; and the state of economics in general. His claims for that science are just, because they are basically modest; Professor Boulding is aware both that much work remains to be done—for example, on "the intelligent use of the price system" —and that many so-called economic problems are really political in nature.

But political life—or at least that aspect of it discussed by Professor Boulding—is far more resistant to "the impact of the social sciences" than is economic life, and in writing about it the author's optimism threatens to forsake him. He directs his attention primarily to the international system which, regrettably, "is still being operated largely by folk knowledge or at best literary knowledge." This deplorable state of affairs is illustrated by the fact that in this day and age a "distinguished gentleman from the State Department" actually still consults Thucydides for advice on foreign affairs. However, here too the author finds grounds for hope. Much work has been done on "international systems theory," so that one need no longer rely solely on Thucydides; one can now consult "the work of men like Thomas Schelling, Karl Deutsch, David Singer, Charles McClelland, Robert North, Morton Kaplan"—and Kenneth Boulding.

Having disposed of economics and politics, the author concludes his survey of "the impact of the social sciences" by discussing their effect on law, religion, and ethics, all three of which are among the "sacred aspects of life." He finds that impact to be "highly ambiguous," by which he does not mean that it is of dubious value, but rather that it is difficult to assess its nature, extent, and "what the future holds for it." It is in fact so difficult that Professor Boulding can say at one point that up to now "the social sciences have made very little impact on the ethical system," only to detect—two pages later—"a substantial impact." Be that as it may, the author is hopeful of great things to come in this area, too, "as the social sciences gather strength and numbers."

THE ONLY trouble with all this is that in praising the social sciences for their virtues, Professor Boulding inadvertently documents a number of their vices as well. To begin with, there is the familiar matter of social-science jargon. One example must suffice: "We can think of the ethical system, in fact, as a set of intersecting subcultures within which ethical communications are strong and tend to move the ethical positions of individuals towards a central norm, with increasing circles of diminishing intensity of communication, community, and commonality of ethical judgment." It is not at all clear why anyone would want to think of the ethical system in such terms, or what it would profit a man to do so.

It is, of course, true that this kind of writing is not the exclusive preserve of social scientists; one finds it among literary critics as well, and

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readers of Hegel will know that on occasion it even afflicts philosophers. Moreover, an aesthetic critique of the social sciences, though telling, is insufficient. Besides, it must be admitted that more often than not Professor Boulding writes with great lucidity; most of what he says is perfectly comprehensible to those of us who, suffering from cultural lag, have never advanced beyond folk- or literary knowledge. Thus, it is mere caviling to take the author to task for his occasional lapses of style; he must be taken to task for his lapses of content. And that, unfortunately, is not hard to do.

Consider, for example, Professor Boulding's attitude toward the past; an attitude characterized by a combination of irreverence and obtuseness. Though he occasionally and patronizingly admits that the men of old were capable of "profound insights," he also maintains that it is only in the last two hundred years that man "has become conscious of his social system." Moreover, he is capable of writing that "the question, 'Why do people love their country?' would never really occur to the non-scientist." That statement is, to put it mildly, incorrect, for one could show that all great political philosophers and historians from Plato to Nietzsche—non-scientists all, according to Professor Boulding's criteria—have been very much concerned with precisely that question. Why, it even occurred to old Thucydides and to that Athenian traitor he portrays so vividly, Alcibiades, as can be seen from consulting *The Peloponnesian War,* Book VI, 92-94, among numerous other passages.

Silly statements of the above type are the result of the crude and unexamined notion of progress held by Professor Boulding. One cannot, of course, deny that there has been progress; even the blackest reactionaries resort to penicillin when ill. But do we really understand more about the social system than is articulated by the great tradition of political philosophy? Professor Boulding would obviously have to answer affirmatively, for his idea of progress imbues him with a sense of superiority over the thinkers of the past that all his genuine professions of modesty cannot conceal. And sometimes modesty vanishes altogether, as when he refers to the earth as "this little globe," thus suggesting the possession of a perspective more comprehensive than mortals usually enjoy.

FROM SUCH A perspective, one is entitled to expect great and substantive wisdom. But Professor Boulding, like many leading social scientists, is so enchanted by methodological considerations that he hardly ever has time to get down to brass tacks. Thus, he takes great pains to inform the reader of the characteristics of the international-systems theory, which is to accomplish so much in saving us from the costs and ravages of war. One learns of this theory that it is "Copernican," "parametric," "dynamic," "institutional," "transactional," and "aggregative." All right, then, but what does the theory have to teach us? That we are not told, for it "would take a large volume to outline the actual content . . . and no attempt will be made to do this here." We simply have to take it all on faith—a rather unscientific mode of human cognition—as the author goes on to advocate the establishment of "a world network of social data stations, something like weather stations."

Let us concede the need for such a network; after all, it can't hurt. But to what use will all those data be put? Professor Boulding has shown us that economists have really accomplished something, but one discipline does not a social science make. What exactly is known by the other social sciences that either was not always known or could not be figured out by practical men of affairs endowed with nothing more than "horse sense"? Again we are not told, presumably because the author takes it for granted that social science is on the right track and that its ceaseless quest for more data will somehow issue forth in that wisdom which alone gives meaning to information. The trouble is, however, that much of the book makes one feel that the author takes too much for granted. Thus, the discussion of religion in this book—"Religion is an aspect of the social system which might be described as specializing in the sacred"—is not calculated to reas-

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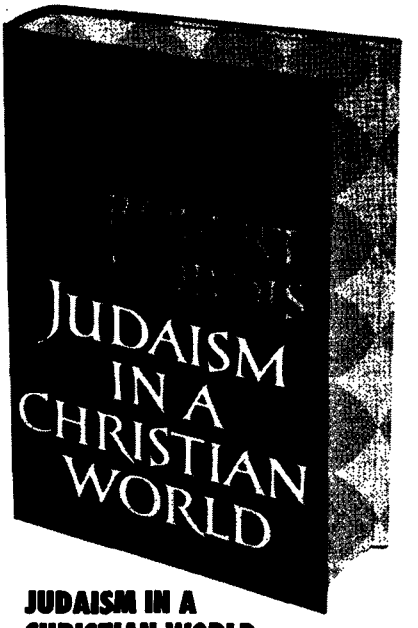

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sure the reader of social science's competence to deal with all things human, let alone divine. (Incidentally, Professor Boulding performs the strange feat of managing to talk about religion without even mentioning God.) Instead, this discussion of religion is likely to convince at least some readers that one must move away from the triviality and obtuseness that characterize much of social science. It might even induce a few of them to emulate the distinguished gentleman from the State Department in relying at least as much on the Great Books as on the latest research.

Book Reviewers in this Issue

Walter Goodman *is currently working on a history of the House Un-American Activities Committee.*

David Daiches, *a frequent contributor, is Dean of the School of English and American Studies at the University of Sussex.*

Abraham S. Goldstein, *here making his first appearance in* Commentary, *is professor of Law at Yale and the author of the forthcoming book,* The Insanity Defense.

Erich Isaac *contributed "The Enigma of Circumcision" to the January* Commentary.

Werner J. Dannhauser, *an associate editor of* Commentary, *reviewed Konrad Lorenz's* On Aggression *in our February issue.*

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